

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

March

10¢

Cents
Canada



Vivien Leigh

**WHO'S
YEHUDI?
BOB
HOPE
TELLS!**

COMPLETE FICTION STORY OF "STRAWBERRY BLONDE"
STARRING JAMES CAGNEY, OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND, RITA HAYWORTH
You Kids! Don't Leave Home to be Cowboys, says Will James



*The most beautiful
fingernails
in the world!*

COLOR FLASH

Created to go with Fashion's newest colors
Dura-Gloss Indian Red
Dura-Gloss Zombie

Are your fingernails the most beautiful?



Your exquisite fingers, flame-tipped with the lustrous beauty of Dura-Gloss—like tiny beacons, flashing a message to a masculine heart falling under your spell! Let Dura-Gloss, the durable, easy-onflow, longer-lasting nail polish created for the most beautiful fingernails in the world, bring flashing beauty to your fingertips! Exult in their longer-lasting gem-hard lustre—and compare this superlative polish, Dura-Gloss, to polishes costing five, ten times as much! Buy Dura-Gloss—Buy Dura-Gloss today!

The Better Nail Polish by LORR 10¢

DURA-GLOSS

**THE DIFFERENCE
between NAIL POLISHES**

- (1) Many 10¢ nail polishes "fray" off at the edge of nail within one day. Dura-Gloss doesn't.
- (2) Many 10¢ nail polishes dry so fast that you can't apply them properly. Dura-Gloss goes on evenly and smoothly.
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- (4) Many 10¢ nail polishes chip off so easily that you have "bald spots" on your nails. Dura-Gloss is true to its name—it lasts.



Even if you're not a Queen of Beauty...
LIFE'S FUN...If your Smile has Charm!



"A LOVELY SMILE IS YOUR MOST IMPORTANT BEAUTY ASSET!"

*say well-known beauty editors of
 23 out of 24 leading magazines*

In a recent poll made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines all but one of these beauty experts agreed that a lovely smile is a woman's most precious asset. They went on to say that "Even a plain girl has charm and personality if she keeps her smile bright, attractive and sparkling."

**Help keep your smile sparkling
 with Ipana and Massage**

DO YOU have to be a great beauty to find happiness—to win a husband—to be admired by your friends?

No! Decidedly no! Charm counts as much as great beauty. And even the plainest girl with a sparkling smile can give cards and spades to a beauty whose smile is shadowed.

Your smile is **YOU!** It's a priceless asset! And you should keep it right. Remember—your gums as well as your teeth need daily care—for bright, sparkling smiles depend upon *healthy gums*.

Keep your smile at its sparkling best... guard against "pink tooth brush"... with the help of the modern dental health

routine of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist*. You may or may not be in for trouble. He may tell you your gums are weak and sensitive because today's soft foods have robbed them of work. Like thousands of dentists today, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

Get Ipana Today!

For Ipana not only cleans teeth thoroughly but, with massage, it is specially designed to aid the gums to healthier firmness.

So get Ipana today. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter and your smile the charming beauty asset it should be.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

SCREENLAND



"Come Live with me!"



... *and* be my love," says gorgeous Hedy Lamarr to handsome James Stewart. Does he? We'll say he does! And she pays him \$17.60 a week in the bargain!...You can't believe it? *Wait 'til you see it!*

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER presents
James STEWART · *Hedy* LAMARR

Not even in the much-talked-about
"Philadelphia Story" was he so romantic!

She wears fifteen dream-gowns by
famed Adrian—and how she wears 'em!

in CLARENCE BROWN'S production of

Come Live With Me

with IAN HUNTER · VERREE TEASDALE · DONALD MEEK

Screen Play by Patterson McNutt • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Directed by CLARENCE BROWN



The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

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March, 1941

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Cover Portrait of VIVIEN LEIGH by Coburn

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SCREENLAND

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every monthThe greatest
star of the
screen!

This is a Winter's Tale. Not told by the Bard of Avon, but by the Bard of M-G-M. ★ ★ ★ ★

It is the story of things to come as the blustery season goes into the home stretch.

★ ★ ★ ★
Good things to come.
Exhibits A, B, C, D.

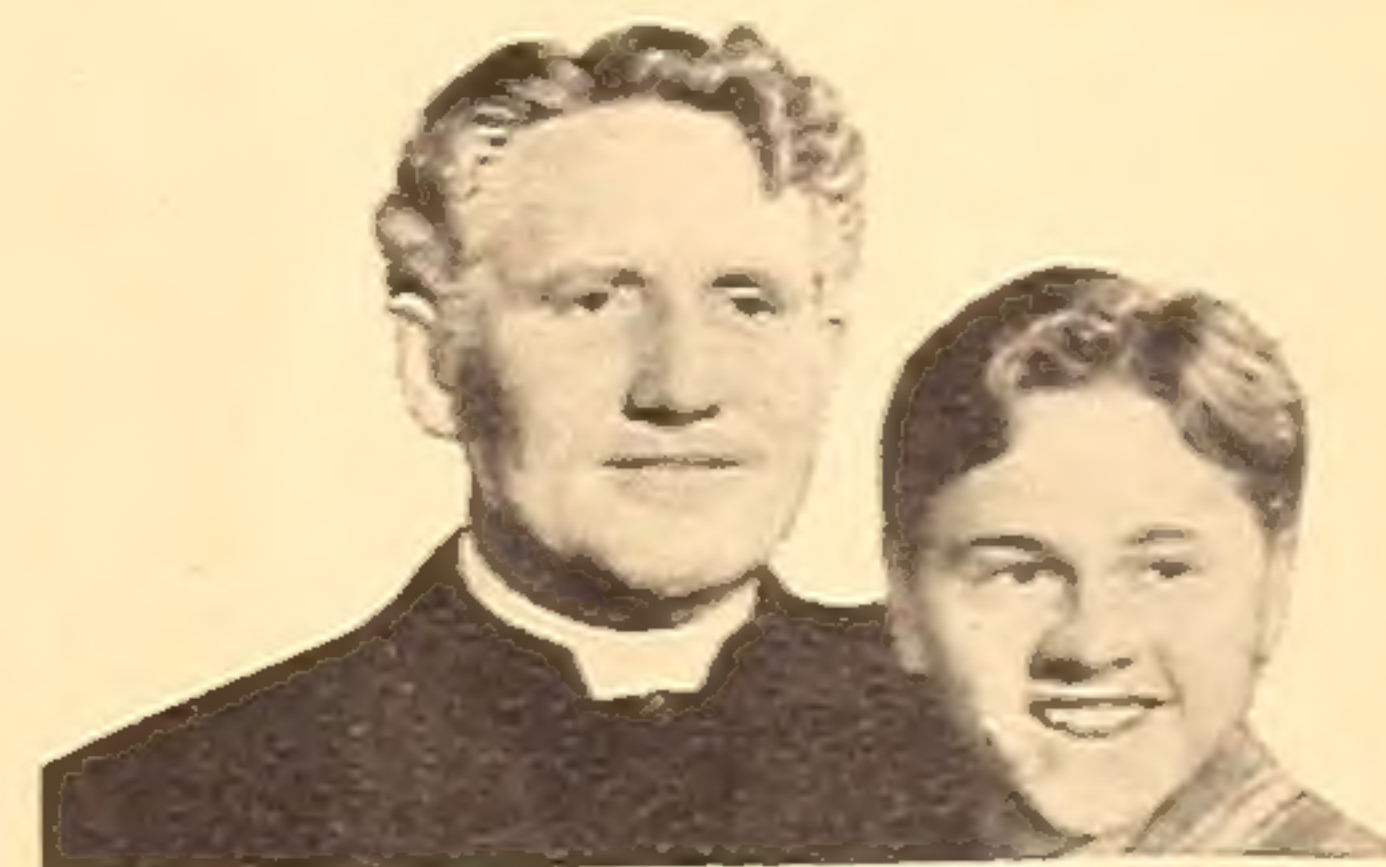
A. James Stewart and Hedy Lamarr in Clarence Brown's production *Come Live With Me*. The screen play is by Patterson McNutt. It's a romantic comedy drama, the story of a circumstantial marriage in which the woman attempts to pay.



★ ★ ★ ★
B. Wallace Beery in *The Bad Man*, screenized by Wells Root from the famous Porter Emerson Browne play which was produced by William Harris, Jr., and directed by Richard Thorpe. It has action, great humor of a high order, and Lionel Barrymore, Laraine Day and Ronald Reagan.



★ ★ ★ ★
Do you like our Exhibits?
★ ★ ★ ★



Well, **C** is the long-awaited co-starring of Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney in *Men of Boys Town* by James Kevin McGuinness, directed by Norman Taurog. Those of you—meaning all of you—who enjoyed "Boys Town", will understand that this new Father Flanagan-inspired film promises to be a contribution of remarkable merit.

★ ★ ★ ★
And **D** is *The Ziegfeld Girl*, gay, glamorous, glittering, gorgeous. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard, it will present for the delight of those with eyes and ears a galaxy of stars which include Jimmy Stewart, Judy Garland, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, Tony Martin, Charles Winninger and many, many others.



★ ★ ★ ★
That's A, B, C, and D.

★ ★ ★ ★
Your best alpha **BET** is
— Lea



Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD



MYRNA LOY took all the slurs and deprecating cracks about her marriage break-up without losing one iota of her inscrutable poise. In fact, Myrna always does a swell job of queening it just a trifle under any circumstance. That stand-offish glint in those cool green eyes of hers never melts away completely. I saw it come as near to disappearing as it ever has, I think, when out of a clear sky in a little out of the way, desert drugstore a youngster recognized her as she sipped a cooling drink at the fountain. The child's abject admiration was so disarming that Myrna was soon putty in his hands. He dragged her out to the street where he introduced her all around to an amazed and admiring group of his pals and for the first time in my life I saw the studied serenity of Miss Loy just go hang. When the whole gang lined up at the fountain for a treat, Myrna was the giddiest one present.

OH, WHAT a revenge it will be when Errol Flynn finally has the opportunity of getting even with John Barrymore. The Great Profile, a little more biting than usual but in rare verbal facility, gave Flynn a deflating drubbing at the Florentine Gardens the other night. They matched wits to the amused benefit of a good many ears at nearby tables. Barrymore had Flynn's face red even though Errol is no slouch at slinging slurs himself. However, he was at a disadvantage because, unlike John, there are some words at his command that he won't blurt out in public.

"You're the One!" is the comedy in which Bonnie Baker and Orrin Tucker, below, make their film bow, and "you're the one for me" is what Lillian Cornell, curvacious harem gal is telling Orrin, who is sitting pretty above, and wearing a sultan's turban for the occasion.



THERE'S always a story behind the story of an outstanding success in Hollywood. There is an altogether unknown angle to the great personal triumph of Thomas Mitchell in the dramatic "Flight from Destiny." All of Mitchell's acclaim for the creation of this outstanding rôle came about quite by accident. In fact, it was only a wrong telephone number that popped him into this chance at another Academy Award. He was mulling two pictures at the time and was slightly in favor of going over to M-G-M rather than to Warners because they offered a better deal. He asked his secretary to get his agent on the telephone so he could settle the choice with him. It happened the secretary also had the Warner casting office on the wire and the calls were mixed. The Warner casting head, quite by accident, got to talk to Mitchell before he talked with his agent, and the die was cast. On such small things hang outstanding successes in Hollywood.

HOLLYWOOD is literally tearing its hair out in mirth over Joan Crawford's latest silly experience. A very large and intriguing trunk arrived all correctly directed to be rushed to J. Crawford. Oh what an ungracious denouement was precipitated when it was pried open and proved to be so obviously missent. It was crammed full of the worn-out and dilapidated personal effects, from old squash rackets to discarded long undies, of one of Joan's former spouses.

How you'll cheer
"OH, JOHNNIE" BONNIE
and ORRIN as they
sing and play!



Paramount presents

BONNIE BAKER ★ ORRIN TUCKER
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

in

"YOU'RE THE ONE"

with

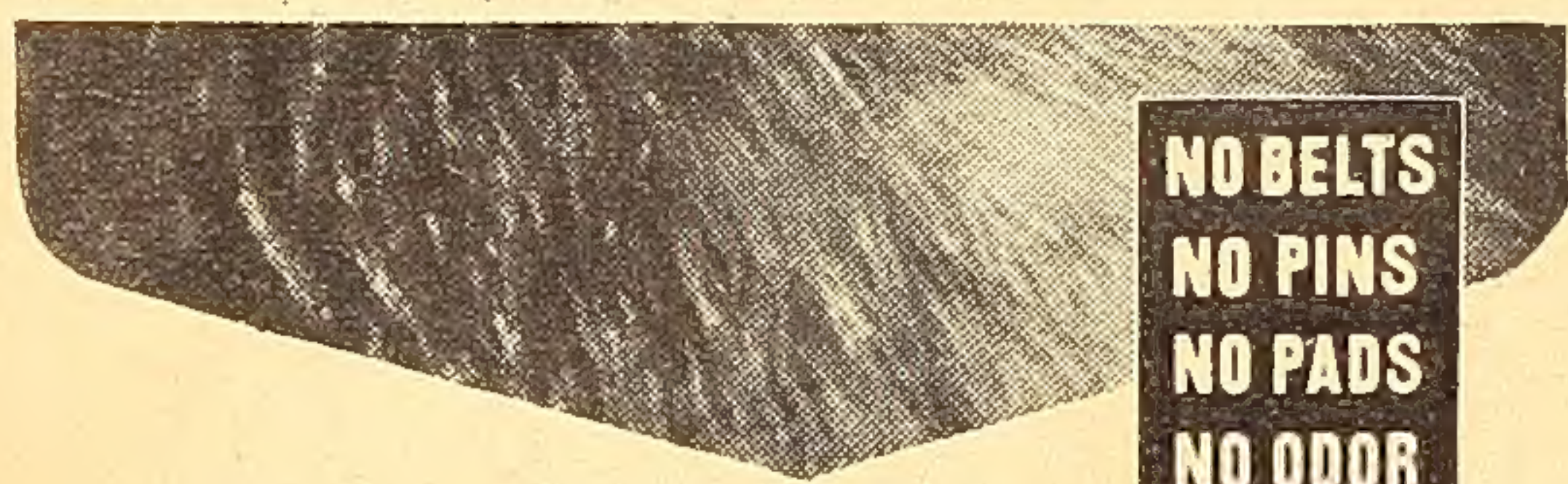
Jerry Colonna • Edward Everett Horton • Albert Dekker
Lillian Cornell
Teddy Hart

It's more
than just a
song when
Bonnie sings
to Orrin
"I Could Kiss
You for That"!

Written and Produced by Gene Markey • A Paramount Picture • Directed by Ralph Murphy



SOCIALLY ALERT WOMEN USE TAMPAX



NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

STYLE LEADERS don't just "wonder about" new ideas. They try them out *themselves*... For instance, take Tampax—monthly sanitary protection that does away with pin-and-belt problems and maintains a perfect silhouette in any costume...

Tampax was invented by a doctor, to be worn internally. Made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax absorbs gently and naturally, permitting no odor to form; therefore no deodorants are needed. No bulging, no chafing, no visible edge-lines. The wearer *does not feel* Tampax while it is in place. It is so compact there are no disposal problems.

Tampax comes hygienically sealed in individual one-time-use applicators, so neat and ingenious your hands never touch the Tampax at all! And a month's supply will go in an ordinary purse. Now in three sizes: Regular, Super and Junior. At drugstores and notion counters. Introductory size, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain.

Try
Improved
SUPER
Tampax

Accepted for Advertising by
the Journal of the American
Medical Association.



TAMPAX INCORPORATED
New Brunswick, N. J.

SU-31-A

Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

() REGULAR () SUPER () JUNIOR

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

IT WAS like a scene from a super sophisticated screen comedy with a touch of George Cukor's impeccable direction. Jimmy Stewart had parked his car on a steep incline in front of the house of one of his very best girls to pick her up for an evening of fun. Before he returned with his be-jeweled and be-gowned date on his arm his car had edged away from the curb and was smoothly travelling down the street. They both gave chase, evening clothes or no, and breathed a prayer each time the car missed another shiny vehicle parked along the curb. Finally the runaway car smacked into a tired looking old jellopy and turned that car over completely. The impact halted the offending machine in its tracks. It was quite a predicament, but Jimmy soon fixed that. He simply turned to the very young owner of the damaged car, and pointing to his own machine said, "If it's all right with you, I'd like to have you take my car in trade for the one I damaged." He offered the keys and the stranger jumped at the exchange. Then Jimmy and his charming companion clicked their heels in a curt little salute to each other and, absolutely machineless, tripped on down the street. Before they could find a taxi, a horn tooted, a car halted at the curb and offered a lift. It was their new acquaintance playing along with them in their sophisticated game. They gladly accepted his hospitality and soon, with the most gracious nonchalance and charming camaraderie, all three rode off gayly in search of a taxi.

THERE is just no limit to the ends that practical jokers won't go these days. It seems that the biggest names in the business have been taking the brunt of the really crackbrained pranks lately. Our foremost exponent of fatal feminine enchantment gave the champagne and caviar set a big giggle the other night. This sensuous siren of the screen, swathed in the richest furs and the falsest eyelashes imaginable, languorously attitudinized all over our swankiest night club. Her phony shenanigans finally got the goat of one of our town's more imaginative wits. Undoubtedly fortified with giggle water, he resurrected from somewhere a most amusing sign printed in a manner to insinuate most amusing consequences, and pinned it to our femme fatale's luxurious white fox cape. Utterly unconscious of the gag, our languorous lady flew into a hysterical fit when the management advised her she would either have to stop advertising with signs or leave the establishment.

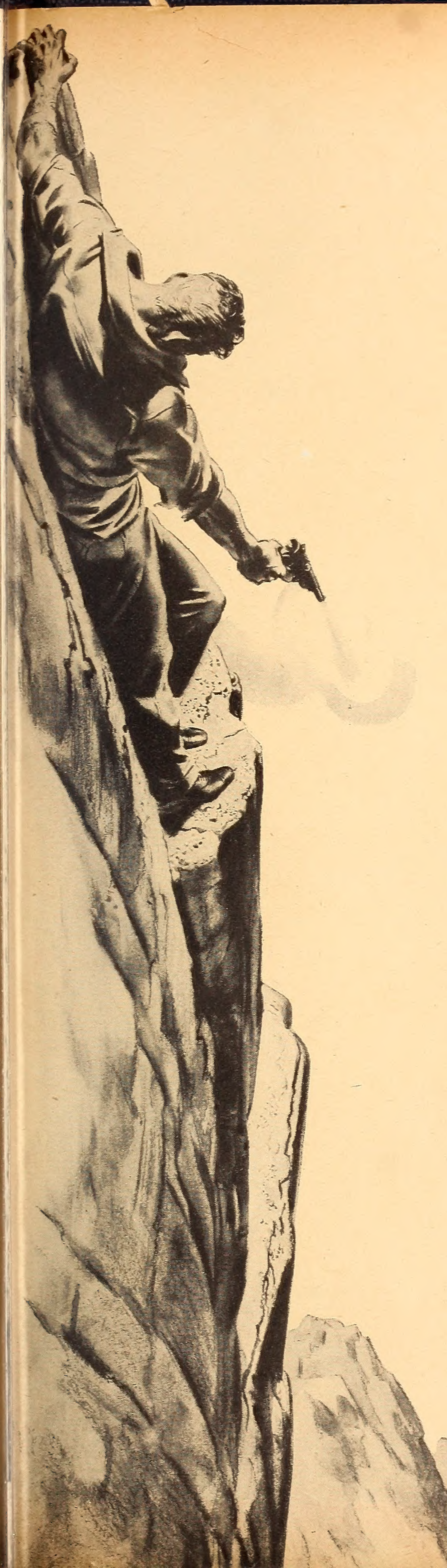


She may be looney, but she's lovely! Barbara Allen, who recently appeared in Gene Autry's "Melody Ranch," is radio's zany Vera Vague. It won't be long before she will be given glamor girl rôles.

CARY GRANT is one of the softest touches in town and Rosalind Russell knows it. Even after he had a fellow thrown bodily off the set for trying to get money from him under false pretenses, Roz knew the finesse of an effective approach. Her sad story of the assistant director on her picture who hadn't worked in a year, and his struggling wife and children, melted Cary in a minute. Soon Roz walked away with a neat little roll of folding money and a very amused twinkle in her eye. In due time, from the stage where Roz's picture was finishing up that day, came sounds of very gay revelry and Cary sauntered over to get in on the fun. He did. He got a bigger kick out of it than anyone when he found that Roz, as a joke, had wheedled that money out of him to give all the crew of her picture a party.

Constance Moore, Phil Regan, Virginia Dale, Tommy Dorsey, and Lillian Cornell in "Las Vegas Nights," a crazy comedy of the troubles of some vaudevillians who're stranded in wide-open Las Vegas.






"HIGH SIERRA is an excitement-loaded yarn if ever I knew one! On film it's a world-beater!"
Newspaperdom's acknowledged No. 1 Story-Teller
MARK HELLINGER


"HIGH SIERRA is the most thrilling and unusual picture I have directed since 'What Price Glory'!"
Director of a hundred Hits, **RAOUL WALSH**


"My story to top 'Little Caesar' is HIGH SIERRA!"
Famed Author, **W. R. BURNETT**



WARNER BROS., Producers of 'Little Caesar' and 'Angels with Dirty Faces', now present the drama that towers mightily beside both . . .

HIGH SIERRA

A NEW PEAK FOR SCREEN EXCITEMENT!

It's the picture that skyrockets them to top star ranks!

IDA LUPINO

As Marie, the taxi dancer and killer's companion—deep down just another woman whose hungry heart yearned for one man.



HUMPHREY BOGART

As 'Mad Dog' Earle, enemy of all that is decent and good, defiant of every law on earth—except the High Sierras!



With ALAN CURTIS • ARTHUR KENNEDY • JOAN LESLIE
HENRY HULL • HENRY TRAVERS

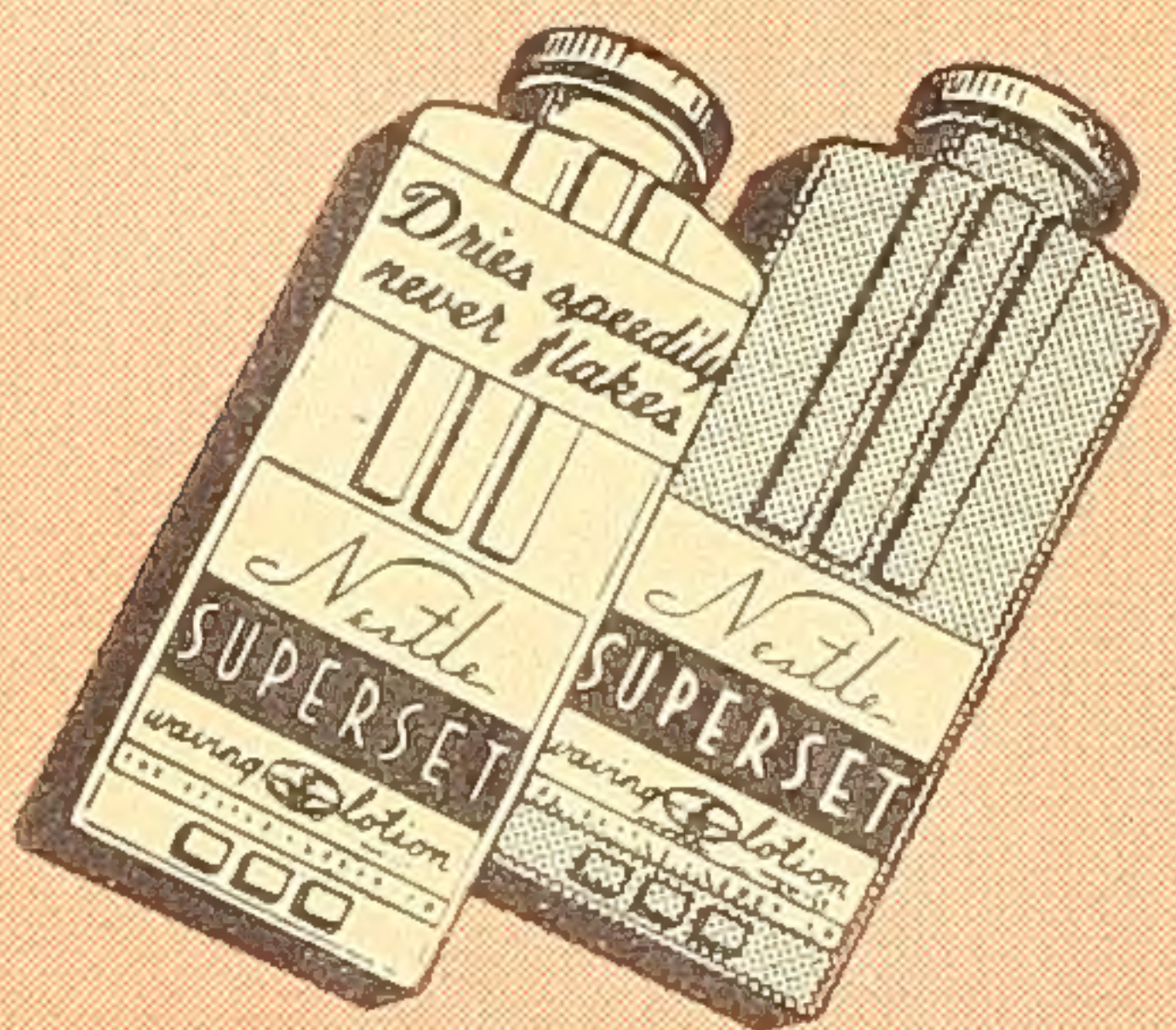


Hair all "SET" for Glamour

Soft, natural-looking waves, tiny curls and ringlets that keep their beguiling beauty... every glamour girl knows they are essential requirements for real loveliness. Nestle Superset will glamourize your hair with curls and waves that are soft and lustrous... that are so easy to manage... that stay in place days longer. You'll enjoy using Nestle Superset. It's so simple to apply, dries so rapidly and never, never leaves embarrassing white flakes to mar the beauty of your dark clothes or furs. Nestle Superset comes in two different types. The regular (green) and the new Number 2 which is transparent and extra fast drying. Both Supersets have received Good Housekeeping's Seal of Approval.

Nestle

SUPERSET



10¢ at 10¢ stores



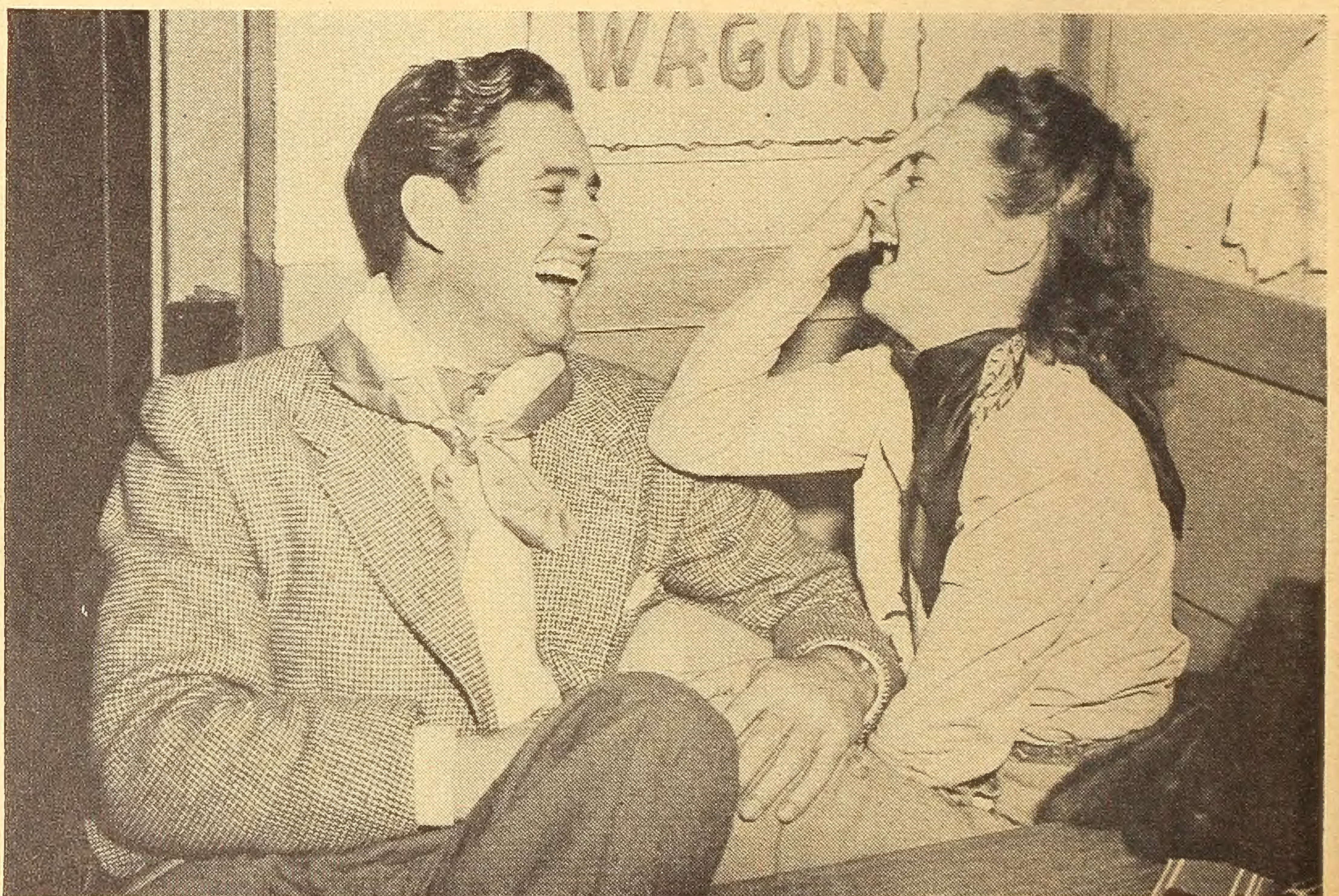
What is this? Well, the way DAGWOOD (Arthur Lake) explains it is that if BLONDIE (Penny Singleton) can get herself a new boy friend, he can get himself a new girl. Ruth Terry is planting a kiss on DAGWOOD's cheek, and that's Tito Guizar snuggling close to BLONDIE. The four are in the latest of the Blondie series, "Blondie Goes Latin."

BETTE DAVIS has appeared at some of the town's most brilliant parties lately and always with the shattering effect of putting a good many of the town's "beauties" in the shade with her overwhelming personality. Bette is certainly not the unsocial, mousy girl she was when she first arrived in Hollywood. Now she is surrounded like a magnet by the town's big names when she spouts her over-loud but very brilliant party chit-chat. "There goes the man who nearly blighted my life," bellowed Bette at a recent white tie and tails soiree. The object of her jibe shunted his conversation companions and his social small talk to join Bette in a hearty laugh. It is an established joke between Bette and William Wyler. He's the man whose remarkable direction brought her an Academy Award in "Jezebel," and who directed her recently in "The Letter." However, once Wyler and Bette couldn't laugh so gaily about their enviable artistic association. Nearly ten years ago when she was unknown, Bette was a complete wash-out to him. Out at the old Universal Studios he flatly turned her down and picked another actress for an important rôle.

When good fellows get together they can always find something to laugh about. Judging from picture below, Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland had a merry time returning from the "Santa Fe Trail" première.

YOU can see Ann Sheridan a mile away in that very, very green hat that is a most flattering contrast to her hair, which seems to be becoming very, very red... The latest example of moppet precociousness in the movie colony comes from the lips of Joan Blondell's sonny boy, Norman. When asked what he thought of his first session of going to church, he seemed to favor the custom, but was puzzled. "There's one thing I don't think is fair. The man who talked and did all the work got gipped in the end. Another man who didn't do anything came around and got all the money!"

SINCE the honor has been bestowed on Errol Flynn I've been wondering if he, or the other Hollywood stars who have received similar distinction, have ever thought about the fact that it is really unlawful for anyone to sell them liquor. It is a crime since these people have had the singular honor of being made full-fledged members of an Indian tribe... For all of Eddie Albert's recent screwy publicity antics and his decidedly far from sane slant on life in general, he is not without a pretty good business head. Eddie's whole family is comfortably ensconced in a new apartment house he bought. His mother manages the establishment, and the arrangement brings Mr. Albert quite a nice little penny.



David L. Loew • Albert Lewin *present*

"SO ENDS OUR NIGHT"

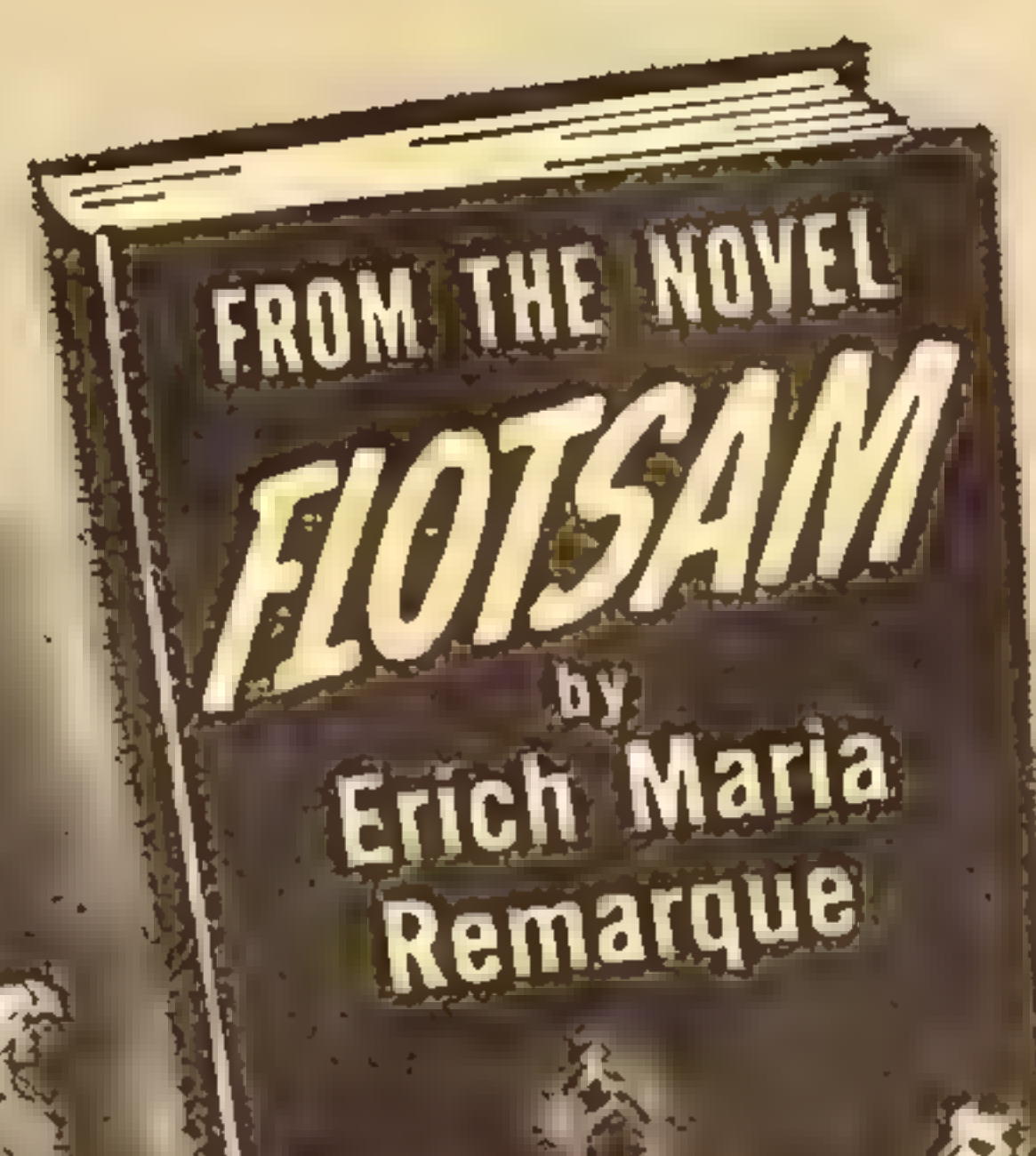
starring **FREDRIC
MARCH**

MARGARET
SULLAVAN

FRANCES
DEE

with
Glenn Ford • Anna Sten and Erich Von Stroheim

*Two thrilling
Romances in a
story of high
Adventure!*



JOSEPH and MARIE

(Fredric March and Frances Dee)
who prove no power on earth
can divide and rule true love!

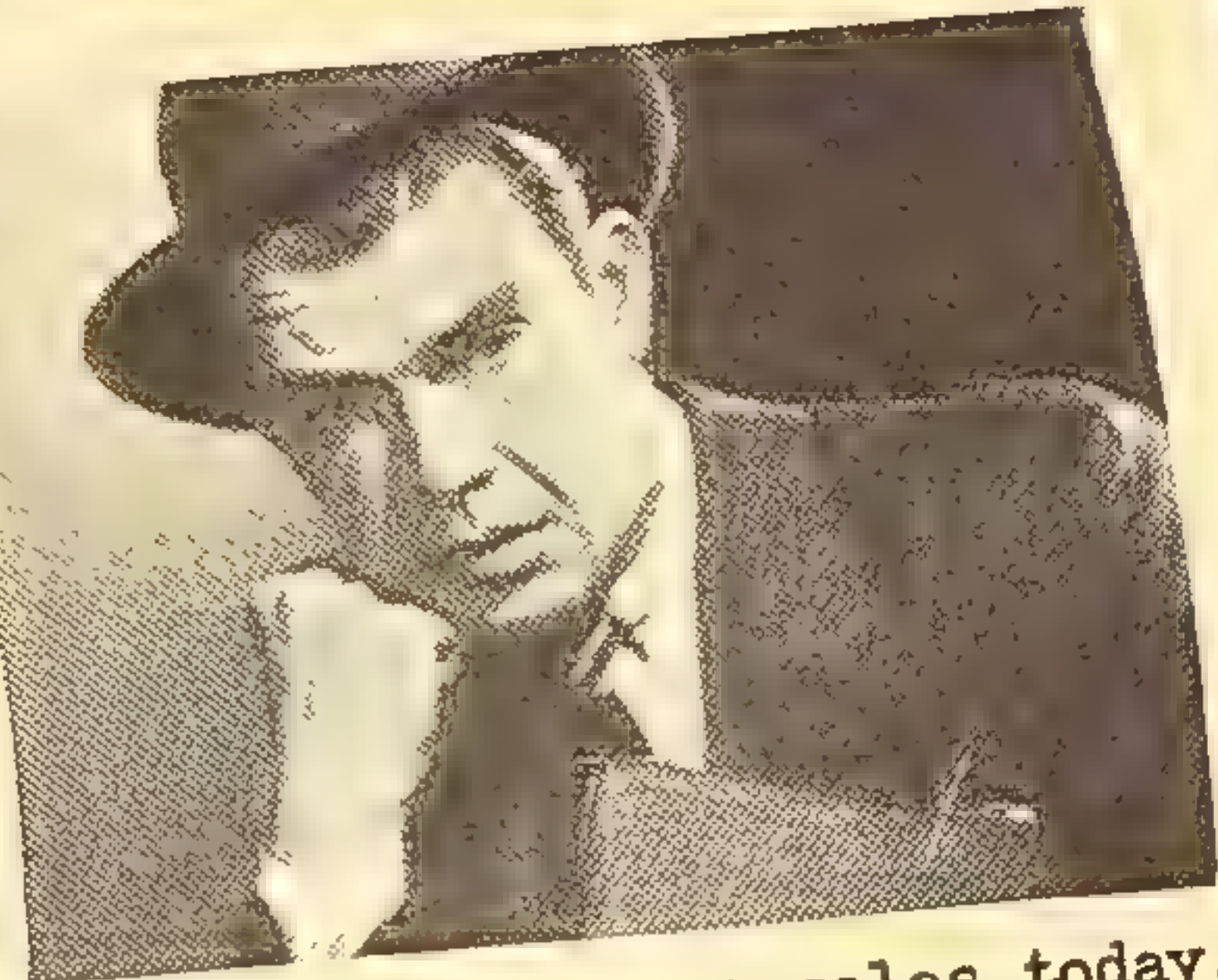
RUTH and KERN

(Margaret Sullivan and the
exciting new romantic screen
personality, Glenn Ford) who,
armored only with their love,
win their hearts' victory!

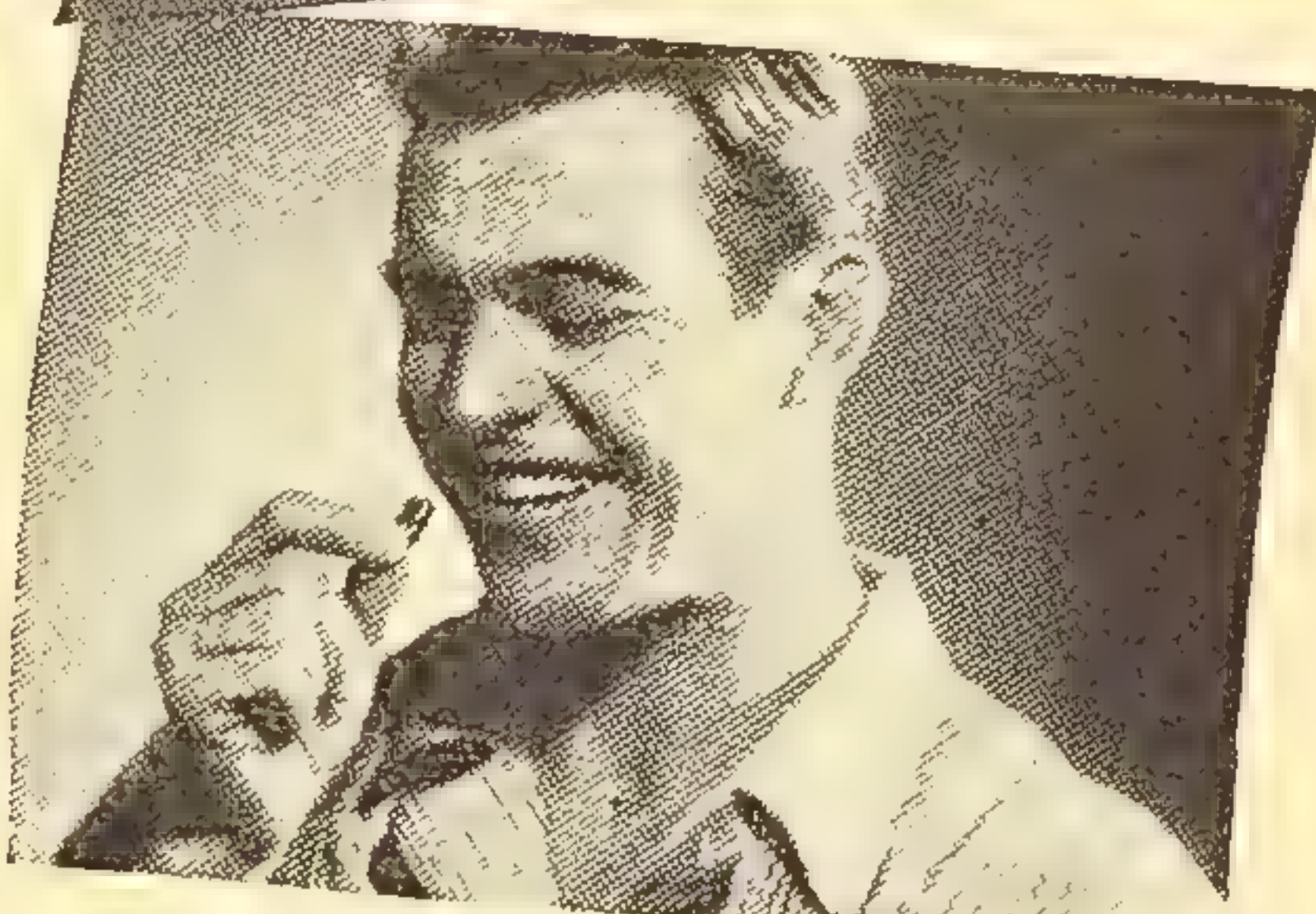
Directed by JOHN CROMWELL • Screenplay by Talbot Jennings • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

Unforgettable Performances by the Year's Greatest Cast!

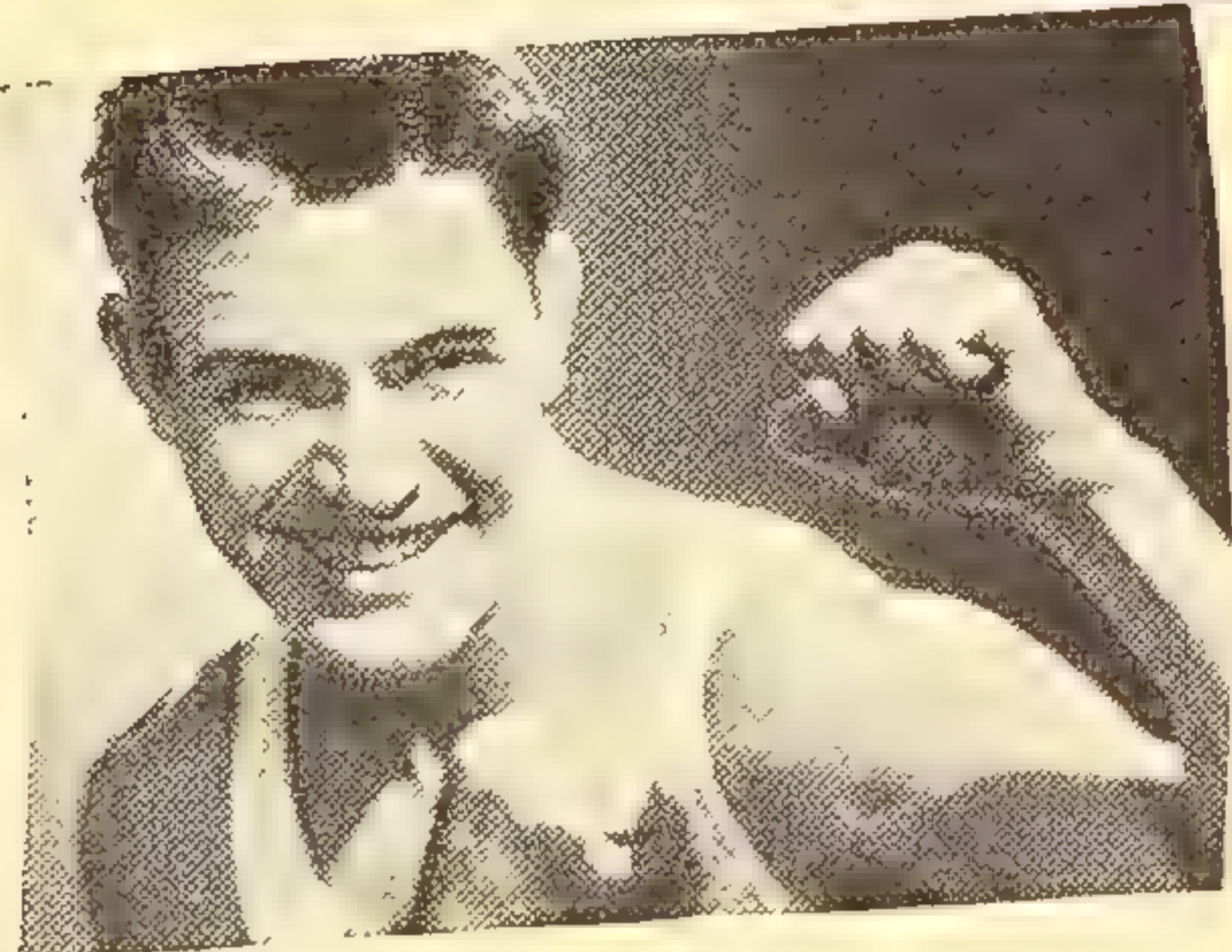
From the Confidential Notebook of Mr. F---



Muffed two important sales today. Had no pep — just couldn't get going! Wonder if I hadn't better take a laxative — been putting it off too long.



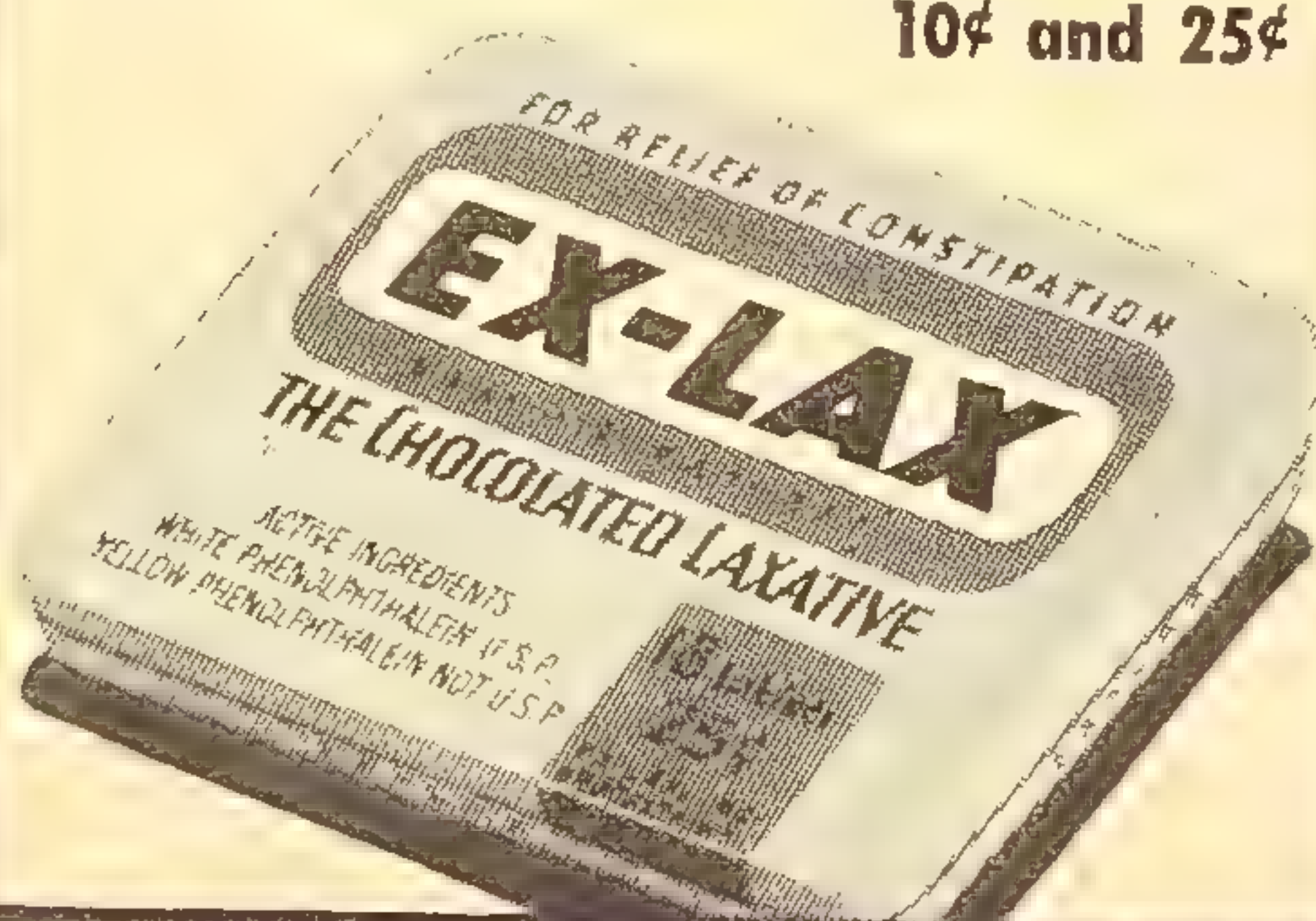
Harry said I ought to try Ex-Lax. Took some before I went to bed. Say, this Ex-Lax taste is a new one on me — just like chocolate!



Felt like a million when I got up this morning. Ex-Lax worked fine — didn't upset me a bit. Just watch me go after those birds today!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle*! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



By
Betty
Boone

INSIDE the STARS' HOMES



Yes, Hollywood has home girls, too! Here's pretty Maureen O'Hara, who gives you her family's favorite recipes for wholesome meals

She loves to eat! But her studio makes her diet to maintain that girlish figure—remember, the movie camera always adds ten pounds to anybody's weight. However, Maureen O'Hara relishes her mother's marvellous cooking between pictures, and passes along to you some of her favorite recipes.

MAUREEN O'HARA took the house because of the swimming pool! It's not the usual Hollywood pool; it crowns a steep hill back of the Spanish house of O'Hara choice which itself is set on one of Hollywood's highest hills. You must mount a flight of green stone steps that turns and twists up the slope to reach it, but once here the pool lies cradled in a dip at the top, protected by a windbreak of trees, yet with an amazing view of Hollywood and Beverly Hills stretching to the sea.

Maureen is not an excitable person. She's as poised as a woman of thirty, as calm as a summer night, but she grew quite heated about that pool. "I couldn't give it up," she assured me. "It's like being on top of the world there. You feel above storms."

The house has its charm, too, but to Maureen it isn't the red-tiled roof, the archways and tiled halls, the completely modern kitchen and up-to-the-minute breakfast room, or the glamorously furnished bedrooms;





Maureen admits her mother is the real cook of the family, but she herself enjoys puttering around the kitchen and trying new recipes.

it's the view at night from the living room's studio windows.

There are two large windows, each its own panorama (one including Catalina on a sunny day), but it's the lights at night that *get* you, says Maureen. "I like to lie on my couch facing the windows after dark and watch them. Some are the ropes of white diamonds that are streets and some are the rubies and sapphires and emeralds and topazes that are signs, and then there are the ones that flash on and off and look as if someone had shaken a lapful of jewels so that they roll around."

A house has so far proved a slippery possession to the young Irish star. When she graduated from Trinity College in London, she expected to appear on the London stage, so she leased a house in London for three years. Then came the movie contract and almost before they knew what was happening, Maureen and her mother were on the high seas headed for Hollywood.

"No more leases, we told each other," said Maureen. "Maybe I wouldn't last! So we rented one place after another until one day we found this house on the hill. Mother was fascinated by the house and I by the pool, so we took it—and I hadn't been in it three days before they sent me out on a personal appearance tour! Now I'm home, but I don't dare count on it!"

Her long bob of red curls made a vivid spot against the cream of her living room wall, the blue-green of her eyes were like the blue-green of the rugs. Rust and green in drapes and furniture set off the Irish beauty. Her mother, who has the fire that Maureen scorns, came in with the Irish terrier, Fionn McCunail. "Pronounced Finn McCool," elucidated Maureen, paying no attention to Fionn's rubber bone, which he hopefully offered.

"You'll be wanting to know about Irish dishes," said Mrs. O'Hara, beaming. "Maureen can eat, but she knows nothing about cooking. How she loves to eat, that child! When she was a little girl, she was so plump and fat, she might have been a butterball. She'd eat and eat, and then

(Continued on page 82)

If she can't take a tip— she'll surely lose her job



Why risk offending? Use Mum every day.

Be sure underarms are always fresh!

NANCY couldn't believe her eyes! Yet there, plain as day, was the note that told what her fellow workers thought.

Carelessness of this sort... the merest hint of underarm odor... can pull you down so quickly! That's why smart girls make a daily habit of Mum.

For Mum makes your daintiness sure. Just smooth it on and you're safe from underarm odor for a full day or evening. Never forget Mum for a single day; for even daily baths can't prevent risk of offending. Underarms always need Mum's sure protection.

More women use Mum than any other deodorant because:

MUM IS SPEEDY! Thirty seconds is all it takes to apply a touch of Mum.

MUM IS SURE! Without attempting to stop perspiration, Mum *prevents* underarm odor all day long.

MUM IS SAFE! Can't irritate your skin... can't harm clothes. Mum has the seal of approval of the American Institute of Laundering. Get a jar of Mum at your druggist's today. Use it every day... be sure you're always sweet.

SMART GIRLS MAKE A HABIT OF MUM!



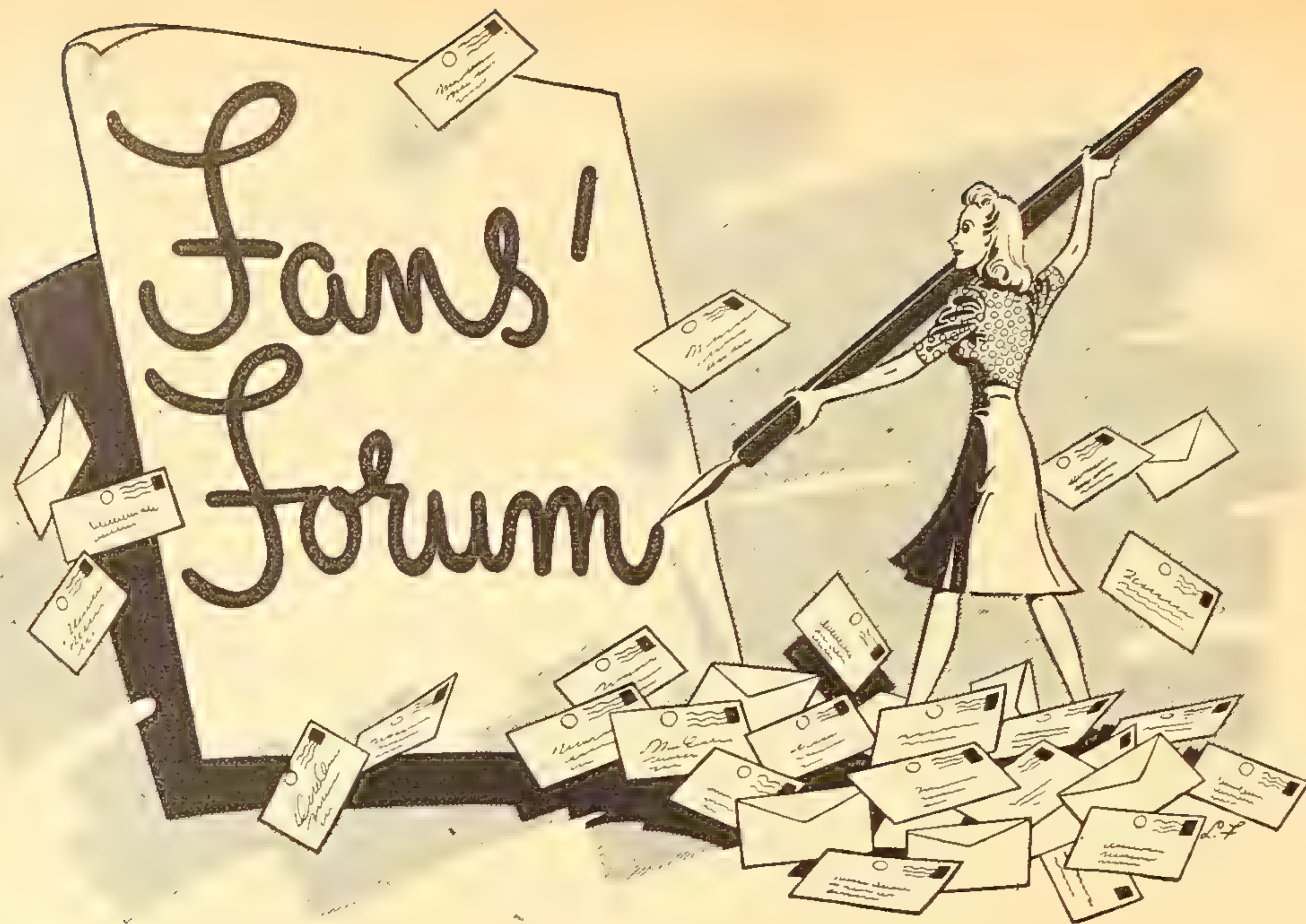
For Sanitary Napkins

More and more women who want no worries about daintiness are using Mum for this important purpose. And Mum is so gentle, so safe.



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



SCREENLAND wishes to thank its readers for the prompt and amazing way in which they responded to this Forum's call for letters, and asks those who did not win a prize this time not to be discouraged, but to try again. Write a letter of constructive criticism or start some controversy, and WIN A CASH PRIZE. We offer, monthly, prizes of \$10.00, \$5.00, and five awards of \$1.00 each. Closing date for letters is the 25th of the month.

Please address your letters to SCREENLAND'S Fans' Forum, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

FIRST PRIZE LETTER \$10.00

My pet movie peeve is the "sound effects" which accompany movies and which are supplied by several over-talented (?) members of the audience.

Example No. 1: The heroine was gracefully gliding across a lawn. Of course, some dope created the sound of horses' hoofs and wouldn't give up until half of the audience thought it was a Royal Mounted raid.

Example No. 2: A love scene was taking place. Gently the hero placed his lips upon the lips of the fair maiden. Just at this "touching" moment, some dim homo sapiens puckered up his bubble-gum and slowly drew his breath through it, thus transforming the love scene into a toss-up between a leaky tire and a toothless individual symphonizing mush.

Now, which shall I do: Take up basket-weaving, or wear ear-muffs to movies and use my imagination? Sound-effect creators, remember, "I paid too!"

Lorraine Nelson, Cathay, No. Dak.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER \$5.00

Give me unreality and illusion in my pictures! I'm a sucker for that sort of hokum in movies. I dote on it and can take it in large doses. Of course, the more sugar-coated it is, the better I like it. The person today who is energetic enough to keep himself headed upstream gets his bloomin' fill of reality and disillusion in his every-day life. Maybe that's why I like unreality, etc., in my picture fare. I get so fed up with the hard knocks I have to take that I enjoy seeing life as I wish it were but which I know it is not.

Yes, I like pictures of unreality and illusion—"magic carpet" pictures. I don't care if I do know they are mostly hokum. They give me a chance to spend an hour or two away from life as it really is, and I need that kind of a vacation as often as I can afford to take it—at the movies.

R. W. Carr, Parkersburg, W. Va.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS \$1.00 Each

Motion pictures could be the greatest form of entertainment known to man if producers would only wake up. I am referring to the double features. The average movie-goer is fairly intelligent. To see a good picture why must we sit through an

hour and a half of hokum? Why must we ruin our eyesight and disposition on an anaemic little love story or a so-called murder mystery that a child of ten would find impossible?

The American movie fan wants to see a good story enacted by a splendid cast and is willing to pay more for excellent entertainment, as witnessed by the great success of "Gone With the Wind."

Reserve the horse operas and amateurish mysteries for the children's matinees where they belong and give the adults adult entertainment. Then watch the lines form at the box offices.

Barbara Briggs, New Bedford, Mass.

"Fred Allen has been to Hollywood three times. He hopes there will be no fourth." This tid-bit is from the January issue of SCREENLAND. To Fred's fervent hope that there will be no fourth trip I would like to add mine.

How that man must have suffered! Will Hays should investigate the brutal producers who kidnapped this comedian and forced a fabulous sum on him to keep him in Hollywood. How else could Fred Sourpuss have been brought to this abominable town? Certainly not of his own free will! There must have been a terrific struggle.

I should thank Allen for one thing. He made picture work sound so strenuous that I'm glad I drive a truck for a living.

But now I must be off to see Jack Benny in "Love Thy Neighbor."

M. W. Roman, Philadelphia, Pa.

I just had one grand evening at the Albee Theatre. The picture was "Tin Pan Alley." I go to many pictures and always go with my husband, who, during most of the picture, sleeps like a log. Well, it wasn't like that during the showing of "Tin Pan Alley." No sir—he sang and laughed with all the rest of the crowd. Jack Oakie is simply adorable in it and perhaps I shouldn't say it, but he was the show. Every word Betty Grable spoke could be understood. The entire cast was very good and do you know what, although I'm not telling the family, I'm seeing it again tomorrow at a suburban theatre.

Mrs. W. E. Loeb, Cincinnati, O.

I don't like to see a movie fan "take up" something he may have heard about a star's

personal life, and then Hate his pictures and refuse to see them. Perhaps what he has heard is not true, or has been enlarged upon; hence it is unfair to judge a person's acting ability by what he may have heard.

Persons of the stage, screen and radio earn their living by their ability to entertain in some manner or another, and should have due credit for what is coming to them. Hollywood life differs greatly from the average American family life in other parts of the country; hence they are not understood, and their ability to earn their bread and butter is all that should enter into it. I ignore their personal life—then go to see their pictures for the sheer joy and relaxation they give me after a day's work—which is on the average of three times a week.

More power to these actors and actresses who help me while away many an hour.

Elsie Dick, Beverly Hills, Calif.

I don't yearn to meet the President Or watch the Brooklyn Dodgers— But, gosh, how I fell for a handsome gent By the name of Roy Rogers!

In my opinion, this youthful singing cowboy is the most charming and irresistible personality to greet the movie fans in ages. And judging from his record since the release of "Under Western Stars," a host of other fans must share a similar opinion. Norvell recently predicted that Rogers will soon join the big league stars and I heartily second the prediction. It doesn't take an astrologer to foresee big things for Roy!

Lena M. Northam, Bennettsville, S. C.

HONORABLE MENTION

I'm a regular reader of SCREENLAND and am glad to write to your new forum. I have no pet peeves—no criticism. I only want to shout to the world my appreciation of the movies just as they are, as they have been a life-saver to me.

I've been confined to a wheelchair for almost a year due to an automobile accident. Friends called for a while but their interest soon slacked down. I don't like to make my family feel they have to stay home every afternoon to keep me company. So they wheel me across the street to our neighborhood theater and for two hours I forget all about my condition while absorbed in a thrilling picture. Then a courteous usher wheels me across the street and the maid rolls me in the house.

Thank God for the movies—all of them.
Evelyn Miller, Charlotte, N. C.

What say we get a question settled? Are Paulette Goddard and Charlie Chaplin married? Is he ashamed of her, or vice versa? Is she using this as a blind? You know, after all, it doesn't add anything good to her reputation. I think it is all just plain silly. That guessing game is okay for a while, but two years of it is a little more than necessary. So let's have the truth.
Mrs. E. F. Leatherman, Oak Creek, Colo.

An Oomph Cow! Of all the silly things! Giving a cow the same title as a beautiful movie actress. I am Ann Sheridan's most ardent fan and I think the world of her.

To me it is sort of like comparing Miss Sheridan with a cow. The person who gave Elsie, the Cow, that title probably didn't mean it that way, but I'm sticking up for Ann Sheridan.

Grace Pritasil, La Mesa, Calif.

In this letter I am going to tear down three motion pictures. They are the only three that have ever bored me stiff!

No. 1: "Sweethearts." I thought the story was awful, and Nelson Eddy worse!

No. 2: "Strange Cargo." Another awful, mushy story. Did Joan Crawford have to go without make-up? She looked positively repulsive. Such a gruesome tale.

No. 3: "New Moon." Why is Nelson Eddy? I cannot stand the man. The story and plot weren't so hot either. The music was good. Jeanette MacDonald was good, too, but oh, that Eddy!

Now just to show you I like some shows, some of my favorites will always be: "Last

of the Mohicans," "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," "Gunga Din," "Three Comrades," "The Mortal Story," and "All This, and Heaven Too."

By the way, when is Margaret Sullivan going to win an Oscar?

Henry Steinhoff, Chicago, Ill.

I was all for going in to see "I Want A Divorce" from the beginning but Bill wanted to eat first. We ate. But he admitted afterward that the picture might have been better if we'd seen it from A to Z, instead of from M to Z and A to L.

Very politely I said no, the other features and newsreel helped me endure it's "moller-drammer." I'd wanted to laugh but the "kick comedy of the season" left me with every emotion squeezed out of me and several wet hankies.

I'm not kicking about the acting which was excellent. Joan Blondell is a grand little comedienne—if she has a story worthy of her talents. It's poor stories that kill stars. So let's give Joan better stories.

Mrs. Bessie Toles, Denver, Colo.

Haven't they enough heroes running around loose in Hollywood without wasting the magnetic evil of George Sanders in *Saintly* rôles?

He is one of the best villains on the screen. He leers and sneers his way off with every scene in which he appears, and even the heroes oomph pales into insignificance before the strength of his cold, cultured knavery.

He can mesmerize people into sitting through his pictures twice (I saw "Rebecca" three times) and there aren't many "bad boys" who can do that.

So, why in the name of big box office

do they want him to "go straight"? He isn't nearly as effective, in spite of his ability. It is his sinister individualism that has made him what he is. In his case—Crime Does Pay.

Ruth King, Cranford, N. J.

With "Arizona" under my belt, I figure that I have just about half completed my cinematic Cook's tour of these United States, what with "Kentucky," "Maryland," etc. How about Maine or Vermont for the twenty-one million or so Republicans?

All joking aside, "Arizona" took me back to my kid days, where every Saturday afternoon meant cowboys, Indians, and plenty of shooting and riding. "Arizona" beats any Western I have ever seen for riding and gunplay, and Jean Arthur is just about perfect as *Phoebe*. The dialogue was about as corny as any I've ever heard, but who cares about dialogue when Redskins are biting the dust?

Maxine Baxter, Norwood, O.

If I had my way, Humphrey Bogart would receive an Academy Award for being consistently good in "bad" rôles. He's swell, no matter what part he plays. He usually portrays the meanest gangster in town, loaded down with gats, and talking out of the side of his mouth. Or, he can be a not too tough truck driver as in "They Drive By Night." (Didn't he make a wonderful husband?) Whatever his characterization, he has what it takes to make the audience cheer him.

I don't ask that he not be typed, for he already is, as the most likeable "bad man" in Hollywood.

Miss Miriam Arnold, Macon, Ga.

SEE! PRETTY WOOLS STAY SOFT WITH AMAZING NEW IVORY SNOW! 3-SECOND SUDS IN COOL WATER!

Easy now to give sweaters safe care!
No more worry about hot-water shrinking!

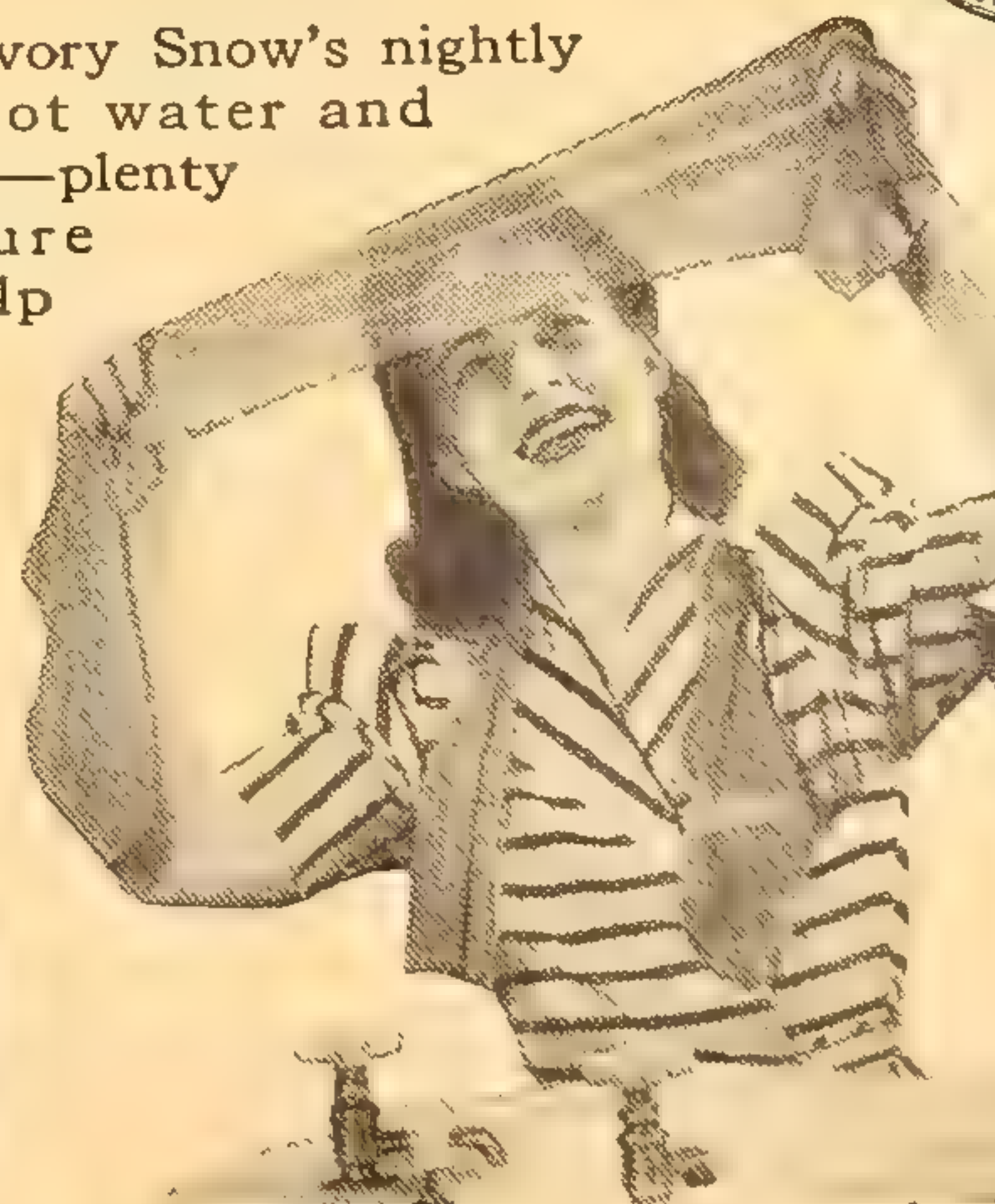
A GREAT BIG CHEER for the new Ivory Snow! It's a wonderful cool-water soap that's safe for the downy softness of sweaters—safe for every woolen washable a girl ever loved! This new Ivory Snow suds in 3 seconds—in safe cool water! No need for hot water and

hard rubbing that shrink woollens. Just squeeze your pretty sweaters gently through cool, pure suds of Ivory Snow and watch 'em come out soft and fleecy! You'll thank your stars for this new cool-water form of pure Ivory Soap! Try Ivory Snow today!

NOT A RUN IN SIGHT, thanks to Ivory Snow's nightly care! No hot water and strong soap—plenty of cool, pure suds to help stockings wear!

HAPPY DAYS FOR SWEATERS!

No fear of hot-water shrinking for woollens, with cool-water Ivory Snow! Cool suds help sweaters stay fleecy!



NEW FORM
OF IVORY SOAP
99 44/100 %
PURE

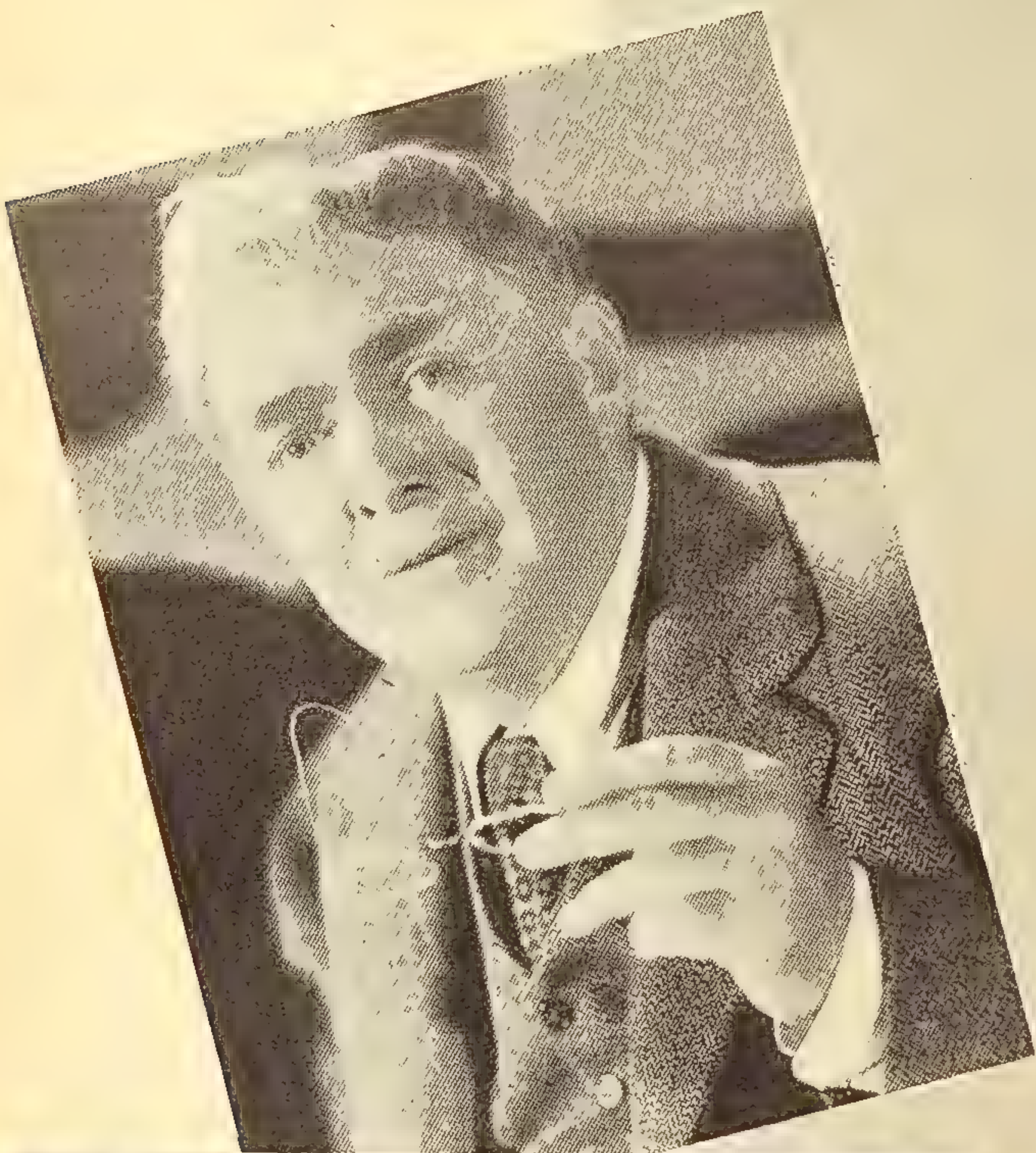
LITTLE TOTS' WOOLENS

thrive on Ivory Snow's safe care! It's the new cool-water form of baby's own pure Ivory Soap!

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
PROCTER & GAMBLE

Screenland Honor Page

To the Beautiful Woman, the Great Actor, the Fine Writers, and the Imaginative Director who have made "Flight from Destiny" the Picture of the Month!

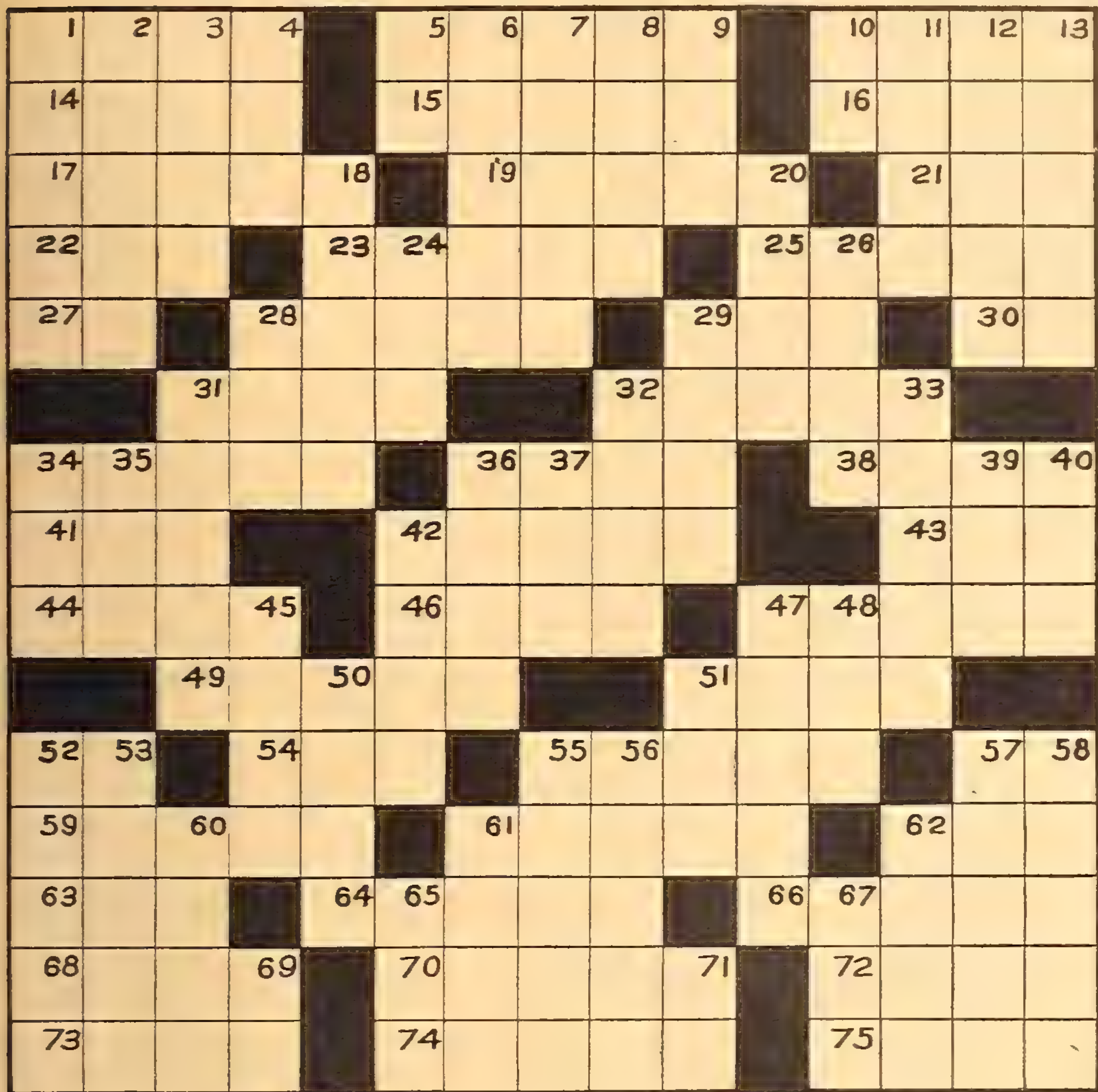


"Flight from Destiny" will get you! We predict it will be the most talked-about picture of the season. It's that "different" movie you've been looking for: a daring and original drama of a man with only six months to live—and what he does with the time left to him. Call it a melodrama, call it a murder mystery, call it a chance for Thomas Mitchell to prove again that he is a great actor, call it a triumph for alluring Mona Maris in the siren's rôle—but see it!



SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

1. Star of "North West Mounted Police"
5. She stars in "Tin Pan Alley"
10. Leading lady in "A Dispatch from Reuter's"
14. On the sheltered side
15. She is Mrs. Alexander Korda
16. At all times
17. Sated with pleasure
19. Dresses in
21. Anger
22. Preceded
23. Sightless
25. Ingénue in "You'll Find Out"
27. Printer's measure
28. Walt Disney's Mickey
29. "If I --- My Way," a Bing Crosby film
30. Northwestern state (abbrev.)
31. Co-star of "Road to Singapore"
32. He stars in "The Mark of Zorro"
34. Mickey Rooney's most famous rôle
36. To ooze; leak slowly
38. Close at hand
41. "That Certain ---," a Deanna Durbin film
42. She stars in "The Letter"
43. The *Grand Duchess Swana* in "Ninotchka"
44. He's featured in "Trail of the Vigilantes"
46. Exclamation of woe
47. Famous movie baby— ("--- Gets Her Man")
49. To sing jovially
51. Germans were called this in the last war
52. "--- West," a Marx Brothers film
54. A pointed steel instrument
55. Star of "Wyoming"
57. Myself
59. "---, My Love," with Claudette Colbert
61. He's grown up now and no longer plays the rôle of a brat
62. Woeful

63. To free, as from a burden or annoyance; banish
64. She co-stars in "The Howards of Virginia"
66. Co-star in "He Stayed for Breakfast"
68. "--- Town," with Colbert and Gable
70. Later in time
72. Operatic solo
73. Sole; solitary
74. He's featured in "The Long Voyage Home"
75. The back

DOWN

1. Co-star of "Comrade X"
2. Co-star of "Love Thy Neighbor"
3. To peruse
4. A yes-man's favorite word
5. Part of to be
6. He plays *Judge Hardy*
7. Co-star of "Penny Serenade"
8. Dressed
9. Ever (contraction)
10. "Youth Will --- Served," a Jane Withers film
11. Bad
12. Withers
13. General course or direction
18. Black wood
20. He and his band are in "Second Chorus"
24. To drag
26. Paradise
28. Among (poetic)
29. Co-star of "Road to Singapore"
31. His new one is "South of Suez"
32. Caresses
33. Straps to guide a horse
34. Head covering
35. Past
36. To dispose of for money
37. Greek letter
39. "All This, --- Heaven Too"
40. Co-star of "Arise, My Love"
42. She's Mrs. Desi Arnaz
45. Periods of time
47. Rude and ill-humored
48. Some
50. Indebted to
51. "The Villain Still Pursued ---," with Anita Louise
52. She laughed in "Ninotchka"
53. A constellation
55. One of the sisters in "Tin Pan Alley"
56. Consumed
57. Mental derangement
58. The voice of Charlie McCarthy
60. An image of worship
61. Divan
62. Certain
65. What a crow would say in a talkie
67. Wooden implement for propelling a boat
69. "--- Favorite Wife," a film comedy
71. Note of the scale

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

G	A	B	L	E		O	R	A	L		W	E	S	T
A	R	R	O	W		F	A	Y	E		E	V	E	R
S	I	E	G	S		F	R	E	D		A	R	E	
P	A	N	G			P	A	T	E		R	A	N	E
						T	E	N	O	R		S	T	E
B	E					R	A	I	N	S		A	W	E
E	R	I				G	L	O	W	E	R		N	I
T	R	A	P	S		L	I	D			E	D	D	I
T	O	N	E			A	D	M	I	T	S		A	T
E	L					T	R	I		S	T	O	N	E
						S	E	A	R	S		E	L	E
H	E	N	R	Y		T	I	D	E		H	A	L	L
O	V	A				E	A	R	S		R	O	O	N
P	I	P	S			G	A	L	E		R	E	G	A
E	L	S	E			E	Y	E	D		A	D	O	R

SCREENLAND

FEMININE
HYGIENE
ADVANCED
AMAZINGLY



Safe,
modern
method
gives hours
of medication

ON all sides, women are turning to an amazing safe way in feminine hygiene. A way that is not only dainty and safe—but gives continuous medication for hours without use of poison. And actually kills germs at contact.

Called Zonitors—these dainty, snow-white suppositories spread a greaseless, protective coating. To kill germs, bacteria on contact. To cleanse antiseptically. To deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odor.

Zonitors are most powerful continuous-action suppositories. Yet entirely gentle to delicate tissues. Non-caustic, contain no poison. Don't burn. Even help promote healing.

Greaseless, Zonitors are completely removable with water. Nothing to mix, no apparatus needed. Come 12 in package individually sealed in glass bottles. Get Zonitors at druggists. Follow this amazingly safe way in feminine hygiene women are raving about.

FREE

revealing booklet, sent in plain envelope. Write to Zonitors, 370 Lexington Ave., Dept. 3309A, New York City

Zonitors

LOOK AT THIS AMAZING
WATCH and RING

One year
TO PAY
IN FULL

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ELGIN
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ILLINOIS
Movement

LATEST styled 1941 ring.
14K Rolled Gold Plate
shank. Genuine Sterling
Silver top set with 12
50 point Simulated Dia-
mond and six brilliants.



YOUR CHOICE of Jeweled Elgin Waltham or Illinois' wrist watch. New styled size 0 case. Reconstructed movement. Accuracy guaranteed. Given with every Simulated Diamond ring when ordered and paid for on our purchase privilege plan. Payments \$3.50 down, with 20 days after arrival at your post office. Balance of \$3.50 anytime within a year (total only \$7.00). Remember, the cost of watch is included in price of the ring. Extra surprise free gift enclosed for promptness. Send NO money with order. Just rush name, address, ring size. Includes by return mail in special gift box postpaid.

A. HAMILTON JEWELERS
Topeka, Kansas Dept. S-241

Check
COLD
DISCOMFORTS

AT the first sign of a cold, make up your mind to avoid as much of the sniffing, sneezing, soreness and stuffy condition of your nostrils as possible. Insert Mentholatum in each nostril. Also rub it vigorously on your chest. You'll be delighted with the way Mentholatum combats cold misery and helps restore comfort.

MENTHOLATUM
Gives COMFORT Daily

IRRESISTIBLE Loveliness



YOURS WITH Irresistible LIPSTICK

Ask any man! He'll tell you irresistible lips are soft lips, smooth lips, dewy-fresh! Glamorous women know this and choose a softer, creamier lipstick like IRRESISTIBLE. Easy to apply, non-drying, stays on smoothly for hours because it's WHIP-TEXT through a secret new process. Thrilling range of fashion-right colors includes such favorites as: RUBY RED, FLASH RED, CANDY STRIPE RED, FUCHSIA PLUM with matching rouge, face powder and powder foundation.

IT'S *Whip-Text*
LASTS LONGER
SMOOTHER



10c AT ALL
5 & 10c STORES

DOES HE LOVE YOU?

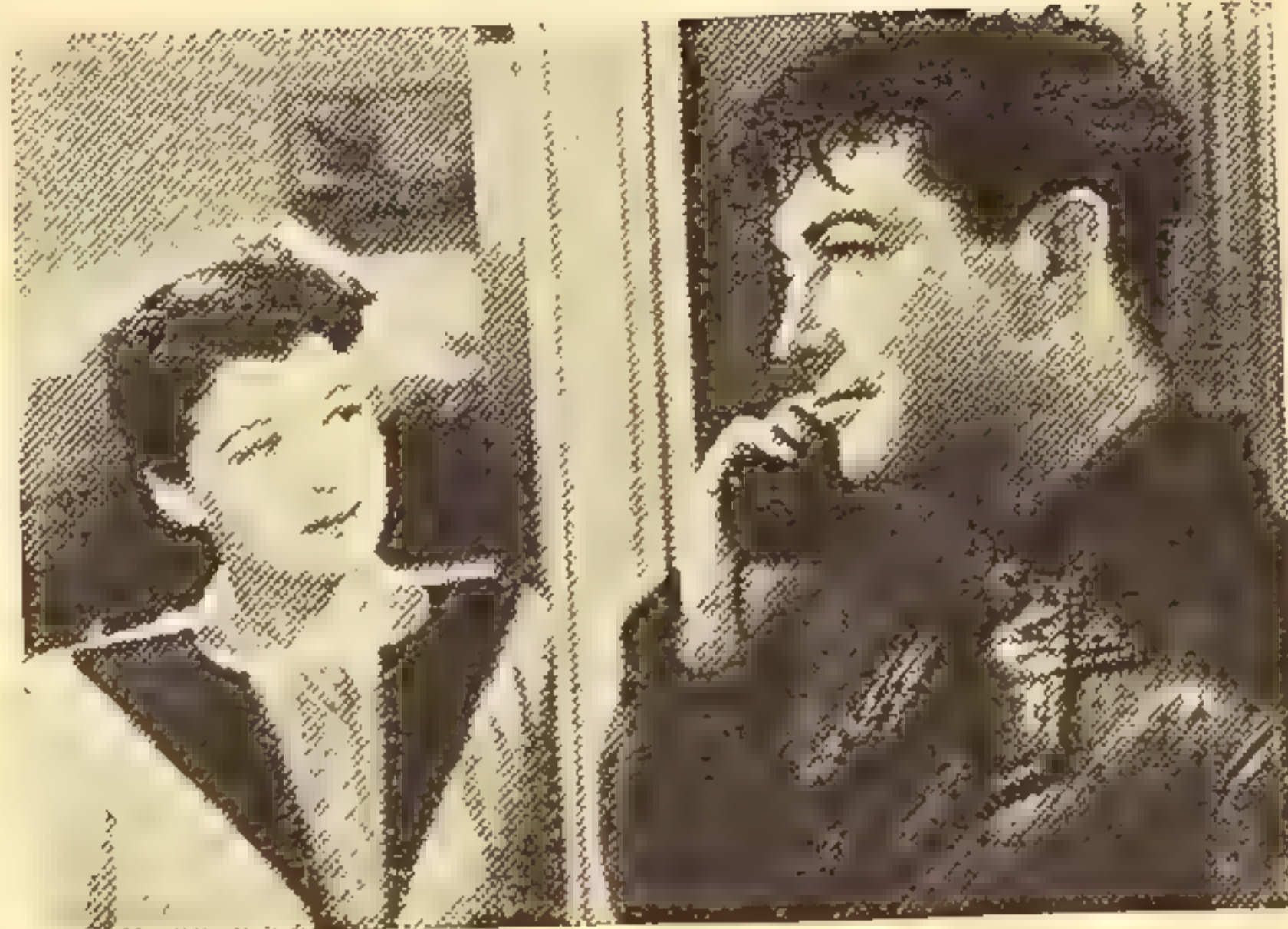
New! Irresistible Valentine Perfume holder spins and tells all! Wear this enchanting IRRESISTIBLE fragrance on your next date. Then spin the heart! Our guess: He loves you.



IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME 10c

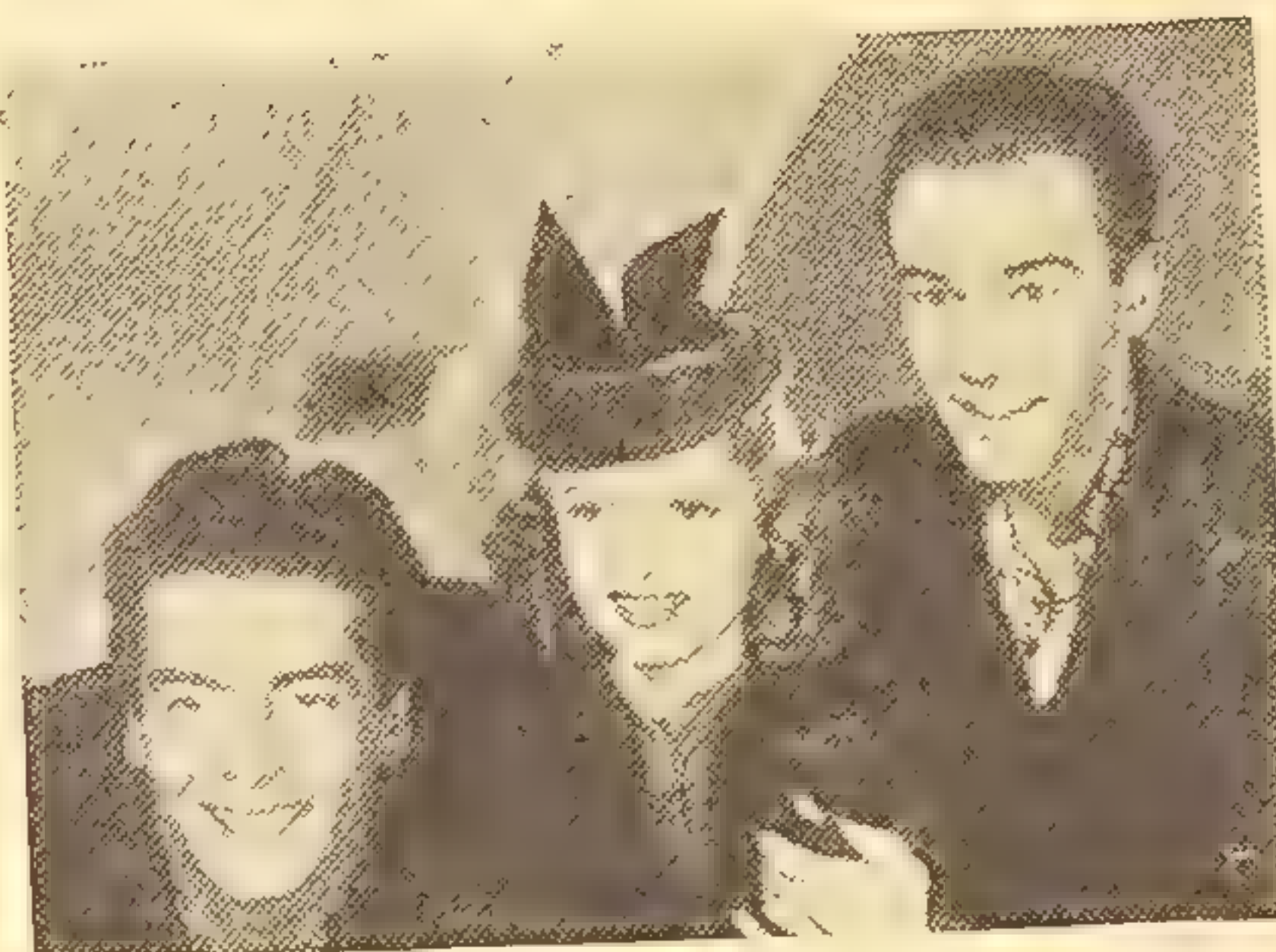
Tagging the Talkies

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53



Flight Command—M-G-M

This picture brings the U. S. Navy Air Service to the screen and gives a look-in on this vital branch of Uncle Sam's fighting forces. Robert Taylor, as the cadet who joins a group of daring flyers, and whose friendship for his flight commander's wife is misunderstood until he saves the commander's life, gives a flawless performance. Walter Pidgeon, Ruth Hussey, also good. Squadron flights and takeoffs from carrier ships are film's highlights.



No, No, Nanette—RKO-Radio

Anna Neagle is charming as the star of this musical comedy which revolves around *Nanette's* attempt to rescue her uncle (Roland Young) from the clutches of goldiggers, with the complications almost wrecking her own romance. Young has some swell comedy scenes. Richard Carlson and Victor Mature play *Nanette's* rival suitors. The film lacks the pep necessary to a musical, but it's pleasing, thanks to Anna's dancing and its catchy tunes.



This Thing Called Love—Columbia

Rosalind Russell and Melvyn Douglas are co-starred in this highly entertaining comedy. They're newlyweds, married with the understanding (it's her idea) that their union is not to be consummated for ninety days, but Melvyn tries to change her mind by the power of suggestion and his masculine charms. After many hilarious complications, Rosalind sees her error. It's sophisticated, and a bit risqué—strictly adult entertainment. Binnie Barnes in cast.



Road Show—Hal Roach—U. A.

This gay comedy has enough gags, funny situations and slapstick for two films, so whether or not you'll enjoy it depends on how much of the stuff you can take. *Drogo* (John Hubbard) and *Colonel Carraway* (Adolphe Menjou) escape from a sanatorium and join *Penguin Moore's* carnival. *Drogo*, introduced as a lion-tamer, bluffs his way through an act to please *Penguin*. Charles Butterworth, Patsy Kelly, George E. Stone, very funny.



Santa Fe Trail—Warners

Here's a stirring historical film epic of pre-Civil War days in which Raymond Massey gives a fiery, forceful characterization of *John Brown*, fanatic anti-slavery leader, that is a masterpiece. Errol Flynn, as *Jeb Stuart*, Confederate hero, is convincing, and Olivia de Havilland is good as the girl he wins from his friend, "*Last Stand*" *Custer* (Ronald Reagan), but Massey's work outshines their portrayals and all those by the fine supporting cast. Lots of riding and shooting.



The Invisible Woman—Universal

This is not a horror film so don't let the title keep you from seeing it. It's a swell comedy with John Barrymore as the eccentric professor whose invention makes persons invisible, and Virginia Bruce as the pretty model on whom he tries out his invention. John Howard portrays the professor's backer who falls in love with the model. What happens when the model is made invisible, by excellent trick photography, affords many laughs.



Go West—M-G-M

The crazy Marxes heed Horace Greeley's advice and Go West. They become involved in a land deal because of a deed which they received as a loan security. It's the goofiest picture we've seen in a long time. Has good gags and amusing dialogue. The train episode with everybody on board trying to get to New York to sell the property to the railroad is a scream. If you're a Marx fan you'll love this one. Diana Lewis, John Carroll are the romancers.



Little Nellie Kelly—M-G-M

Judy Garland plays a dual rôle of mother and daughter in this romantic musical comedy, filled with old-fashioned sentiment and Irish wit. Also fine in dual portrayals are George Murphy, as Nellie's husband, and later aging convincingly as the father, and Charles Winninger, the shiftless father and later as grandfather. The delightful voices of Judy and Douglas McPhail are heard in tuneful Irish ballads, and Murphy dances a waltz with Judy.

Boys Clothes

Parties

Dates



You've got plenty on your mind besides musty old history dates and what x plus y equals! Your stockings are all shot. So's your budget. You're simply mad for a new "formal". Slippers, too! And you lie awake nights plotting how to wangle a permanent. (Just to mention a few of your problems.)

Frivolous—? No! They all add up to being attractive. And being attractive helps achieve success and happiness. So more power to you!

Only do remember this: To have friends, beaux, and good times (or hold a job and get ahead in the world) . . . you must be attractive and poised . . . regardless of what day of the month it is! But that's not as difficult as it sounds. Being comfortable is half the battle. And Kotex sanitary napkins can help you be comfortable and carefree . . . just as they help millions of other girls.

Yes—millions!

For it's an actual fact, more women use Kotex than all other brands put together! And you won't be a bit surprised when you try it!

You'll find Kotex more comfortable, because it's less bulky. (Girls declare you scarcely know you're wearing it!)

Then—Kotex has flat, pressed ends to prevent embarrassing, telltale bulges. And a moisture-resistant "safety shield" to give you extra protection . . .

Another thing—you can get Kotex in three different sizes: Super—Regular—Junior—and all three sizes sell for the same low price!

So—considering these advantages—is it any wonder that Kotex is the most popular napkin made?



So— be confident...comfortable...carefree
...with **Kotex***

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



When you get chilled. Sudden changes of temperature may shock the system . . . reduce its resistance to germs . . . allow them to get the upper hand. Help overcome intensified germ activity on mouth and throat surfaces by gargling Listerine.

When you get your feet wet. Wet feet and cold feet often lower body resistance. Germs on throat tissue may collect faster than natural processes can cope with them . . . and thus set up an irritation. Listerine Antiseptic often guards against this irritation.

AFTER SUCH EXPOSURES

LISTERINE—QUICK!

TO FIGHT COLDS AND SORE THROAT!

Often this prompt precaution may help Old Mother Nature to head off a cold or relieve the inflammation of sore throat.

Listerine quickly attacks germs that invade the mouth and throat surfaces when body resistance has been lowered.

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces and kills millions of the "secondary invaders"—the very types of germs that many authorities say are largely responsible for the symptoms of a cold . . . and make it more troublesome.

Tests Showed Fewer Colds

Tests showed Listerine Antiseptic's amazing effectiveness. They actually revealed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7%,

even 15 minutes after the Listerine gargle, up to 80% one hour later. (See chart below and to left.)

Careful clinical studies during 9 years of research showed that Listerine was amazingly effective in fighting colds and simple sore throat. Those who gargled Listerine twice a day had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than those who did not gargle with it.

Moreover, when Listerine Antiseptic users did develop colds, they were milder and of shorter duration than those of non-users.

Get in the habit of gargling Listerine night and morning during cold weather. If you notice the slightest indication that a cold is getting started, repeat the gargle several times during the day.



When you kiss somebody. Active germs may easily be passed on to you by direct contact . . . even indirect contact, such as someone sneezing near by, may result in infection. Always gargle Listerine at your first opportunity after such exposures.

NOTE HOW LISTERINE REDUCED GERMS!



BEFORE



AFTER

The two drawings above illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.



BOTH FOR 98¢

Mothers!
GET THIS AMAZING
Listerine Throat Light

75¢ LISTERINE THROAT LIGHT

75¢ LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

\$1.50 VALUE

Du Pont "Lucite" shoots light around curve

DEPRESSES TONGUE—LIGHTS UP THROAT

Offer good only in Continental U.S.A.

CHECK CHILDREN'S THROAT DAILY

The Editor's Page



An Open Letter to CHAPLIN

accept your award, for in so doing I feel I would be acknowledging the fact that actors are competing with each other. And such an approach to one's work is not very inspiring. . . ." Somehow that phrase, "actors competing with each other," seems to contain more than a trace of the bombast at which you used to thumb your nose. Aren't you an actor, Mr. Chaplin, a great actor—and proud of it? True, you are a producer, a tycoon, a social lion, too—but is all that so important? Can it be that you aren't Charlie any longer, but a Genius above all evaluation? If that's so, then goodbye to the great little man who has done so much to make millions happier. We'll miss you!

For many years Charlie has been the mighty little man of the movies, cheering world audiences with his inimitable comedy. A man of the people himself, he seemed to understand the problems of "the little fellow" and to champion his cause. His greatest quality was always true humility. In declining an award as "best actor of 1940" by New York film critics, has Chaplin turned as pompous as those slapstick policemen he used to kick in the pants?

Delight Evans

DEAR MR. CHAPLIN:

We can't call you Charlie any more.

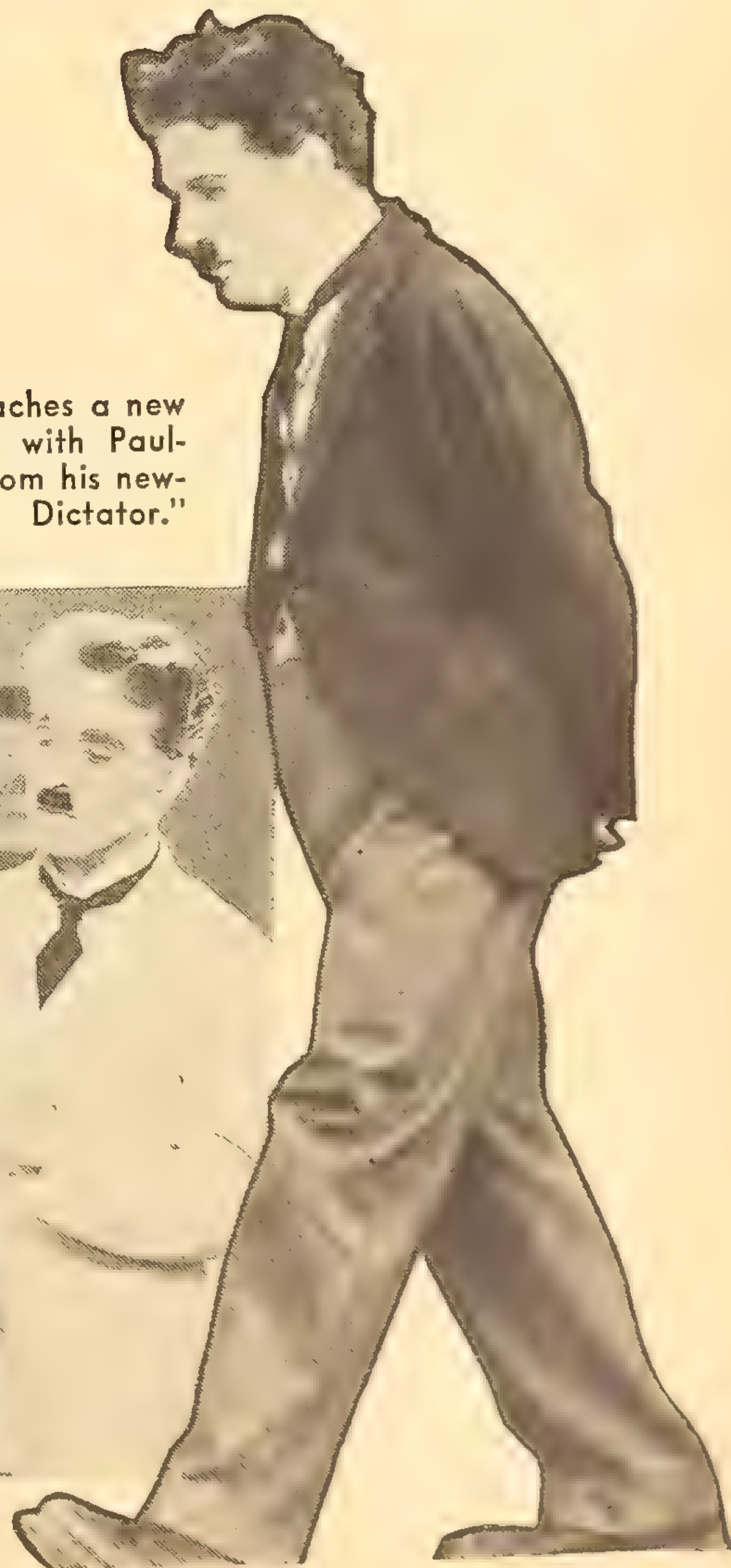
By "we" I mean all of us who have known and loved for years the wistful little man with the mustache, the baggy pants, the big shoes; the little man who somehow seemed the soul of all the other humble, hopeful little men in the world. We loved that little man because we knew him; we laughed with him rather than at him; we applauded until our palms were red when he kicked sham and pretension in the pants. He was, in a word, one of us.

That was in the days of "Shoulder Arms"; later of "The Gold Rush," and "The Circus," and "City Lights." Some of us can remember as far back as the two-reelers—indeed, even today's children know that little man from the home-movie editions of his early comedies. But—where is he now?

There's an interesting motion picture called "The Great Dictator" playing on some screens, starring Charles Chaplin. According to most critical standards it may not be a great picture. But the star gives a brilliant performance in a difficult dual rôle—and so the New York Film Critics' Circle, composed of the metropolitan newspaper reviewers, honored the star with their award for "best performance of an actor in 1940." "The Grapes of Wrath" was voted the best picture, John Ford the best director, and Katharine Hepburn the best actress for "The Philadelphia Story." All the winners gratefully acknowledged their honors—the hitherto indifferent Miss Hepburn, in fact, expressed herself as "hysterically happy" over hers.

But you, Mr. Chaplin, declined, in the following words among others: "In justice to myself and my fellow actors, I cannot

The art of the actor reaches a new high in Charlie's scene with Paulette Goddard, below, from his newest film, "The Great Dictator."





Family circle! Cutest picture we ever published of real American parents and their lovely children—Mr. and Mrs. Dick Powell (Joan Blondell) with son Norman and daughter Ellen.

And here's the merry playboy of the amusement world—right, Rudy Vallee celebrating New Year's Eve at the Grove with pretty, pompadoured Rosemary Coleman.

Below, "Bad Man" Wally Beery has a heck of a good time dining at the Brown Derby with a pretty visitor from New York—Rosalie Graybar—not, unfortunately, in the movies.



HOLLYWOOD

Catch up with your picture pets at play!

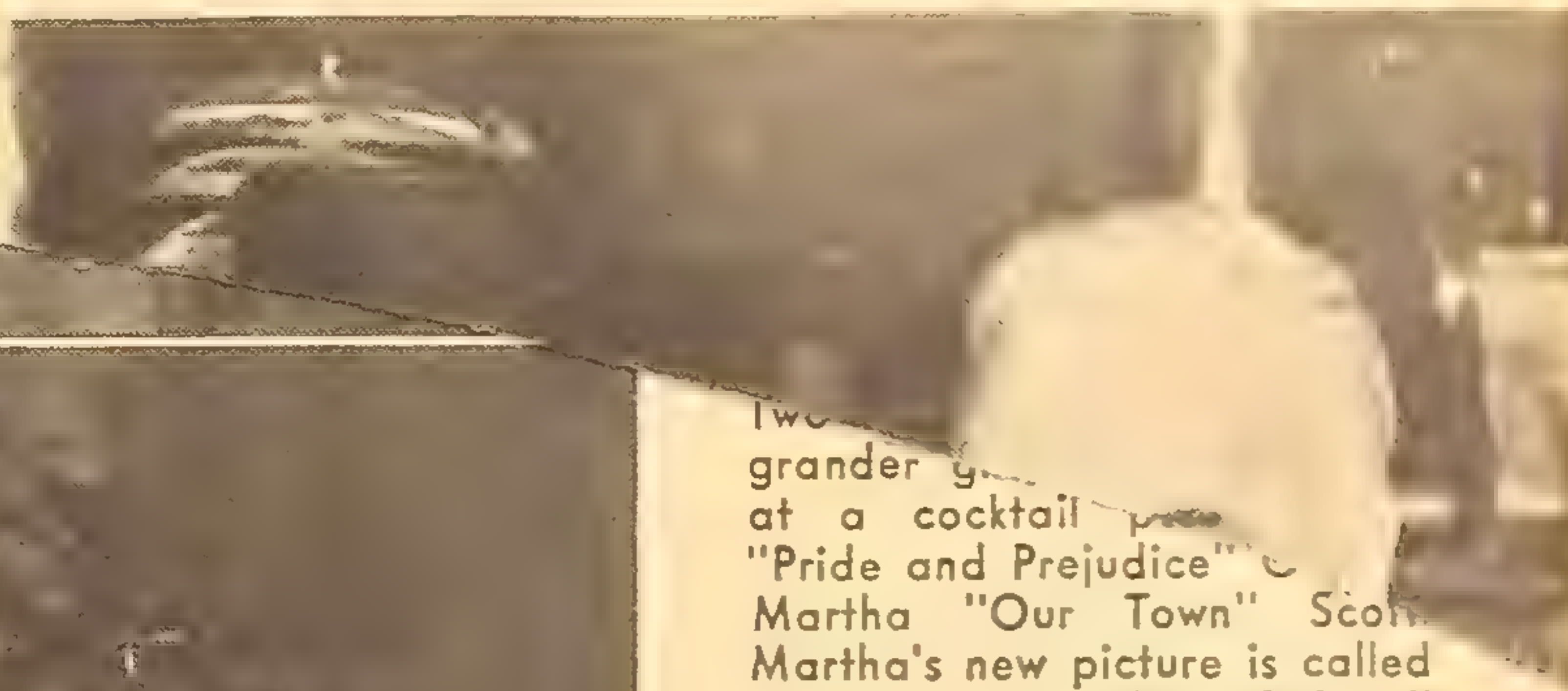


Most sought-after eligible man in Hollywood when he visits it: John Hay "Jock" Whitney, the millionaire sportsman, camera-dodging as he dines with ever-lovely Norma Shearer.



Regular visitor these evenings at Ciro's, smart night spot, is John Barrymore, presenting, at left, his best profile for the benefit of cute Sally Allen and our photographer.

Seldom seen in Hollywood night spots: popular cowboy star Bill Boyd, below, and charming wife Grace Bradley, in from their ranch home for a decorously festive dinner party.



Two grander guests at a cocktail party: "Pride and Prejudice" Martha "Our Town" Scott. Martha's new picture is called "Cheers for Miss Bishop."



Bette Davis is telling Mary Astor about her surprise marriage to Arthur Farnsworth, New England executive who won the Screen's First Actress over all expert Hollywood competition. He's camera-shy!



WHO'S YEHUDI?

BOB HOPE TELLS!

Advice to the Funlorn from the grand fellow who practices what he preaches on the screen, on the air, and in private life! A laugh tonic for these tired times

As told to Gladys Hall

We're proud and happy—between chuckles—to present to you this exclusive, "scoop" interview with Bob Hope, spreading good cheer and inspiration in the great comic's own words. Hope is well-named! Facing page, Bob looks over at Jerry Colonna, his fun partner in radio. Is *he* Yehudi? Scene still shows Bing Crosby, Joan Marsh and Hope in new film, "Road to Zanzibar."

YOU want to know who Yehudi really is? You want a scoop? You want me to crack it wide open and tell you what no mortal ears have ever heard before? All right, Yehudi is the Little Man we all should have in our hearts, if not in our homes. Yehudi is the laugh-maker. Yehudi is the Little Man who makes us laugh when we feel like bawling; who makes us wise-crack when we're jobless and hungry; who gives us what it takes to behave like zanies in a world with such a pain in its neck that it's twisted like a corkscrew. If that isn't Yehudi, that's who he ought to be!

"I'm serious," said Bob Hope in a tone of voice one seldom hears from him. "I'm *damn* serious," he said, over his fresh fruit compote in the Paramount commissary. Concentrating on what he was saying, too, was the Hope. Likewise a seldom occurrence. Because the one complaint ever made about Bob is that you can't pin him down, his mind is as active as his activities. He sort of *wanders*—but now he was concentrating. "I really believe that if I have a Message to give the world," he was saying, "it's this: HAVE FUN. Have fun at whatever you're doing, however you're feeling, whether there's any reason to have fun or whether there's a hell of a good reason to cry 'Wolf!' because the beast is at the door and you might as well speak to him."

"Now, it would be tiresome to be funny all the time unless it was spontaneous. I don't press, I don't press—like when reporters come up to me and look at their wrist-watches and crack, 'Say something funny'—I can only answer 'I'm about human.'"

"No, what I mean is, people are given to making Big Productions out of everything that happens to them, out of everything they do. And out of nothing. They are given, especially, to making Big Productions out of the unhappy or unpleasant or boring things that happen to them. We can always kick the good times around, a cinch. But we get club feet when it comes to kicking the bad times around. So we don't. *We let them kick us.*"

"That's not for me! Relax, I say, *relax*. Bing often says to me, 'Bob,' he says, 'how the hell do you do so many things and manage to brush them off?'—and Bing is no mean things-doer himself—" (three pictures a year, a radio show a week, rehearsals there-for, benefits

and golf, that is the Hope schedule)—"I tell him I relax and have a lot of fun, that's how. For it's being tense and taut that kills you. I mean it. All my work is relaxed, even when I do five and six shows a day. I figure out Easiest Ways and take them. I always write, 'Thanks for the Memory' for an autograph, saves me from giving my best—well, I can just hear folks saying right about now, that's just dandy, he's sure a sweetie-pie to be telling us to take it easy, great to know he can throw it away and all that. But HOW, HOW does he do it? How would the 'learned counsel' suggest that we do it?" Bob's highly polished brown eyes twinkled—"if I don't tell 'em," he said, "I better keep my big mouf' shet!"

"So, all right; so let's begin (*Please turn to page 90*)





Ready for Romance! That's not only the title of Deanna's forthcoming film with Charles Boyer, it's also the opinion of producer Joe Pasternak, who tells you in this exclusive interview the true story of Deanna's first and only love

Deanna with the big boss of Universal, Joe Pasternak—her discoverer and gentle guide. Below, the cake from the studio crew presented to Durbin at her 19th birthday party.

WHAT DEANNA'S BOSS

FIVE years ago a girl of fourteen entered Joe Pasternak's office. She wore a pink cambric dress and her hair in bangs. She looked well scrubbed and probably was, for she'd been playing baseball in the school yard when the summons came. Her air of composure might have fooled you, except that her eyes were scared.

She'd recently been fired by Metro and hired by Universal. She had yet to prove herself. Pasternak and his friend, Henry Koster, were in the same boat. The studio was saying in effect to all three: "Show us." The two men were mulling over a story, still vague in their heads, for which they needed a child. Instructions had been issued by the front office. "There's this kid we've just signed. Deanna Durbin. Take her."

"Hello, Deanna," said Pasternak. When Pasternak says hello and grins, tight nerves relax. He asked her questions about herself. He told her as much of the story as he knew. He liked the intelligence with which she listened and responded. He liked her simplicity and good manners. She sat quietly, making no effort to create an impression, her mounting excitement apparent only in the mounting color of her cheeks which soon matched her dress. All she said when she left was, "Thank you, Mr. Pasternak." But her eyes, that had been scared, sparkled.

That was the inception of the triple threat—Pasternak,



Koster and Durbin—which saved Universal from the Indians. To Deanna, "Mr. Pasternak" became Uncle Joe and finally Joe, without the uncle. To him she was more than the child he had groomed to stardom. He grew to love her, as everyone loved her who knew her well.

Now she's engaged. Pasternak watched her romance from the sidelines. Deanna could tell it more fully than

**By
Ida
Zeitlin**

And here she is with Vaughn Paul, her fiancé. They'll be married in June, at a formal church wedding. Below, Deanna with Franchot Tone, who's her leading man in "Nice Girl."



THINKS of HER BIG ROMANCE



he, only she won't. No one could tell it more sympathetically. He told it to us in the same office where, five years earlier, he'd told her the story of "Three Smart Girls." He told it with humor, with tenderness, with obvious relish and from various points of the room. He's a man whose energy doesn't permit him to sit long. He gets up, strides about, looks out the window, comes

back and leans across the desk, mobile features alight.

"Why not? Why shouldn't I be pleased? Why shouldn't anybody be pleased in this world of nightmare when right under your nose a fairy-tale happens—a happy-ever-after! No—I'm not a fortune-teller and I'm not a fairy tale writer, but if those two kids don't live happy ever after, then I'll be a Russian wolf and howl."

His eyes went to the wall where Deanna's picture hangs, affectionately inscribed to him. "You understand, she didn't make me her confessor. She's not a girl who spills her feelings on your shoulder. And what's near her heart, she keeps right there where it belongs—inside her heart. I can only tell you what I saw with my own eyes. Well, then, it started in 'Mad About Music.' You must excuse me if I mention pictures. It's when I see Deanna most—when we make our pictures. So if the names come in, it's not for publicity. Right? Right. It started in 'Mad About Music.' Yes—so long ago. But gently. That's the nice part about it. It started gently and it grew up slowly, so it had time to become a solid thing. No this-boy-today-and-tomorrow-another. No flying to Yuma before we change our mind. Not for Deanna. She's a one-man girl, deep in her feelings, serious-minded for the future. Some don't look even once before they leap. She looks four times—north, south, east and west. All in (Continued on page 94)

“STRAWBERRY BLONDE”



Warmly human, richly American romantic comedy, beautifully told from the Warner Bros. film starring James Cagney, Olivia de Havilland, Rita Hayworth



Decorations by
Leonard Frank

It happened on a Sunday afternoon, back in the days of America's age of innocence—when the drugstore boys lined up to watch the Strawberry Blonde go by. In our scene stills from the picture you'll see Rita Hayworth in the title rôle, Olivia de Havilland as her sweet "rival" for the affections of Jimmy Cagney. Big cast includes Alan Hale, Jack Carson.

Fictionized by Elizabeth B. Petersen

THE street was the way it always was on Sunday afternoons, quiet and sort of tired-looking as if it were resting up after all the din and bustle of the week. Biff Grimes hadn't realized how noisy it was weekdays when he moved there, what with the horse cars clanging and with bicycle bells warning people out of the way and the constant thud of horses' hoofs on the cobblestone street. Gosh, it was enough to make a man wonder what the world was coming to, all that traffic, not to speak of all the newfangled things people were inventing. The telephone and electric lights and *everything!* What wouldn't they think up next!

Over the door hung Biff's sign. It looked so dignified with its inscription, "B. L. Grimes, Dentist." Real fancy too with the big plaster tooth gilded over so it looked like gold, dangling down from it. Biff was real proud of that tooth. He'd certainly worked hard enough to have the right to hang it there. All those years of correspondence school lessons before he got his diploma.

Once Sunday afternoon had been the nicest day in the week for Biff. Now he didn't think so much of it. When a man was married walking in the park lost its spice and there wasn't anything to do except hang around the house and smell the Sunday dinner being cooked—and think. Biff didn't like to think these days. It scared him when he thought how badly things were going. This was the third time he had moved since he began his practice but it hadn't helped. Biff wouldn't have known what to do with himself if it weren't for Nick coming over and playing horseshoes with him in the back yard. Nick was the only one of the old crowd he saw these days.

"Sundays are a pain in the back teeth to me," Biff said suddenly glaring at the crowd of young people across the way who were laughing so gayly over their game of croquet and singing in chorus to the street band playing (*Please turn to page 66*)

"Strawberry Blonde" is a Warner Bros. film. For more pictures and complete cast and credits, please turn to page 65.



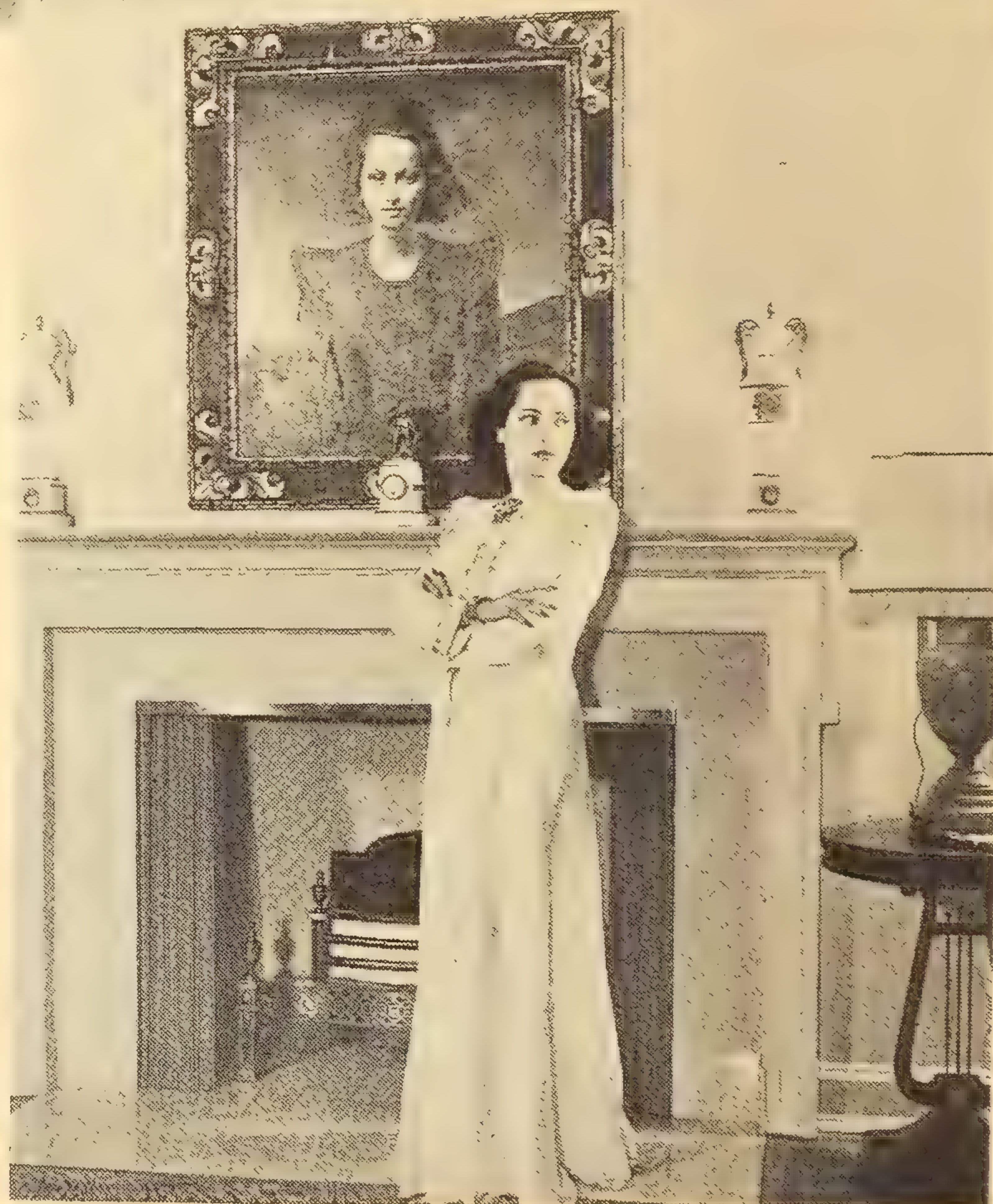
Mr. and Mrs. Korda at Home



Most camera-shy of all the noted producers, Alexander "Thief of Bagdad" Korda finally consented to pose for us with his wife, Merle Oberon, in their beautiful new home. Above, a friendly game of gin-rummy. Right and opposite, Merle in her drawing room and dressing room. From top of facing page: the Korda home from the garden; views of the drawing room, Mrs. Korda's bedroom, and the sun porch. Read fascinating complete descriptions of all these pictures on page 70.

WHEN Merle Oberon first spoke to Alexander Korda she was so scared she forgot her name. It was in 1931 and Merle, very shy and very young, was lunching in the studio restaurant of British Independent Pictures. She was so fussed over speaking to England's number one producer that she splashed potato soup on the front of her new green dress, Selfridge's basement, fifteen and sixpence. Merle was wearing green, a color she detested, because a girl friend who believed in the influence of color, had told her that green was the color she should wear. "That is your color," the girl had insisted. "Wear it, and something will happen." Something did. Merle was eating potato soup because it was the cheapest thing on the menu. Which gives you an interesting slant on how things were with Miss O.

"What's your name?" asked Mr. Korda, stopping by her table. All through luncheon he had been watching her, attracted by her unusual face.



For the first time, the doors of Hollywood's most exclusive new home swing open, to SCREENLAND readers only, giving you this charming, intimate close-up of a famous movie producer and his lovely actress-wife, Merle Oberon

By Elizabeth Wilson

"Mu-Mu-Merle," Merle stuttered, so completely dumbfounded that she gawked most unattractively.

"That's nice," said Mr. Korda with a kindly smile. "Anything else?"

Not being in the least bit psychic, and certainly not susceptible to vibrations, Mr. Korda hadn't the faintest suspicion that the answer to his "anything else?" would one day be "Korda." And of course if any such thought had popped into Merle's completely confused mind at the time she would have undoubtedly swooned dead away in the potato soup.

But today the "anything else?" is most definitely Korda. It is Mrs. Korda, *not* Miss Oberon, who is "in", or "out", as the case may be, when you phone, or ring the doorbell. It is Mrs. Korda, not Miss Oberon, who entertains at dinner on Saturday nights, who appears smartly gowned at Hollywood's first nights and premières, who calls the butcher about a much inflated meat bill, who helps organize numerous benefits for British War Relief. Ever since their most romantic marriage (both of them have a decided flair for romance) in Vieux Antibes, June 3, 1939, Merle, who used to rejoice blatantly in her hard won independence, with practically the fervency of an early suffragette, has become so wife-minded that you (*Please turn to page 71*)

Exclusive home photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Korda especially posed for SCREENLAND by Tom Evans, Ernst Lubitsch-United Artists. For detailed descriptions of these pictures, and for more views, please turn to page 70.



WHEN you ask a specialist like Basil Rathbone or Boris (Boo!) Karloff how he feels about chilling people and killing people in picture after picture, he smiles, shrugs complacently, and replies "It's a living."

The average cinema meanie is pretty tough about it, and not at all concerned about immediate reform. Even George Raft, that immaculate make-believe hoodlum, agreed to return to crime provided he was not required to break anybody's wooden leg or sock any ladies. It's all in the day's script, somebody has to do it, and the film heavies look upon their chores philosophically.

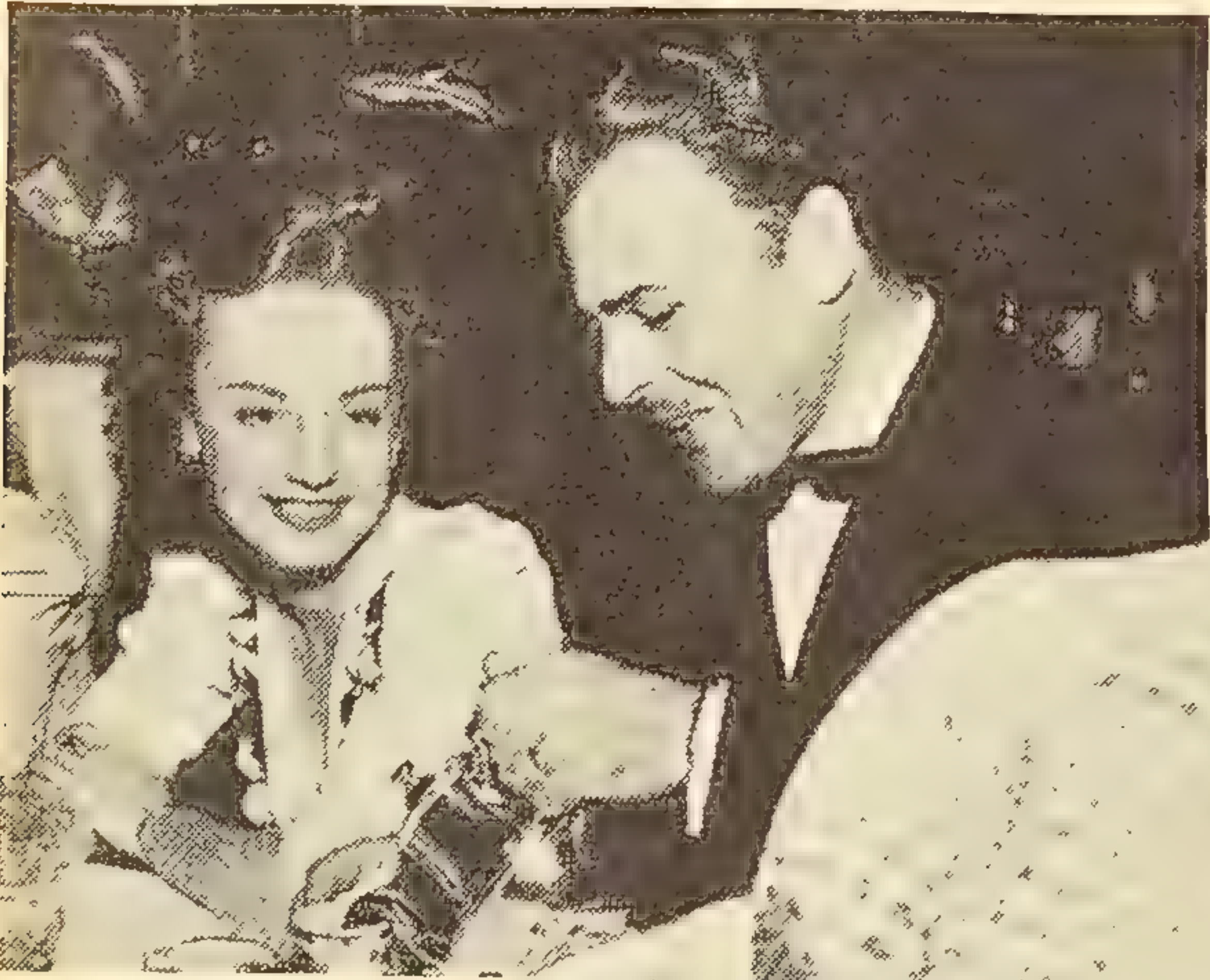
But Brian Donlevy is different. Brian Donlevy is the guy with the fancy vest who always owns the saloon, sets 'em up on the house, wishes he could kiss the beautiful dance-hall belle who sings in his joint, and winds up behind the eight ball nursing his jaw, which has been slugged by some righteous hero. And Brian doesn't like it a bit. Even on pay day. (He says!) When you go out of the theater reviling his evil ways and cursing his black heart, you worry Donlevy. On the level.

"It may sound slap-happy, but I mean it," he told me earnestly. "I don't mind playing a good gutsy heavy once in a while, if they would only give me that old change of pace. Mix up the goodies and the baddies, you know. Couple of weeks ago I was sitting in the tap-room

at the Brown Palace in Denver, drinking with a few friends. After half an hour a tall, distinguished looking guy left a table near ours, came over, shook his finger at me and said, 'I hate your face, I'll never forget it after "Beau Geste."' Then he walked out. Everybody laughed, but I was hurt. I didn't like it a bit. And I don't like it when kids yell at me on the street."

Donlevy has a barrel chest, grey-blue eyes that glint well behind a .44, and a small moustache that points up his regular features. To give you an idea how regular, he was one of the original Arrow Collar models. When he arrived in New York to try the stage, only to find that the stage wouldn't try him, (Continued on page 84)

**By
Malcolm
H.
Oettinger**



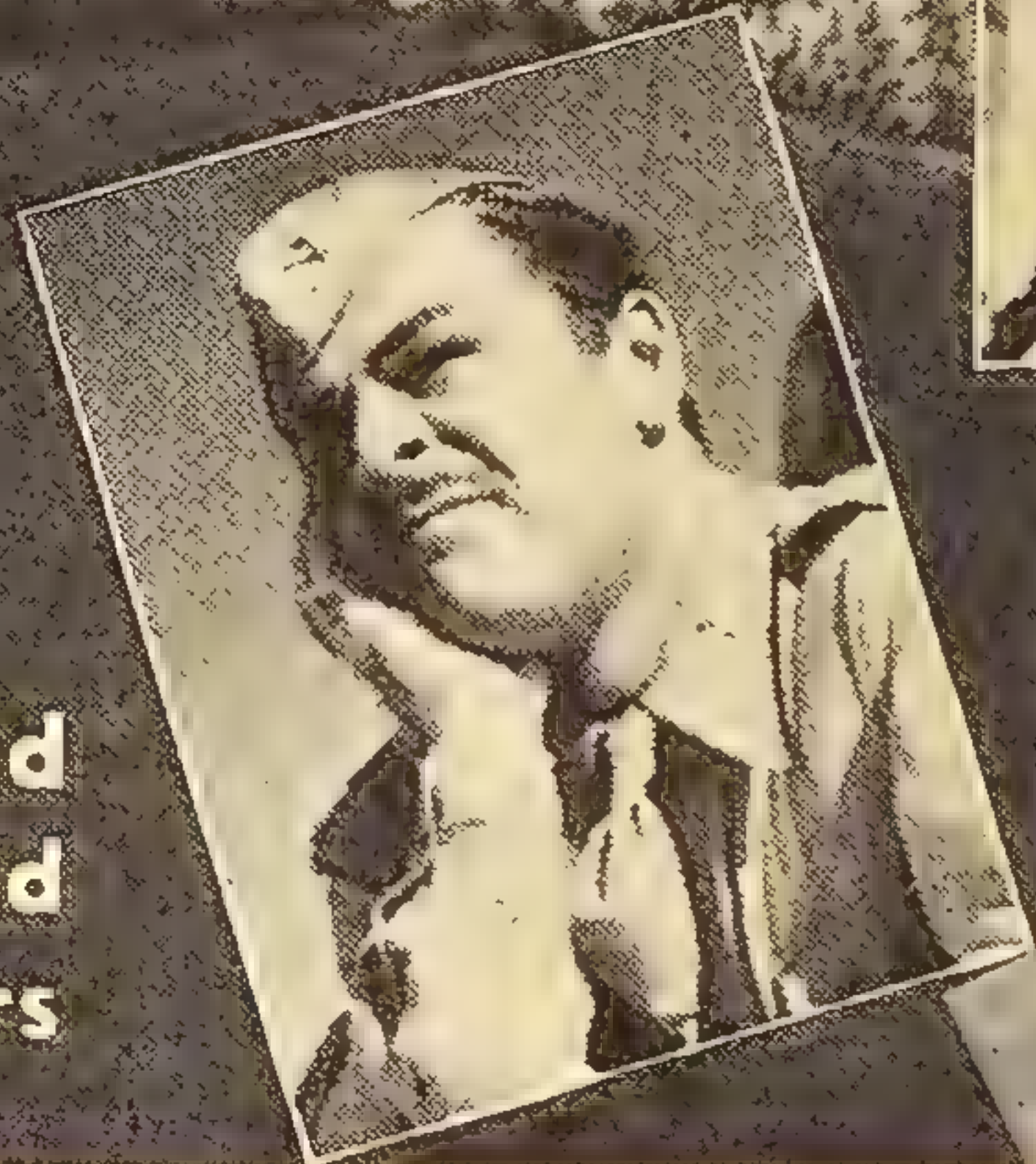
Donlevy, left, with his pretty wife, Marjorie.

Len Weissman



**"I HATE
YOUR FACE!"**

That's what fans used to tell Brian Donlevy, and he didn't like it. But now that he's a reformed movie villain, hisses have turned to cheers



Above, as the sinister sergeant in "Beau Geste," most hate-making rôle. Left, his latest in "I Wanted Wings." Left, again, in "The Trial of Mary Queen of Scots."

"DISCOVERY" of the SEASON!



Be among the first to spot the new film find, Virginia Gilmore — a sprightly and piquant personality who can — honestly — ACT! After her poignant performance in "Jennie," she is seen with Cesar Romero (left) in "Tall, Dark and Handsome"

Spencer Deane





Clarence S. Bull, M-G-M

THE WINNERS!

Number One — Mickey Rooney — and Number Two — Spencer Tracy — box office stars of the nation, as indicated in the annual poll of movie theater exhibitors, appear together again in "Men of Boys Town," sequel to that first stirring film dramatizing Father Flanagan's gallant fight to aid homeless and unwanted boys. Once more Tracy portrays the humanitarian priest, the characterization which won him the Academy Award, while Mickey enacts the salty rôle of Whitey Marsh, Mayor of Boys Town. Will these two win again?





Fascinating Figures!

The alluring lady on facing page is newcomer MARY BRODELL, soon to be seen in Errol Flynn's new film, "Footsteps in the Dark." Something tells us we're going to see more of Miss Brodell in the movie.

On this page, the charming "discovery," with the odd but intriguing name of ALEXIS SMITH. A former model, she makes her screen debut in a small part in Flynn's "Santa Fe Trail." Lucky Errol!



Portrait of Miss Brodell, left, by Elmer Fryer, Warner Bros.

Portraits of Miss Smith, on this page, by Longworth

CHARACTER

It takes more than mere beauty to make a movie star in modern Hollywood. Here is Brenda Marshall, whose screen success is founded more firmly on acting ability than on her classic features.

ALSO COUNTS!

The unforgettable Eliza Doolittle of "Pygmalion" is back again in Bernard Shaw's "Major Barbara," filmed by Gabriel Pascal in war-torn England. We give you that great actress, Wendy Hiller.

"REACHING



Don English, Paramount

FOR THE SUN!"

That's one movie title we hope they won't change! Seeing how happy Joel McCrea and Ellen Drew look on location for the film, makes us long to do a little sun-reaching with 'em. Want to come along?

Termed "in the sun" film, *Man From Nowhere*, who has played opposite such stars as Ronald Colman, Rita Hayworth, George Raft, Ray Milland, and Yvonne De Carlo, and McCrea, who has been leading men for Barbara Stanwick, Ginger Rogers, Loretta Young, and Jeanette Goddard.



DAY DREAMS!

Lovely Laraine is looking forward to another important rôle such as she had in "My Son, My Son" and "Foreign Correspondent." To be sure, she enjoys playing in the "Dr. Kildare" films, but she also wants to take another forward step toward that inevitable Academy Award.



MAN TO WATCH!

He's Hollywood's man of the moment since his striking performance with Bette Davis in "The Letter." There's talk of stardom for Lane in the not too distant future for more than one "undiscovered" actor he has caught and held the attention of discriminating movie audiences.

Welbourne, Warners



HELLO Kids!

*Eugene Robert Richee,
Paramount*



Hello yourself, answers Carolyn Lee, newest child sensation of Hollywood. You remember her as the hit of "Honeymoon in Bali." Now you're seeing her steal "Virginia" from Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray.





Here's Virginia Weidler, cleverest actress of all the many gifted children in the movies, as you'll probably agree if you saw her in "The Women" and more recently in "The Philadelphia Story." Soon she'll be a star.

by S. Bull,
G-M

Give us boys a chance, says Bobs Watson, back as the beloved *Pee-wee* in sequel to "Boys Town." Of course you can't forget Bobs' fine performance in "On Borrowed Time." With him below is a newcomer called Bohunk, his pal in "Men of Boys Town."





News - at 19!

Latest, luckiest lovely to be tapped for future fame and fortune in Hollywood is Jane Russell, selected by millionaire producer, Howard Hughes, for the lead in "The Outlaw"

Outstanding young American Howard Hughes, who's become an almost legendary figure because of his movie and aviation exploits, returns to the film field after eight years with a colorful, lavish new picturization of the life of Billy the Kid. Hughes "discovered" two unknowns: 19-year-old beauty, Jane Russell, and 21-year-old Jack Beutel, for the youthful romancers in his film, with veteran Walter Huston to bolster up the acting department. Don't be surprised if Jane and Jack turn into full-fledged screen stars—for remember, it was Hughes who first starred Jean Harlow in "Hell's Angels," and gave Paul Muni and George Raft their great rôles in "Scarface."

At right, Walter Huston as he appears in his rôle of frontier sharpshooter in "The Outlaw." Below, the two thrilled kids, Jack Beutel, former receptionist in a doctor's office and Jane Russell, Van Nuys High School graduate, who make their first screen appearances in the same picture. For the record, Jane is five feet, seven inches tall, has brown hair and eyes, and oh, look and see for yourself!



THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH



20th Cen-
tury-Fox



FROM
"HUDSON'S BAY"

Against gorgeous scenic backgrounds, the screen story of the birth of the Hudson's Bay Co. in the heart of Canada unrolls with Paul Muni starting as Pierre Radisson. Right, Muni with two supporting players—John Sutton and Laird Cregar, gigantic character actor who almost steals the picture. Left, Gene Tierney and Sutton.



CANNY KYSER

Meet the Old Professor of rhythm
in this clever closeup—with a side
glance or two at Ginny Simms

By Louis Reid

too much time in which he has nothing to do but TALK. If that is the case the Professor is a lot cannier than the heavy thinkers would be apt to believe of a mere bandman unless they happened accidentally to get a load of the fellow. Getting a load, they would see that he improves his time away from his particular rhythmic machine by spilling more words to the minute than a filibustering Senator or a football announcer watching the agile Mr. Harmon. Glibness is the word for Kyser.

Yet there's a weak spot in the Kyser armor, students. He gives out on every subject but one. Let the talk veer around to the opulent Ginny Simms, or rather to his particular interest in that lady, and he becomes startlingly reticent. He reaches quickly for the baton, the mortar board, the academic gown. In short, he evades the issue with a scoopful of swing that would shake the condescension right out of a *(Please turn to page 86)*



There's one weak spot in the Kyser armor, students. Ask him about lovely Ginny Simms and he evades the issue with a scoopful of swing.

A DANCE bandleader, in this age of propaganda, must be something more than a toothy gent with an irresistible rhythm. It is all very well for him to excite his listeners into temporary forgetfulness of a crazy world, but once the music has stopped he knows he is in danger of losing his public unless he has developed a good line of gab. And it isn't what he says that counts, either; it's *how* he says it.

Who, students, is the most successful dance bandman now serenading Americans both above and below the Rio Grande? Who, of course, your old professor, Kay Kyser, late of Nawth Cah'lina, suh. Why? Because he just keeps chattering along, keeping up a slap-happy fire of questions and comment on the music of—well, mostly of love.

It has been said in the ivory towers where the heavy thinkers congregate that the Machine (that ol' devil Machine) has left man with too much time on his hands,





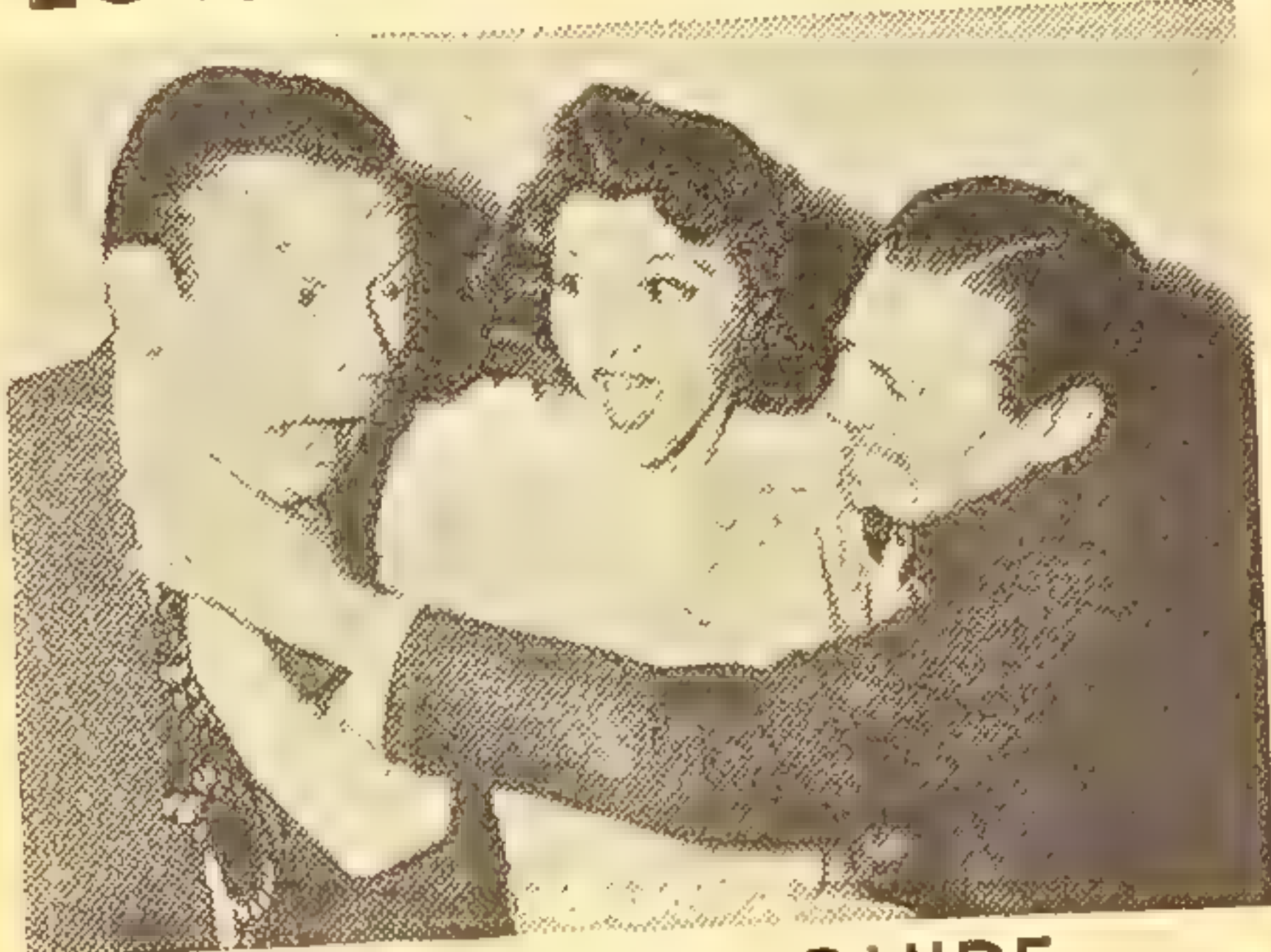
Your **GUIDE** at a **GLANCE**

SELECTED BY

Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment

(All Reviews Continued on Page 84)

"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
FUN!

APPEAL: For Jack Benny fans, for Fred Allen fans, for Mary Martin fans—oh, heck, for everybody!

PLOT: Famous radio feud of Benny and Allen fictionalized to provide farcical film plot—with both boys playing themselves, more or less, against a hectic background of Broadway and Miami, and pretty Mary Martin, playing fighting Fred's niece and battling Benny's dream-girl, as radiant referee. Winner? Rochester!

PRODUCTION: Glittering and expansive as Rochester's smile, gaudy in the sort of gay good taste that only Paramount musicals ever achieve. Smart sets, gorgeous gowns for the gals, dazzling dance numbers—and a wild speed-boat chase for a whirlwind finish.

CRITICISM: Fred Allen's face, and Mary Martin's too-discreet rendition of her famous song, *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*—but don't blame them; blame unfair photography and censorship.

ACTING: Man-about-town Benny at his suave best; Mr. Allen a treat for the ear if not

Paramount

"COMRADE X"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
GRAND!

APPEAL: If you enjoy a good comedy—PLUS Clark Gable, PLUS Hedy Lamarr—hey, stop shoving!

PLOT: Broad burlesque of Soviet Russia where an ardent (stet) girl-Communist meets a fast-working American newspaper man with resultant fireworks—let the scoops fall where they may. Brisk dialogue, some with double or triple-meaning, enlivens the proceedings so it's all great fun even though completely crazy and incredible. Who cares? Final scene has the Slavic siren rooting for the Brooklyn Dodgers.

PRODUCTION: King Vidor's smooth direction, M-G-M's customary chic in all departments from atmosphere to Adrian—latter's *robe de nuit* for Hedy Lamarr is the last gasp in gossamer gorgeousness, and Hedy wears it through half the picture—now wait a minute; she tosses on a trench coat in the nick of time. The chase of the army tanks provides the funniest finish in any picture in months—it may be slapstick and it may be corny, but it's a howl.

M-G-M

"NIGHT TRAIN"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
THRILLING!

APPEAL: Like spy stuff? Crave exciting mysteries? Here's your dish of drama. **PLOT:** Most ingenious of all recent spy stories, replete with refugees from concentration camps, resourceful British secret agent aiding their escape, machinations of the Gestapo—all leavened with humor and the very special, off-hand, British brand of good taste.

PRODUCTION: Produced in England but with no trace of tension, with a particularly able all-British cast, several of whom are known to you: lovely Margaret Lockwood, clever Rex Harrison, and those two unforgettable absent-minded Englishmen who made such a hit in Alfred Hitchcock's "The Lady Vanishes." Just as expertly produced as the best Hollywood drama, with the added attraction of plausibility characteristic of the first-rate English films.

CRITICISM: Perhaps not so technically expert as our own pictures, but we prefer sound entertainment to sound effects.

ACTING: Every actor an artist might well be the battle-cry of

20th Century-Fox

to the **BEST CURRENT PICTURES**

Delight Evans

"KITTY FOYLE"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
FINE!

APPEAL: If you're interested in "The Natural History of a Woman"—no coaching, please.

PLOT: Of course you read Christopher Morley's book—about the white-collar girl who loved not wisely but too well? It's still the same poor working girl and the same rich boy—though the censors have caught up with them and provided a preacher. Nevertheless it's still the same old human nature at work.

PRODUCTION: Sam Wood, one of the better directors, has done right by our Kitty—he has treated her with sympathetic understanding, surrounded her with believable props and players, and seen to it that she suffers under the most dignified auspices. Mr. Wood, or the scenario writer, or somebody has also given her the most touching and tender love scene you have seen in many a long month of picture-going. You'll know the one when you see it.

CRITICISM: Not a criticism of the picture itself but of the fact that poor Hollywood is

RKO-Radio

"CHAD HANNA"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
POIGNANT!

APPEAL: Do you like the circus?

PLOT: From Walter D. Edmonds' best-selling novel of early 19th century Americana—of "Red Wheels Rolling" in the picturesque old Mohawk Valley—of the Erie Canal boy who joins the small circus as a roustabout; of Albany, the bareback rider whom he admires; of the little runaway, Caroline; of—but you probably read the book.

PRODUCTION: There's a nostalgic quality about it which you may like if you still are that way about the circus. Henry King evidently is—for he has directed in a fond, leisurely fashion, for charm and feeling rather than for excitement. If you crave action you may be bored; otherwise you will appreciate the care and affection lavished upon the least detail.

CRITICISM: Yes, it's slow in spots, and several scenes bring titters instead of intended tears, and it "dates"—but oh, those old circus days.

ACTING: It is Henry Fonda's picture, for his portrayal of the title rôle. He seems to be

20th Century-Fox

"FLIGHT FROM DESTINY"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
UNUSUAL!

APPEAL: To those who have been looking for that "different" picture—luck at last!

PLOT: What would you do if you had only six months to live? The question in this case is posed by a 60-year-old professor of philosophy who decides that the murder of an evil woman is the answer. It isn't—and you'll be fascinated by the dramatic aftermath of the curious crime.

PRODUCTION: Vincent Sherman, hitherto obscure director, comes into his own with a brilliant treatment of his unusual theme—here is no formula-follower but a vigorous, uninhibited imagination unleashed on the screen, with powerful results providing you with keen entertainment. From a college campus to a smart art gallery to a hospital to a district attorney's office to prison—that's the ground covered, and all with authority and conviction in every department.

CRITICISM: Too talky, too episodic, too "tricky" a theme—you may think so, but we'll welcome it for its integrity.

Warners

Will James' own drawings are reproduced on these two pages by courtesy of the artist himself, who is now in Hollywood writing for the movies.



DON'T LEAVE HOME TO BE



That ride 'em, write 'em, draw 'em cowboy, Will James, gives great advice out of his own colorful career. With famed author-artist's own illustrations

By Charles Darnton

STUCCOED high up in the Hollywood hills was a mighty interesting man. And he was there to do a mighty interesting job, as only he could do it. But what in the world do you suppose he was doing when I came chugging along to his white-fronted "spread"? Well, that ride 'em, write 'em, draw 'em cowboy, Will James, wasn't doing anything wilder, if you please, than trying to round up the neighborhood 'ice-cream' outfit, which same was wearing a bell like an educated cow. "I sure would like some of that cold bait for dinner," he drawled regretfully, "but the damn' thing goes by so fast I've missed it three times runnin'."

You could have knocked me down with a drugstore cone. To make sure I'd met up with the right hombre, I took another squint at him. Leaning down from the edge of the sun-porch and with his jet-black hair blowing over one eye like a horse's mane in a high wind, he looked to be a plain everyday citizen who paid taxes and no attention at all to those wild things of the desert, the range and the prairie that were as much a part of him as his picturesque fame. All I could see was the top-half of him, coatless and with a white linen shirt open at the throat. Even after making the grade and getting him into full focus, I never would have guessed this mild quiet fellow to be the most remarkable cowboy of his time, if not of all time, a genius in his own unaided right. His thoughtful, sensitive face



suggested only an intellectual pallor, until suddenly it was cut through with the gleam of an eye keen as a bowie-knife. Then I noticed that his Mexican serge fitted snugly over high boots. He was Will James, all right, Will James, cowboy, author and illustrator all rolled into one, a lean and hard original—just a "natural."

My next discovery was that, properly enough, he rolled his own. "Have a cigarette?" he remarked, as we eased into porch-chairs. Seeing none, I offered him one of mine. "Don't use tailor-mades," he grinned. Then he brought out a tobacco bag and wisp of paper, deftly fashioned his home-made smoke, licked it into shape, and snicked a match on his thumb-nail. On a near-by table were evidences of the work he was doing, pencil and paper. (Yes, Will James writes all his stories in long-hand, heaven save him from writer's cramp! The only kind he ever got was rider's cramp, with a rope.) Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had wrangled him down

from his Montana ranch to write the story of the real American cowboy that will be made into a big authentic motion picture. That being the case, I couldn't help wondering what he thought of Hollywood westerns.

"They've been very amusing to the public," was his discreet response. "But the real cowboy has never been depicted, and that's what I'm doing now—I should say, perhaps, that's what I'm work- (Please turn to page 97)

COWBOYS SAYS *Will James*



Date with Destiny

SIX days before Christmas, a Christmas that would not mean peace and good will to all the world, I dropped by a quiet, unassuming little house on Cedarbrook Road to say goodbye to Vivien and Larry Olivier. They were going home, home to their England. "We haven't any message," Vivien had said over the phone that morning. "We just want to see you before we leave. We are leaving Sunday. But please don't tell anyone. We want to slip away quietly, without any fuss." How like Vivien and Larry. Quietly, without any fuss. Unlike so many of their fellow countrymen in Hollywood they have never made publicity hay out of their England's tragedy. They have never waved the Union Jack while the photographers clicked their cameras. They love their flag too much for that. The Oliviers are simple, honest, courageous people.

Vivien and I (Larry was pay-

Two famous lovers in happier times: below, Larry and Vivien pictured just after their marriage. Today, they are on their way home to war-torn England, where Larry will offer his services to the R. A. F. and Vivien will return to the stage.



Len Weissman





Vivien Leigh and her husband, Laurence Olivier, return to their beloved England, leaving Hollywood fame and fortune behind without even a backward glance! Here's the most heartbreaking, yet thrilling story we have ever given you — their last American interview

By Liza

ing a farewell visit to his dentist) sat by a blazing log fire in the living room. A comfortable, livable room with the most cheerful wall-paper, numerous books and magazines scattered in a tidy confusion, and the most wonderful old furniture that might have come right out of Queen Mary's sitting room in Windsor Castle. On the piano was a little green Christmas tree, very old-fashioned with balls and tinsel and the Star of Bethlehem. Old Tom, a huge alley cat who had moved in with the Oliviers *sans* invitation, complained bitterly about the rain outside, but after a few swishes of his tail curled up possessively on Vivien's right foot and purred with contentment. Outside the rain came down in torrents, but inside we were as cozy (*Please turn to page 80*)

Their last Hollywood motion picture is Korda's dramatic picturization of those memorable lovers of history, LORD NELSON and LADY HAMILTON. The large portraits show Leigh and Olivier in these rôles. Below, Vivien cuts a cake at tea on set





RED, WHITE and BLUE— and NEW!

Variety is the fashion theme song for Spring. Do something different, but do it well. Use color, imagination, that one special touch and you have style!

By
Courtenay Marvin

Linda Darnell is more than just another very pretty girl. The prettiness is made paramount by good taste and color sense. Here is Linda, all in white for evening. Brenda Marshall is extremely smart looking. You expect every costume to have some distinctive mark, just as her new perfume is practically stratoliner in spirit.

OLD GLORY started it. Then the dress designers and the make-up artists caught on, and what was a glorious wave of color last Spring promises to break in crescendo strength on us this Spring. This wave brought red into the spotlight as never before. Red had too long been a maligned color. You were supposed to be able to wear it if . . . you were a Latin type of brunette, if you were very young, if you wanted to express outwardly a little more of the voluptuous qualities that were normally expected of a nice girl. White always passed the censors. You could practically be born in it, get married in it and say your fond farewell to this old world in it. Blue, too, was always a *good* color. So much for red, white and blue.

What is new and news—is that practically the feminine—and in some instances the male—world has come to realize that these three, red, white and blue, are universally becoming colors, together or separately. Contrary to those famous words of Benjamin Franklin, these three will hang and very well, together or separately.

So, you will see and (*Please turn to page 76*)





☛ If you like dressmaker touches, choose the frock at left, with its new throat-line, below-elbow sleeves and yoke treatment. If you like a debonair casual, then the frock at right, with saddle stitching, front closure and plethora of pockets. Both are in soft, sheer Lorraine Fabric (50% wool, 50% rayon), lightweight, wrinkle resistant. The frocks come in beige, a fashion favorite, aqua and blue, and are priced about \$7.95.

SPRING FASHION SONG

High notes are beige, yokes, necklines, and the smart simplicity of American designers. For where to buy, see Page 93.

☞ Kerry Cricket junior sportswear, in line and fabric, is designed for freedom-loving young America. At right, is a wool jersey shirt and skirt with distinctive back and front shirt yoke, a catch-all pocket on the sleeve, unpressed pleats in skirt and a snappy belt. This is "Mojave," in beige, chamois, blue or pink, priced, about \$12.

☞ The "Gentlemen Prefer" suit comes in a herringbone wool, in beige, blue or pink, with a white silk shirt. It is handsome; it is casual; it is super-smart and action-free. Its tailoring is meticulous, with a definitely utilitarian mood. You can virtually live in it. Ensemble, about \$27.

☞ Below, you see the finely tailored shirt in detail. White or in color, shirts with simple skirts are fast becoming the young fashion uniform of America. Smart, matter-of-fact styling, with simulated pearl cuff links, like a man's.





☐ Pat Perkins Carefree Casuals are those wonderfully comfortable, simple but smart, all-timers. This young designer believes in the full fly front, bloused backs, and generous pleats. At left, is "Wings," planes on a rayon crepe that comes in a variety of smart colors, at \$4.

☐ Below, a classic knit by Lampl. All-wool chenille with a luxurious hand-knit look. Another fly front, yoke effect and a quartette of pockets. In brilliant or pastel tones, at about \$17. A year-round addition to your wardrobe.

☐ Any fashions shown will be smartly accented by Lady Bacmo gloves. Here is the new single seam design, assuring beautiful fit. Thumb, back and palm are all one, with no side seams. This gives true hand flattery. Shown are fashion's favorites, white pigskin, at \$4. Glacé kid or doeskins are \$3.50, and beauties. "Made in America" gloves!





HERE'S

Here's Hollywood for you — pretty girl all set for a kiss and man doesn't know what to do about it—oh hum!

WHATEVER happened to that publicly announced declaration of Cesar Romero's that he would surely pick the girl of his dreams within a year and be happily domesticated by now in his new home? That year is more than past . . . George Brent played just as if he had never before seen or heard of anyone known as Garbo. Ann Sheridan led him out into the patio of the exclusive Yucca Loma desert resort, and planked him down for some sunning within an arm's length of the illusive Swede herself . . . Irene Dunne's special pet hates are cooked cabbage, very small or crowded rooms, too sweet perfumes, and being asked questions about herself.

THERE is no experience more vastly diverting or stimulating than being invited to take luncheon with Carmen Miranda. Dressed in yellow suede from top to toe, with a sleek fitting turban and accessories in lush, vivid green (her national colors) Carmen seemed a vivacious college girl. Full of energy and charm, she took it upon herself to regularly hush up those of her friends and countrymen present whose gesticulating and fiery Portuguese lingo got too violent, "Calma, calma," she commanded in her native tongue, "they'll think we're a bunch of those temperamental Latins,"—then with a knowing wink in my direction she flashed a most devastating smile. Miss Miranda's hearty appetite took her right through every course, and dessert. She pined for a whopping dish of fezao (a national Brazilian potpourri of black beans, sausages, rice and what not.) Carmen's young mother, who is forever at her side, beamed approval of all goings on until Miss Miranda, in her animated scoring of a gentleman whom she didn't like, let loose a string of scorching scarlet words that sent your correspondent's nose deep into his coffee cup, and brought her mother bounding to her feet in wild-eyed disapproval. Please forget all about the embarrassing situation, Carmen. How could you have guessed that I understood the lingo?

Oh come now, Charlie, it's time to change that deadpan expression! Butterworth has played the droll, sad-faced comic so long he hardly knows how to act when Marion Martin, above, puckers up her lips in "Fools Rush In." Right, Carmen Miranda, the Brazilian Bombshell, and Don Ameche in a scene from the new Latin-American musical, "The Road to Rio," and directly opposite, another scene showing Ameche with co-star Alice Faye. Top opposite page, Barbara Stanwyck may be a modern Eve, but she's still using the old apple method to lure Henry Fonda in this scene from "The Lady Eve," comedy of romantic episodes and hilarious situations.



HOLLYWOOD

And here's another side of Hollywood—a modern Eve using the same old method to tempt her late-model Adam →

INTIMATE Hollywood eyefuls: Barbara Stanwyck, crossing Sunset Boulevard at Sunset Square Plaza, glaring at a whiz-by driver and yelling out a not too ladylike yell when the machine unexpectedly breezed so close to her that it fluttered the lapels of her modish steel blue tailleur . . . George Brent, in a consuming rage, escorting Ann Sheridan out of the Bamba Club in double quick time. An inebriate on the sidelines kept snorting most insinuating jibes each time they girated by doing their snappy rhumba . . . Bill Lundigan, the picture of blissful patience as Margaret Lindsay, hopelessly fascinated by the maze of brilliant bottles at a lavish perfume counter, sniffs one new scent after the other, and can't tear herself away.

By
Weston East



I WAS always convinced that Carole Lombard did all that fancy shooting with her specially built small bore shot guns because she truly loved the sport, itself. Now, I'm beginning to wonder if Carole isn't only just a woman after all. Now that she has Clark all nicely bagged and convinced of her shooting ability, I wonder if the eternal feminine in her isn't asserting itself. You know as well as I that Carole never was a slouch at dressing. The smooth Lombard flair has always lent chic even to a pair of her dungarees. Heretofore, she has hunted in any men's hunting togs that she could manage to cut down to fit her. Now, she knows full well that she won't frighten her lord and master by going completely feminine in the field as she would have before she had proved herself with a musket. Under ordinary conditions no man wants a smartly bedecked hunting companion beside him in the rough. So Carole's new stalking outfits, whipped up by Irene, no less, will really amaze you. She has been taking notes all these years during her skeet, duck and deer shooting. The results of her experiences and observations were presented to Irene with Carole's own suggestions on design. The results are, without a doubt, the most stunning, yet the most practical hunting togs ever designed for a woman. Clark can't help but like them. No mere man could.



Above, Margaret Sullavan and Charles Boyer in "Back Street," film version of Fannie Hurst's novel. The off-stage shots, right and opposite page, prove there can be harmony between co-stars.

WHO says two actresses can't possibly become genuinely good friends? Mary Astor had never met Bette Davis until they worked together in "Her Great Lie." Now they're as thick as thieves. They met on the set as two professionals vying with each other, woman against woman. By every Hollywood token each should have developed, then and there, a cynical and uncanny distrust of the other. But before they had finished their first day of work such a warm affinity had been cemented between them that they were busy exchanging recipes and gladly sharing tricky knitting stitches. Knitting was the first mutual interest that they discovered in each other. Now they have found that they are similar in more ways than any other person either of them has ever known. They think very much alike. They find they run to the same choice of reading material and their favorite colors are the same. They talk very much alike, and to cinch it, they almost always wear the same scent in their perfumes.

JACK OAKIE is chuckling louder than anyone over his amazing spurt back to popularity, particularly after a duo of oh-so-important producers at an oh-so-average studio had pessimistically greased the skids that they felt were ushering Jack out of pictures—and fast. Before Oakie's career took the decided up-swing after the success of "The Great Dictator" and "Tin Pan Alley," he had made an average little flickeroo at this average little cinema plant and with Jack's popularity not being up to what it once had been, the producers kicked him down another rung by practically cutting him out of the picture altogether. Now you should see the animated maneuvering that's going on to resurrect some of those scenes and get them slipped back into that picture.

MAY ROBSON'S years of collecting bizarre and antique jewelry always got the polite but questioning forbearance of all her family and friends. Now May's collection is so varied and complete that her rental of authentic pieces to the studios has many times over paid for the entire lot . . . You should see the sedate business men, out for a constitutional along Beverly Hill's parkways, stop and stare, and turn and stare again, when Laraine Day bicycles past in a form-fitting dusty pink sweater and gleaming white short shorts.

ANYONE would swear it was a most cleverly contrived publicity quip, if it couldn't be proved that it is the bare and startling truth. All through the rehearsals and shooting of "The Letter," James Stephenson had a strange feeling that the setting and actual rooms of the plantation bungalow seemed strangely familiar to him. He had lived in the Malay States and finally he laid the association to the fact that it was seeing things so authentically reproduced that brought about the strong feeling of familiarity. Then, suddenly, in a casual conversation with a friend of the author, Somerset Maugham, Stephenson happened to bring to light that he had once lived at a certain address in Upper Gayland Road in Singapore. Then—how extraordinary—it was the very house Maugham had once lived in himself, and which he had actually described in his original story.

WONDER what happened to so annoy Jean Arthur the other day in one of the very smartest dress shops in town. As you know, Jean is the most democratic and yet the most hot headed actress in Hollywood, and something really serious must have gone awry to put her in such a pet. She stormed out of that gilded maison de couture onto the crowded street yanking her furs behind her. She stood impatiently tapping her irate toes at the curb waiting for the doorman to order around her car. She drew herself to her full height of haughty disdain, but the tiniest flick of amusement came into her eyes when she realized her tempestuous flourish wasn't ending in true Hollywood tradition. Instead of a sleek, long black limousine with a natty chauffeur drawing around, the attendant whipped up in a tiny, modest combination station wagon and general utility car. With the broadest of gestures the fellow swung open the door and ushered her in. She slipped under the wheel and drove it off herself.

YOU can't get Bill Lundigan out on the floor to join the square dances that the town's young bloods are getting hysterical over lately at the Coconut Grove. He stands on the sidelines and claps out a spirited accompaniment, but he won't get out and strut. Jackie Cooper is just the opposite. When they start calling out the dos-a-dos you can't keep him from swinging out . . . Artie Shaw is still the most intense bogie-wogie music maestro in town. Artie can get into such a heap of knots and emotions from playing an engagement that he finds it just impossible to sleep. Any of these early morning hours peek in at any of our fancier bowling alleys and there you are very apt to see Artie. He often rolls 'em until 6 a.m. . . . Attached to the present that Bob Taylor handed Barbara Stanwyck just before she made her first airplane flight with him (Mrs. Taylor insisted on another pilot going along, just in case) was the following note: "It don't mean a thing if you don't pull that string." The present turned out to be a parachute.

THOSE pranksters who can be found on any movie set in town, who bring hilarious moments to gag-happy Hollywood, and sometimes, instead, a great loss of time and patience, have found themselves a brand new laugh-getter. The days of the electrically wired chairs now have a new "hot" variation. "Hot foot" and "hot chair" have now given way to "hot pockets," and the gag really reached an amusing and shattering climax when someone dared to dent the unruffled dignity of our one and only "Mr." Muni. At a completely unsuspected moment a demon dropped a new-fangled hair curler into the great actor's pockets as he stepped before the camera. When the chemical action started to generate heat, they say the straight faced squirming gyrations of completely baffled Mr. Muni, had some of the loonier nitwits tively limp in doubled over laughter.



Because "Back Street," one of the greatest love stories ever written, takes place between 1898 and 1929, in early scenes, Miss Sullivan wears the bustles and ruffles of "the good old days."

NO ONE wants to believe that the whisper of trouble between Ann Sothorn and Roger Pryor is really serious. If these two part permanently it will be a blow to the entire film colony in more ways than one, because Ann and Roger always made a show of being so genuinely well suited to each other, always seemed so sensibly down-to-earth. Even now, in public, they are still the best of good sports. That hardly makes it seem possible that they are fighting desperately to keep their marriage from going on the rocks. But inevitably movie couples deny their marriage difficulties until the very last. However, Ann has recently broken down and even promised to fly with Roger, which she swore she would never do before. And again, at a British benefit party, she and Roger were the life of the wing-ding with their entertainment antics. When two people have as much fun together as Ann and Roger have, I wonder how they can ever think of separating.

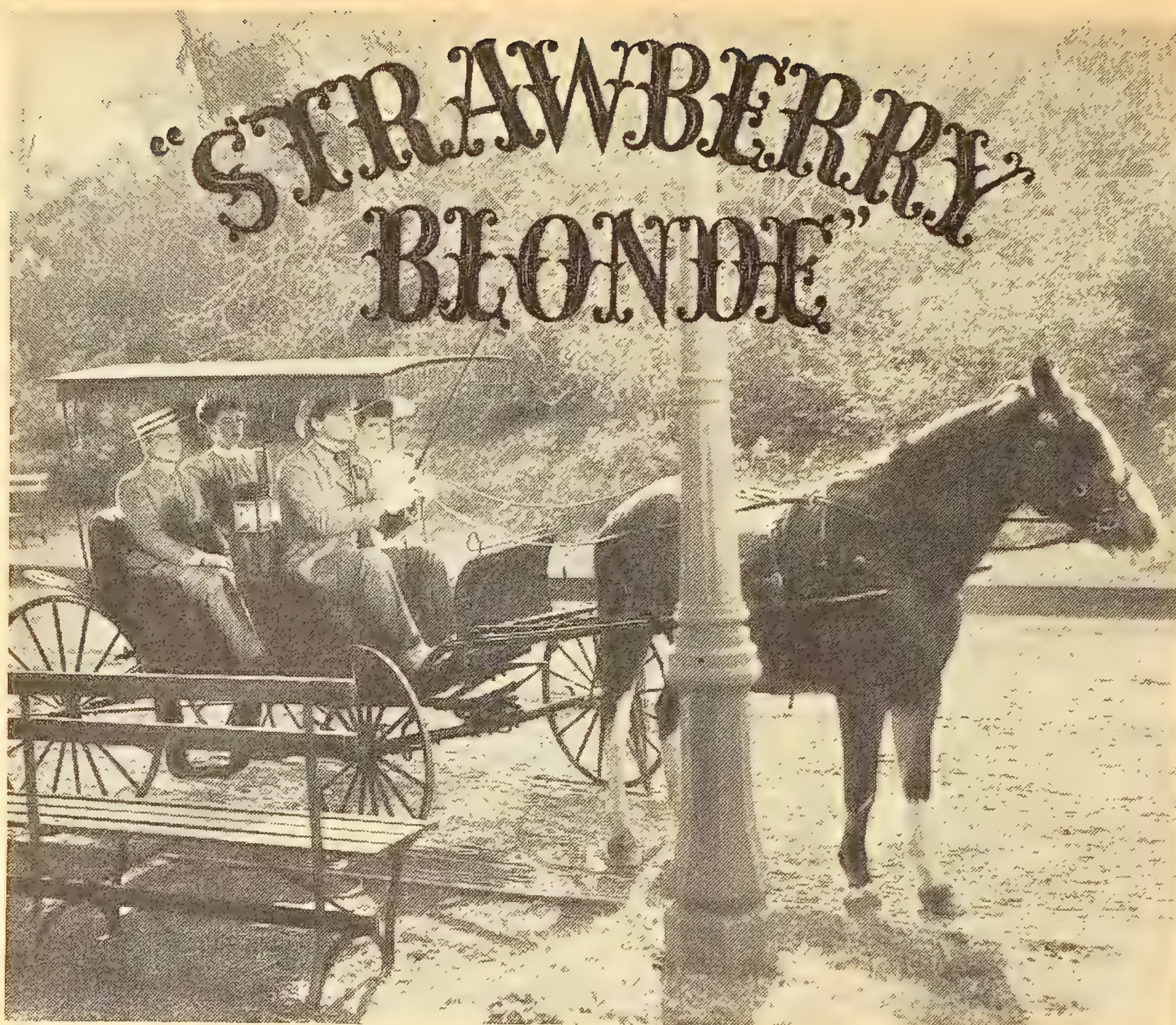
JUST because Bing Crosby is firm enough to stand up for the right to keep some of his private and personal life completely to himself, a few piqued big-time gossipers are beginning to hint that after all these years they've just found out that Bing isn't really a perfect gentleman. You've no idea how brutally blunt Bing can be to overzealous, curiosity filled female reporters when they avidly try to force an inquisitive nose into his life. Consequently the veiled threats and slams you've been reading about Bing by big-time tattlers can be divided in half, then quartered, then dismissed altogether. A good lot of grumbling has been going on about Crosby even going so far as to hold up production with his unthinking, selfish obstinacy. That is not the truth, and it has all arisen because of the fact that, written into Bing's contract, is the stipulation that he is to have one specified day of the week to himself, and he is firm enough when that day comes, to quit the studio cold.

LOCAL know-it-alls have been harping over the fact that the loud squawks from out 20th Century-Fox way are coming directly from the argument that's going on between Alice Faye and her studio. You'd easily gather from the inside gossipers that "Fazie" is seriously bouting with her bosses and that she is not at all satisfied with her rôles, her salary, or her treatment, which is far from the truth. You can dismiss the rumors you've been hearing about this pitched battle. The only argument Alice has had with her employers concerns her getting permission to make her own radio deals, when and with whom she pleases. She has nixed all airway offers until now because her studio, with its contract for her exclusive services, had control over any deal she might make, and Alice's ether offers have been far too lucrative to turn over into someone else's hands. As soon as you hear "Fazie" on the air you'll know that she has talked her bosses into a much more favorable deal on the money angle.

IT IS persistently rumored that the hottest undercover romance in town is the strictly unbelievable combination of blasé Constance Bennett and a sedate Eastern business man. Until now, Connie's taste has run much more decidedly to the glamorous type of gent. . . . Very absent-minded Hedy Lamarr had a neat little arrangement contrived in the form of a charm bracelet that was very helpful in aiding her to remember her private, unlisted home telephone number. Now Hedy has completely forgotten where she has mislaid her bracelet. . . . The very latest giggle around town at the expense of oh-so-fussy Carl Laemmle, Jr., tells of the very hasty retreat he beat from a formal dinner table at the home of a very dear friend of his when he learned that the cook and the butler had come down with the flu a few hours before. Super-fearful Mr. Laemmle was positive he would pick up a germ if he stayed.

TALK about having something to remind you of less fortunate moments so you can appreciate your present superior fortune! Jimmy Ellison can give Hollywood a very large dose of what it must be to remember something like that. He can barely turn around in Hollywood without coming face to face with some spot that used to furnish him employment when he was hanging on for his break. There isn't a good golf course in town that he can play these days without remembering when he caddied there. He can't pass the Y.M.C.A. without recalling his days of part-time physical instructor there in payment for his room. When he plays handball at the Hollywood Athletic Club his memory brings him back to when he was forced to take the job of locker-room boy there. He doesn't live very far from the U.C.L.A. campus right now where he did janitor work to put himself through school. Then there's the big department store where he used to clerk on Saturdays. Jimmy can't help but remember—and then thank his lucky stars. Jimmy will next be seen in the new Latin-American musical for RKO. "They Met In Argentina."

BETTE DAVIS can giggle when she tells it now, but when it happened she was just plain scared to death. Late one night not long ago, moved by the fantastically beautiful, mid-winter California night, Bette threw a coat over her shoulders, called her Scottie, Tibbie, and slipped out into the night for a stroll through her garden. The inscrutable moonlight spotted the grounds with shadows and false, deceiving splashes of light. Bette walked quietly, moved by the eerie mystery of it all. She found herself puzzled by the strange likeness of the moment to the compelling, hypnotic scene in "The Letter," just before she was coldly murdered. Suddenly Tibbie stopped short, bristled menacingly and growled a most uncanny growl. "I never finished that walk," Bette confessed with a grin, her eyes as big as saucers. "I suddenly realized Tibbie and I were within a few feet of the rubber tree I was murdered under in 'The Letter.' I admired that beautiful rubber tree and the studio gave it to me. I had it planted in my garden. Of course, Tibbie merely imagined he heard or saw a cat, but the whole mood of the incident scared the daylight out of me and I flew for the house as fast as I could."



Continued from page 31

on the corner. They knew the words to all the songs, even the new ones like *Take me to St. Louis, Louie, Take me to the fair*. "I think I'm gonna give up this place. I been here eight months now and I've got two patients and I'm still trying to collect from one of them. Do you think maybe they know I'm a jailbird? They found out in the other two neighborhoods."

"Naw, how'd they know?" Nick said soothingly. He always tried to calm Biff down when he was in one of his moods. "Could be you just moved in a neighborhood with good teeth."

The band swung into another number and Biff felt as if someone had knocked him over the head. What did they have to play that song for? It was just like wiping ten years away and bringing him right back to the old heartache, the way it felt when it was still new and raw. *And the Band Played On*, that was the song, and it was funny how songs could get under a man's skin and make things

CAST
"Strawberry Blonde"

Biff Grimes.....James Cagney
Amy Lind.....Olivia de Havilland
Hugo Barnstead.....Jack Carson
Virginia Brush.....Rita Hayworth
Nicholas Pappalas.....George Tobias
Old Man Grimes.....Alan Hale
Harold.....George Reeves
Harold's Girl Friend.....Lucille Fairbanks

feel as if they were happening all over again.

Nick hadn't forgotten either. "Remember Schultz's three-piece band in the neighborhood park?" he sighed. "That song, dat's all they ever played."

"We'll never have those good times again, will we, Nick?" Biff kicked the horseshoe out of the way. "That two-by-four park, all those girls."

"She sure was a beautiful girl," Nick said in a hushed voice.

"Who?" Biff demanded belligerently knowing only too well who Nick meant.

"Virginia," Nick said softly. "You was stuck on her, ain't you?"

"Me? Naw!" Biff's contemptuous laugh rang false even to his own ears. "Of course I liked her, in a nice way."

"I liked her, too," Nick said. "I forge which way. And to think of all the wonderful boys in the neighborhood, including me, Hugo Barnstead has to get Virginia!"

"What made you bring up Hugo?" Biff's fists clenched. "If I ever get my hand on that slimy so-and-so! Doggone! I was just beginning to forget the whole thing then that tin-horn band has to come along and you have to open your trap. How long they gonna keep playing that piece? Hey you guys, shut up! I take no guff from nobody. That's the way I'm constituted."

Nick braced himself for the inevitable as Biff started toward the band. Another fight was coming, he knew it. Sometimes it seemed as if knowing Biff was the same as having a permanent ringside seat. He never knew a guy who could get into so many fights.

Then there was Biff's wife coming out on the back porch calling him, and Nick relaxed. "You come right in here this instant, Biff," she said. "You're wanted on the telephone."

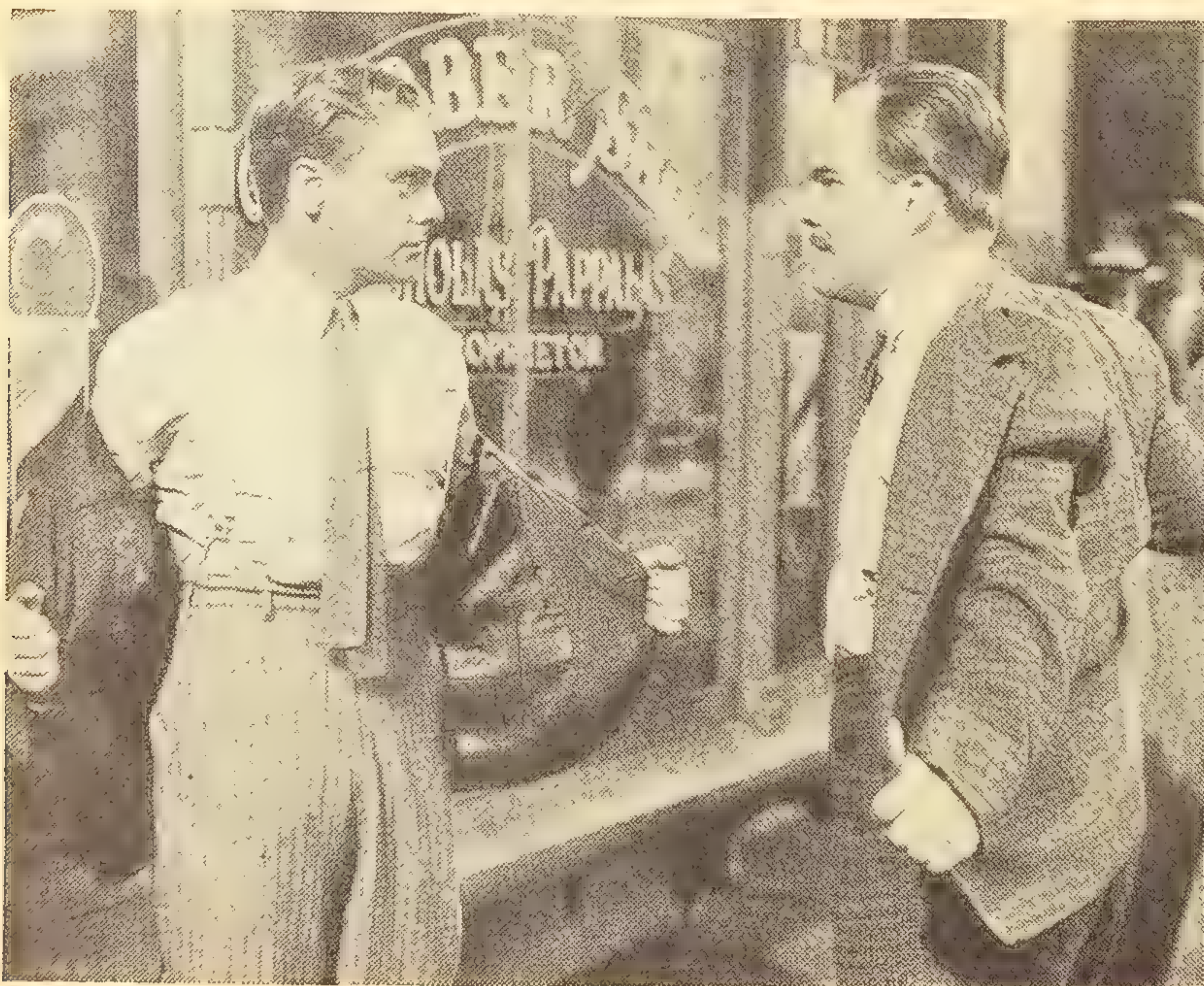
Nick went in with him to the little office in front of the house and shook his head warningly as Biff began bellowing into it. What a guy that Biff was, complaining about business and now refusing to pull somebody's tooth because a band had played a song he didn't want to remember!

"I don't care *who* your friend is," Biff was saying. "I don't pull teeth on Sunday. I got principles. Try a hot water bag. Say—" His face changed as he listened.

"Do you mean he's Barnstead, the Alderman? Hugo Barnstead? Oh, he is. Well, tell him to come right over. It'll be a pleasure."

Nick had never seen anyone look the way Biff did when he slammed down the receiver, laughing and wild-eyed as if he had suddenly gone crazy. "It's poetic justice, Nick, that's what it is," he said exultantly. "He doesn't know I'm a dentist now, I guess he doesn't even know I'm out of jail. He can't, or he wouldn't be coming here, to me. And to think I was even considerin' goin' lookin' for him with a gun—and here he walks right into my parlor. If I know Hugo Barnstead he'll want gas. All right, I'll give him gas!"

"Now, Biff!" Nick said warningly. "Don't do nothing you'll be sorry for."



"What's the matter?" Biff asked with elaborate sarcasm as he began getting the gas apparatus ready. "You don't want me to tear out the tooth with my bare hands, do you? Of course I'll give him gas! An accident can happen, can't it? Who are we to know?" Suddenly he went to the window and flung it open so the music came right into the room. "Keep on playing that song," he shouted. "It helps remind me! I wanta keep on remembering!"

Remembering! As if he'd ever forgotten! Why, just standing there listening to that song, it was beginning all over again. There was that boy he used to be, that world he used to know.

Take a good look at it, Biff, that world you knew ten years ago. You were young then, Biff, and that world was yours, all of it. You were so cocksure of yourself then, remember? You were going places once you finished that correspondence course and could give up all the jobs you were supporting yourself with meanwhile. Remember the time you were hired as bouncer at the corner saloon and your first job was throwing your own father out of the place because he was too free with the lunch counter and didn't have the money for a glass of beer?

Biff couldn't have done it without Pop's help. Why, Pop was his old man. Let him throw out some other bums, he told the proprietor, but not Pop. And all the time Pop was blustering around and holding the saloon spellbound with that high-class lingo of his. Pop was a great guy even if he was a bum.

"Why, even if you wanted to you couldn't throw me out," Pop laughed when Biff said right out and out that he wouldn't do it. "I've licked you at all ages and stages of your life. I've whipped you with a strap and with a broom and with my bare fist. And right now, spotting you thirty-two years, a beer belly and the delicate condition of my teeth, with one hand behind my back, one foot in the air and whistlin' *Annie Laurie*, I could throw you through that plate glass window without causing as much as a crack in the pane. Come on boys, give me room!"

Pop got in the first blow rushing Biff to the far end of the room and crashing down on him. "Go to it, Biff," he whispered hoarsely so the others wouldn't hear. "Muss me up. I'll co-operate."

Here, on these pages, are more exciting scenes from Warner's new romantic comedy, "Strawberry Blonde," starring James Cagney and Olivia de Havilland, and featuring Rita Hayworth and Jack Carson.

A Warner Bros. Production. Jack L. Warner, in charge of production. Hal B. Wallis, Executive Producer. Directed by Raoul Walsh. Screen Play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein. From a play by James Hagen.



"I can't do it," Biff protested. "You're my old man. I brought you up!"

"Never mind that," Pop said pretending to struggle. "Throw me out. I'll make it look good. I'll even bounce a couple of times."

So Biff had thrown him out and then he'd been so mad he had wheeled on the proprietor and mopped up the place with him. And of course he lost the job anyway so Pop's sacrifice was wasted.

Pop, seen through the haze of years, was different. You don't really know a person when they're alive and with you, do you, Biff? It's after they're gone and you've felt that sense of loss that you begin to understand them. So now you've forgotten the trouble you had with him,



the irritation, the way he could never hold a job, the times you had to try to explain to the husbands in the neighborhood that Pop really didn't mean anything when he flirted with their wives. He just couldn't help liking women and thinking everyone of them was as beautiful as Lily Langtry.

And instead you remember how tender he was with you when you were just a kid and your mother died and there were only the two of you, even if it was you who had to make the money to keep things going. You remember that Irish way he had with words, beautiful, brave, bragging words hiding the failure and fear under them. He knew all the words there were for love even in French. 'L'amour, L'amour,' Biff could still remember the way they rolled off his father's lips and the way his eyes would roll with them making up to the women. It didn't even matter about Pop's lying because everybody knew he was lying and that took the sting out of it.

The neighborhood too seemed pretty grand looking back on it. The row of houses, the park where they walked on Sundays, Nick's barber shop, and the way all the young men used to cluster around it shouting "Oh you kid!" when a pretty girl walked by.

Many girls walked by that shop giggling and trying to look unconcerned as the boys winked at them. But none of them caused the commotion that Virginia did. Virginia! How beautiful she was, how dainty, how elegant. Virginia with her big blue eyes, demurely downcast, with little gloved hands holding her skirts up just high enough to show those absurdly tiny feet of hers, that suggestion of curved ankle, that fluttering confusion of ruffled petticoats. "Strawberry Blonde," that's what they called her—for her hair was a reddish gold which made every other girl's hair look dun-colored by comparison.

How the boys whistled when she passed! How their eyes ogled her! Only Biff could never join in with them when it was Virginia who was passing. He respected and adored her too much. Virginia wasn't like the rest of the girls. She was a lady. Then one day Hugo Barnstead, bolder than the others, stepped out to her and taking off his hat with a flourish, offered her tickets for the charity boat ride he had organized. Hugo was a politician even in those days. And Biff swallowed desperately and tried to understand when she smiled and allowed him to take her arm and walk down the street with her. But the other boys laughed and he had to fight one of them because he said something about her being the third notch from the left on Hugo's belt. It was one of the worst fights he ever had. Raw beefsteak wasn't enough for that black eye! Nick had to send to the drug store for leeches to put on it.

But even that turned out all right, for that evening there was Hugo driving up to the door in the carriage he'd rented from the livery stable and asking him to go out on a double date with Virginia and her girl friend. Even the black eye couldn't hold him back.

"Who smells so gorgeous, you or the horse?" Biff asked sniffing the toilet water Hugo always used. He wanted to show he wasn't impressed, but his heart was thumping so loudly he was sure Hugo would hear it, as they turned into the park.

"There she is, there's Virginia," Hugo whispered excitedly. "Gosh, she looks pretty!"

"Say, what's that thing with her?" Biff asked suspiciously, looking at the small, dark girl walking beside his goddess. "What's she doing? Wearing a nightgown?"

"That isn't a nightgown," Hugo said. "It's a uniform. She's a nurse. You know, I

have it on good authority nurses are a lot of fun. I bet she even lets you put your arm around her waist!"

"What fun will that be?" Biff demanded morosely. "Do you know the amount of starch in a nurse's uniform? Twenty-three skidoo for her! Nothing but the best for Biff Grimes. That's the way I'm constituted." He would have dashed out of the carriage then and there if they hadn't been right up to the girls by that time and Virginia and Hugo began the elaborate ceremony of pretending they had met there by merest chance. Then the little dark girl, the one whose name was Amy, broke in impatiently. "Oh, for Pete's sake, Virginia, cut the nonsense. This is a prearranged date and we all know it. I've got to be back at the hospital by eleven so let's shake our tootsies and get going."

on him leaving him with her while he went off with Virginia. Suddenly he stiffened as he heard a giggle from the bushes in back of them. He could have sworn it was Virginia—only of course he knew it wasn't. Virginia wasn't that sort. But his hand trembled as he took out a cigarette and lit it.

"May I have one too?" Amy asked, and without thinking he gave her one and she put it in her mouth. Suddenly to his horror, Biff realized he had actually given a girl a cigarette, and snatched it away again. "Don't tell me you *smoke*, too!" he scowled.

"Only when I'm bored," Amy said, hiding an elaborate yawn with her hand.

"Your mother a bloomer girl, you a nicotine fiend!" Biff looked at her appalled.



Edward Arnold and Robert Montgomery greeting each other while Gene Lockhart looks on at the Players Club stag dinner at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

Len Weissman

Gosh, but Biff felt sorry for Virginia, a nice girl like that being enmeshed in the snares of friendship with a fast little minx like Amy! He knew he wasn't going to like her from the very beginning, and when they drove away up to the country to Harlem and the other two decided to take a walk he knew he was stuck. The misleading thing about Amy was that she didn't look brazen at all. Her face under her high pompadour was as softly curved as a child's and her mouth was shaped for tenderness. But the way she talked! Biff had never known he could be so shocked.

"My mother was one of the original bloomer girls," she said suddenly, steering the conversation back from the conventional weather reports to which Biff had led it.

"They had bats in the belfry!" Biff said witheringly.

"They did not!" Amy said indignantly. "They were foresighted, courageous, intelligent women. The tyranny of man over woman, the stupid convention that says a woman shall wear such and such! The outmoded."

"All right, all right!" Biff broke in impatiently. The girl was even bolder than he had thought. She probably was a suffragette or worse. Hugo had pulled a fast one

"Say, are there any more at home like you?"

"I have an aunt who's an actress," Amy said in the amused way of an older person talking to a child.

"That completes the picture!" Biff was outraged. He stopped as he saw a girl and boy sauntering toward them stop suddenly and kiss each other. "I guess they're engaged," he said.

"Why?" Amy was being exasperatingly amused and superior. "Because he let her kiss him? What's a little kiss?"

Biff tried a new approach with this exasperating girl, a fatherly, reproving one. "Wouldn't you like some day for a nice fellow to marry you?" he asked.

"Not particularly," Amy shrugged. "Marriage is an outmoded, silly convention started by the caveman and encouraged by the florists and the jewelers. After all, what is it? Just a few words mumbled over you."

"Say," Biff gave her a long, hard look. "Don't you want a home and kids?"

"Certainly I do," Amy said calmly. "But that doesn't mean one has to go through all the—"

"You mean—" Biff began, and then he found he couldn't finish the sentence.

"Exactly!" she smiled.

Biff made up his mind then and there that he would never see Amy again, but

For once Hugo's chicaneries did Biff a good turn. He could have laughed when he saw Hugo's face as the boat pulled out leaving them standing on the pier with the picnic lunch. And he thought Amy looked disappointed too.

national holiday. Especially that song. It'll always be our song, won't it, Virginia? We ought to do this more often, huh? Of course, maybe not so elaborately."

"I'd love to," Virginia said vaguely, but when he pressed her it seemed she didn't have a single free evening until three weeks later. Biff had to content himself with that, wondering how he would ever get through all that waiting time before he saw her again. But she must like him, he thought. Hadn't she kissed him? Virginia wasn't the sort of girl to kiss a man unless she—well, *almost* loved him, anyway. Or was she? Suddenly he was afraid. "Virginia," he asked anxiously, "when you kissed me at the dance was it just one of, I mean, did it mean something to you? Or was it just one of those—"

"I know," she said slowly. "Virginia told me. Biff, are you in love with her?"

He wanted to be mad at her but somehow he couldn't be, not with the music coming from the beer garden and the band playing Virginia's song. "I guess Schultz' music must be softening me up," he said. "Otherwise I'd never tell you. I guess maybe I'm a little *too* crazy about her. She's my ideal, you know every man has an ideal, somebody that he cares for, and when he cares for that somebody, nothing else matters. It's sort of an ingrown pain. Well, that's the way I feel about Virginia."

It was funny the way she looked at him, as if she knew how he felt and as if she were sorry for him and for herself too. "Biff," she said, her voice sounding all choked up and queer, "I—I saw Virginia this afternoon and she—she's—"

She didn't say any more for they heard footsteps, and then there was Nick with a silly-looking girl hanging onto his arm.

"Biff," his voice sounded excited. "I got something to tell you. Take it like I took it, Biff. Virginia married Hugo this afternoon. They left already for Niagara Falls." *That* was what Amy had tried to tell him. He knew it as he looked at her and saw her eyes soft with pity for him.

Do you remember how you felt, Biff, as if someone had punched you over the heart? Remember how you pretended you weren't surprised, that you'd known it all along and that it was Amy you had the date with? And remember how she helped you out too, how she forgot her own pride in salvaging yours and backed you up on every point? Only when that girl left something happened that you'd rather forget, didn't it, Biff? The way you took your hurt out on Amy, the way you turned to her so savagely.

"You hit the nail on the head, Amy," Biff said. "Marriage is a lot of malarkey. You treat a girl respectable, watch your language and she runs off with somebody else. You were right, Amy. What's marriage? When a feller meets a girl and they sort of like each other, there's no reason why they shouldn't—" He took that quick step toward her. Amy looked at him terrified. But that didn't stop him. He took hold of her and held her in his arms and he kissed her the way a man doesn't kiss a girl he respects. Amy fought him, hitting at him with her small desperate hands, and at last Biff let her go.

"Say, what's the idea?" he asked. "I don't get it after all your fancy talk. And your mother an original bloomer girl!"

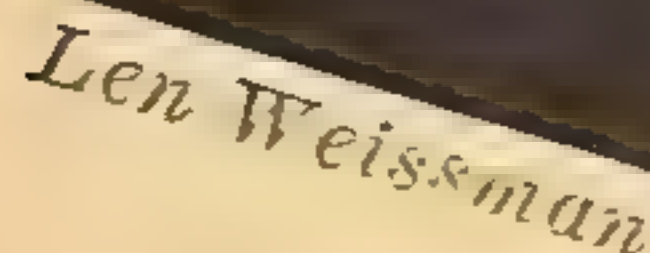
"No," Amy was crying softly. "She wasn't. Father wouldn't let her. But she admired and respected them. And a girl has a right to talk, hasn't she?"

"And your aunt?" Biff looked at her with dawning suspicion. "I bet she was never even on the stage! I bet you're a fake all around. I bet you never even smoked a cigarette!"

"I—I put them in my mouth sometimes," she protested. "But I never lit them. And my aunt was *so* on the stage. In a church play!"

"I knew it!" Biff looked at her scornfully. "A genuine, one hundred percent all-round fake. Just as they say an empty barrel always makes the most noise. Aw, will you stop bawling?" But Amy couldn't stop crying, and so what could Biff do but try to comfort her. And somehow, in comforting Amy he comforted himself. If a little too.

And so it was that the young man, who
in life, it was said, was a very good
fellow, and who was a very good
too. Oh, it was a very good fellow, it
would have been a very good fellow, it
years have a very good fellow, it
haven't they? And it was a very good fellow



Anita Louise, dancing with husband Buddy Adler at a film party, wearing an exquisite diamond-crystal clip and earrings—a gift from hubby.

disappointment. "And then we can have dinner in some nice expensive place and go to one of those fancy beer parlors afterwards for dancing."

Biff wished he had Hugo's money so he could take Virginia to all those places, for he felt she was bored when he took her to the Statue of Liberty and after that to the Zoo where they ate the picnic lunch. But afterwards he tried to make up for it when he took Virginia to the beer garden and Schultz' band played the song for them. It cost him two dollars to have the soloist sing it but it was worth it with him pointing to Virginia as he sang:

"When Casey danced with the strawberry blonde

And the band played on. . . ."

Of course everybody turned to look at Virginia, for wasn't she the strawberry blonde herself, with that red gold hair of hers and her skin looking like strawberries and cream too. And when they got up to dance Virginia was so pleased with the attention she had been getting she actually kissed him. Oh, it was a beautiful day even if Virginia had been disappointed about the hansom cab and the dinner. A day to be remembered for ever and ever, a day to make all other days drab in contrast.

"If you don't object, Virginia," Biff said shyly, "I'll always regard this day as a

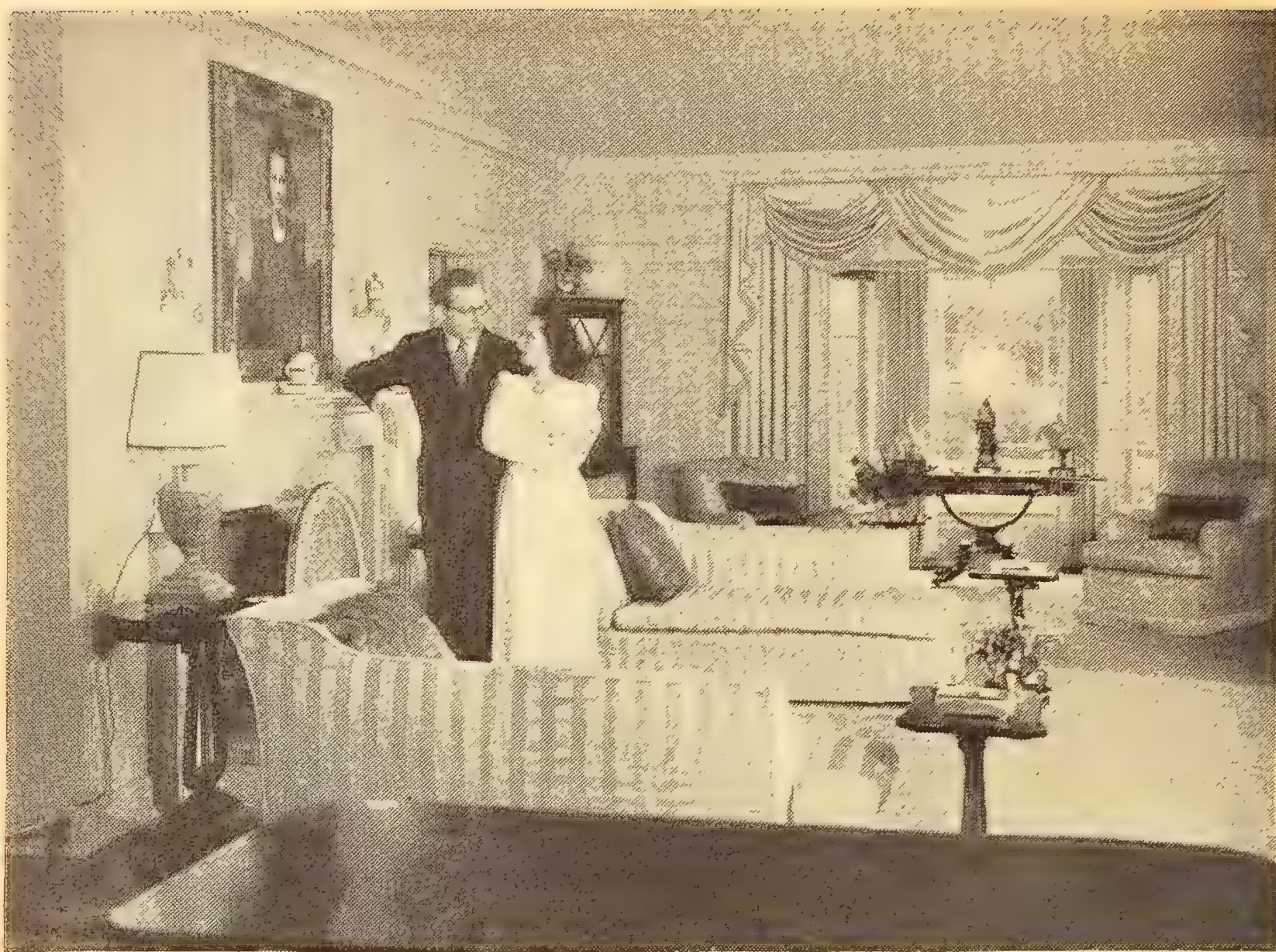
see how he had hurt her with her voice trembling like that. "Do you think I'm the kind of a girl who just goes around kissing boys?"

You remember those three weeks while you waited to see her again, don't you, Biff? You remember how long every day seemed, how you thought they would never end? That was the time Hugo started his building supplies and contracting company out of the money he made on the charity drive. But that didn't seem important then. Only Virginia was important, and the four dollars you borrowed from Nick and which he gave you so grudgingly because he was sweet on Virginia himself.

But it was over at last, and there Biff was in the park and his heart jumping when he saw the girl waiting on one of the benches and rising as he came over to her. Only it wasn't Virginia. It was Amy.

"Mind if I sit down?" Amy asked after he had given her only that curt nod and walked right past her and sat down on the bench.

"It's a free country, Amy," Biff said, making room for her. "But I wish you'd tie a can to yourself and beat it. I don't want you hanging around, I've got a date."



Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Korda are standing next to the hearth in their living room. The painting over the mantel is Merle in life-size, painted in London by Gerald Brockhurst, R. A., in 1937. On each end of the mantel are antique Regency garniture vases on pedestal bases, of white alabaster decorated with knobs, handles and medallions of gilt ormolu and wired for illumination. The clock is also Regency in white alabaster, pillar shaped on a platform base with cupid figure in gilt ormolu crest. Picture on opposite page shows Merle reading on a custom made English divan with arched back, rolled rests, removable down cushions, covered in metal tone acanthus figured damask, and fringed base. To her right, is an antique French directoire writing table in Circasian dark walnut with single drawer and lyre shaped supports. On the writing table are a Regency clock and music box, two of her prized possessions. The still life is by Gauguin, the landscape is a Matisse.

so tender. There wasn't anything she wouldn't do for you, was there? Maybe in the end it would have been different if Virginia hadn't come back and you hadn't seen her on the street that day sitting in her own carriage looking lovelier than any woman has a right to look in that embroidered dress and the hat with the flowers on it, smiling at you from under her frilly parasol.

The night they were invited to dinner at Hugo's and Virginia's fine new mansion Biff almost wished he had never seen her again. There he was, still studying for his diploma and practising on Pop's teeth and supporting the three of them on his milkman's wages. And there was Hugo, a rich man now, giving Virginia everything in the world she wanted. He was almost glad when the electric lights went out, for Hugo had been bragging about how gas wasn't good enough for him any more and it was funny after that to sit around in the dark until the butler brought in candles.

But something had happened while the room was dark for he had felt a woman's soft arms go around him and a woman's lips found his in the darkness. And it wasn't Amy! He knew that.

Maybe it was a punishment, Biff, the things that happened afterwards. You knew a married man shouldn't have felt that wild surge of joy when another man's wife kissed him. And maybe you shouldn't have taken that job Hugo offered you either, feeling all the time as you did that it was Virginia who had made him ask you to be vice-president, and it was a sin to take the money knowing nothing about what was going on and just sitting there singing things all day and not knowing what you were signing.

But it wasn't just for yourself, was it? You wanted Amy to have things too, didn't you, Amy who never complained about having only one best dress. You got a job for Pop too as foreman on one of the jobs. But your punishment came fast, didn't it, Biff, that day the walls crashed because of the inferior materials and Pop was killed?

Amy was so wonderful then, remember, standing with you beside Pop's bed in the hospital that day he died. And the day when the police came to arrest you, she was wonderful then, too, understanding even though you tried to pretend they



were there to talk about a clambake the department was having at Coney Island.

They couldn't get Hugo, could they, Biff, for he hadn't signed anything, and so it was you they sent up the river. And you don't want to remember those next five years, do you Biff?

It was spring that day Biff came home again. He had asked Amy not to meet him, but he had to walk through the park to get home and Amy knew that, and so he wasn't surprised to see her sitting there on the bench waiting for him. Strange the way it was at first with that new shyness between them, as if they felt they had to be casual with each other, as if they were afraid of that quickening emotion pulling them together. Then slowly, the halting, stilted words were gone and they looked at each other and weren't afraid to show how close they were to tears, how much this meeting meant.

"Guess we'll have to let this neighborhood go by, Amy," Biff said then. "O. K. with you?"

"Wherever you go Biff, I'll go," Amy said quietly.

That was when Biff really broke. "I love you, Amy," he said, and then he found he could put his arms around her and hold her so, close and sweet. "I think you are the loveliest lady in the world. I love your hair, Amy, your eyes, your mouth, your smile."

Funny how it came to him like that, the way he really felt about Amy. Funny the way he wasn't even thinking about Virginia any more, only about ways of making money so he could do things for Amy, make up for those five years and for the other things too. And then that band had to play that song and the whole thing starting all over again, the old feeling, the old heartache, the old hatred.

The thundering at the door broke into Biff's thoughts. He clenched his fist menacingly as he walked over to open it. Only Hugo would knock in just that arrogant, cocksure way. Hugo! Biff took a reassuring glance at the gas apparatus as he flung open the door.

For a moment he didn't recognize the man and woman who stood there. Then with a sense of shock he saw who they

The dining room, pictured on opposite page, has a view of the terraced garden from the windows. The Utrillo landscape depicts a park in Montmartre, Paris. Back of the Utrillo is the projection room. When the Kordas show movies the Utrillo painting is removed and the films are projected from the opening back of the painting to a screen on the sun porch. Over the dining table hangs an antique English crystal chandelier. The dining table is a museum piece. It is very fine antique English Hepplewhite in mahogany with fluted legs and bronze paw rests. The small table near the windows is a Sheraton style extension table in walnut. The buffet is Hepplewhite in mahogany finish and is also a museum piece. The pictures may not show it, but Merle always keeps fresh flowers all over the house. It's a fetish of hers. Below, is an amusing bedroom scene from Ernst Lubitsch's hilarious new romantic comedy, "That Certain Feeling," which co-stars Merle Oberon and Melvyn Douglas.



Mr. and Mrs. Korda At Home

Continued from page 33



were, Hugo, looking twenty years older than when he had last seen him, and Virginia, looking as if she never could have been Virginia at all. Biff looked at her and saw what years of unhappiness and bickering and hating and selfishness can do to a woman's face. And he laughed as he saw the fear in Hugo's face when he motioned him to the chair.

He ignored the gas apparatus as if it weren't in the office at all. Why had he ever thought of giving Hugo gas? He'd pull that tooth without giving him anything, he wouldn't be human if he didn't take some revenge, would he? And he grinned as Hugo bellowed and tried to get out of the chair.

"You let him off easy at that," Nick said when Hugo had stormed out of the place and Virginia had followed laughing at him as if she really enjoyed seeing him in pain.

"I'm the one who was let off easy," Biff said. "I might have been the one married to Virginia. Funny thing, Nick, about Hugo and me. All my life he stepped all over me. I'm the dope, he's the wise guy.

He's got everything, I got nothin'. But it comes to me now. I'm a happy man and he's not. Remember what we learned in Sunday School? 'Vengeance is mine saith the Lord.'"

"You think He takes a personal interest in Hugo?" Nick asked dubiously.

"Well, whoever's doing it is doing a darn good job, better than I could do," Biff said.

He turned then for the door was opening, and there was Amy looking so sweet in her Sunday dress and her little bonnet even if they were a couple of years old. And he felt so happy he just had to draw Amy closer and kiss her as they walked down the steps. "Biff, right out in the street!" she protested.

"When I want to kiss my wife I'll do it any place, any time," Biff said. "That's the way I'm constituted!"

And suddenly he knew Sunday afternoon was the most exciting day in the week when you could walk in the park with a girl like Amy and the musicians across the street were still playing *And the Band Played On*. That was Amy's song, that song was, and he liked it.

might almost call her the homesy type. Almost. Not quite.

No little bride, with the first instalment paid on her dining room set, ever watched for spots on the carpet more circumspectly. (Poor Merle! If a guest inadvertently turns over a glass of wine, or dribbles gravy, Mr. Korda, sweet, tolerant, understanding and always the perfect host, turns over *two* glasses of wine, or dribbles gravy *and* a mushroom—while Mrs. Korda looks as if she had suddenly seen the headless horseman of Sleepy Hollow.) Ah me, no little wife ever waited more eagerly for her lord and master's phone call. In fact, Merle even had a second phone installed in the bedroom of her new home so that if the servants are using the main telephone Mr. Korda's frequent calls to her from the studio will not be delayed one second.

Several months ago Merle, with tremendous housewifely enthusiasm, bought an already built house and then proceeded to rebuild it and furnish it. A charming, gracious looking home of Georgian architecture, white, with greenish shingled roof, situated on a grassy knoll in beautiful Bel-Air. (Mr. Korda was in England at the time, but on his return agreed that it was the most heavenly place he had ever seen, and that his bride was a wiz when it came to decorating.)

The sun porch is an L-shaped glassed-in room. It is very large and cheery and this is where the Kordas spend most of their time. The rest of the house is furnished with the furniture that Merle had sent over from her home in England, but the sun porch, which was done by Tom Douglas, interior decorator, is all new. The pictures in the room are costume designs by Oliver Messel, who did the sketches for "The Scarlet Pimpernel," which was made in England several years ago. Only two of the sketches can be seen in the picture, but they are hung all around the room. The carpet is hooked weave in gray tone. The drapes are dusty pink chintz, olive green and ivory tone floral figured. The custom made divan is covered overall in rose tone



Here's one of the first stills from 20th Century-Fox's screen production of "Tobacco Road," which shows lovely Gene Tierney as ELLIE MAY and Ward Bond in the rôle of Lov.

embossed cotton fabric. The chaise longue on which Merle is sitting is covered in green embossed cotton fabric. The tables are custom pieces in modified Louis XV style, with tapered legs, finished in gray lacquer. The table lamps are custom made, and consist of large blocks of crude glass for bases which are mounted on painted tole pans, marble finished, and containing growing plants. The shades are of woven straw. Through the glass doors of the sun porch you can see the swimming pool. To the right in the rear view of the Korda home, taken from the terraced garden in back of the house, may be seen the bathhouse which is situated next to the swimming pool.

The dog shown with Merle in the bedroom is a chow named Luke. He's Merle's dog and was bought by her in Palm Springs when he was a puppy. The custom made English extra sized bed with covered frame, arched back panel, and draped with orchid tone silk, is mounted with candelabras in gilt bronze, and the whole base is covered in cut velour matching the window valances. The window drapes are in metal tone satin with draw cord valances in embossed silk cut velour, with leaf and flower festoon on ivory tone background. The bed, with its embroidered coverlet and valances, is a copy of the Marie Antoinette bed at Fountainebleau. The embroidery was done by a very old and famous establishment in Paris. They did the original bed for Marie Antoinette, so Merle looked them up in Paris while on a visit there, and found them still in business after all those years, and she had them copy the bed for her.

The night stands are in the directoire style, and are finished in gilt with ivory tone trim. At her bedside, Merle keeps water, telephones, address book, newest fiction, a radio, and two volumes of her favorite poems.

The picture of Merle in her dressing room shows her wearing a white woolen hostess gown embroidered with gold beads. At her throat is a gold and diamond flower pin which Korda gave her in London. She is wearing a bracelet and ring to match the pin, which she bought for herself from Van Cleef. The dressing room has solid mirrored walls with built-in dressing table. The dressing table bench is antique Louis XV, finished in gilt, and the top is covered in cut satin velour, with matching valances. The drapes and valances are the same as those in the bedroom. On the dressing table are French style candelabras, a nineteen-piece toilet set and numerous bottles of perfume.

The living room has many interesting pieces, most of which can be seen in the picture. The table in the alcove is antique English directoire in mahogany and rosewood veneer. On the table are Ming period Chinese statuette pieces with teakwood bases and an old Chinese praying figure which Merle had made into a lamp. Also on the table is Merle's fine collection of old English silver snuff boxes. In the corner is an early 19th century Sheraton cabinet in mahogany with satinwood inlaid borders and medallions. The carpet is high pile chenille in mauve tone with hand tied fringe all around the edge. The drapes are green poplin with matched valances in

pastel green satin, fringed. The two fireplace sofas are striped rayon. On either side of the fireplace are small tables of mahogany and rosewood veneer with platform bases and lyre shaped supports. On the tables are Roman style urn vases in green, with classic figures around bowls, mounted as table lamps. The hearth screen is Louis XV style with carved frame and rests finished in ivory lacquer. The lounge chairs are covered with metal tone acanthus figured damask and the cushions are covered in French old gold threaded brocade damask—red—with floral decoration in Persian manner.

The Korda dining room has a view of the terraced garden through the windows. The chandelier hanging over the dining table is of antique English crystal. The dining table, a very fine antique English Hepplewhite in mahogany, with fluted legs and bronze paw rests, is a museum piece. Near the windows is a small Sheraton style extension table in walnut. The buffet is Hepplewhite in mahogany finish, and is also a museum piece. On the buffet are antique French Poitiers white marble urn vases, mounted as table lamps, which have bell-shaped shades of fringed ivory satin. Also on the buffet is a Viennese Franz Joseph mantel clock in decorated and sculptured porcelain, with applied flowers and robed female wearing a wreath of flowers, the whole thing mounted on a platform base. The English chenille rug is of mauve tone and the drapes are metal tone satin damask. The chairs are Louis XV style, finished in ivory lacquer, oval framed backs, and fluted tapered legs. Also, on the buffet are two very old French soup tureens. On the dining table are silver Georgian candlesticks and silver bowls filled with small pink rosebuds.

Recently the Kordas, still on that honeymoon begun in Vieux Antibes, moved into their new home—the first home they have owned in California—and prepared to enjoy a little well-earned private life. Friends, as usual, are proving a nuisance. Wouldn't you know.

Whatever you do, don't barge in on the Kordas on Sunday. No, they won't have the butler slam the door in your face, or the chauffeur throw you out on your ear. They won't call the police, or complain to the Hays Office. They won't even send down word that they are "not in." They are much too polite for that. I don't know why it is, and I hope I'm not going to be called un-American, but movie stars and producers born in Europe are a thousand times more polite and courteous (there are exceptions which I will name with the greatest of pleasure) than those who come from Brooklyn and points west. And after years of barging in I ought to know. The Kordas will receive you with the utmost graciousness. Of course Merle will probably keep you waiting an hour or so while she slips into something, but in the meantime Mr. Korda will whip you up a mint julep (Colonel Korda, the ole massa hisself) so you won't mind at all.

But *don't* barge in on the Kordas on Sunday. I did, a few Sundays back, and I felt like the meanest dame alive. I even took a photographer. They were as sweet and gracious as always, and Mr. Korda, when I insisted, posed for a few pictures, a thing he never does, because when he gets on the other side of a camera he becomes as shy as a schoolboy. Imagine, one of the most important producers in the world! But when the camera focussed on him his forehead broke out in big drops of perspiration and he became as damply self-conscious as an actor taking his first screen test. No wonder Merle is nuts about him. "Alex," said Merle, pretending to be severe, after Mr. Korda had ruined three pictures by moving, "you must stand still. I shall have to inform Mr. Lubitsch

MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR



MRS. ROBERT W. ARMSTRONG



SEÑORA PILA SUBERCASEAUX



SEÑORITA ANA ROSA MARTINEZ GUERRERO



SENHORA AIMÉE LOPES DE SOTTO MAIOR



BEAUTY OVER THE AMERICAS

FROM Alaska to Cape Horn, from the Aleutian Islands to Parahiba, easternmost tip of Brazil—throughout these wide Americas lovely women have learned the same romantic beauty lesson.

The ritual of skin care prized in all these American countries is the same we in the United States likewise treasure—the simple, effective principles long laid down by Pond's:—

CLOAK your face and neck lavishly with the sleek, fragrant smoothness of Pond's Cold Cream. Smack your skin briskly with cream-wrapped fingertips for three full minutes—even five. Pond's has two distinct missions to perform for you. One cleansing. The other softening. It mixes with the dust, make-up and foreign accumulations on your skin—softens them and sets them free.

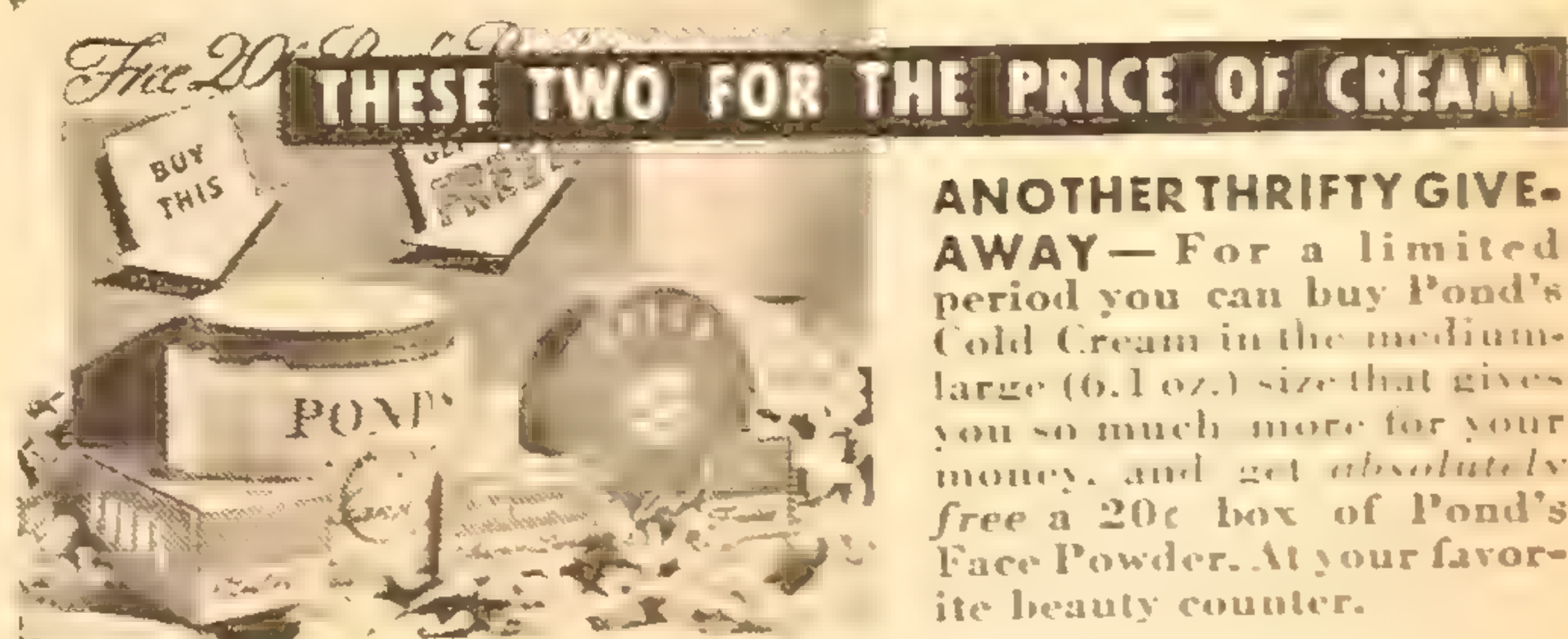
WIPE AWAY all this freed and softened debris with the gentle competence of Pond's Tissues—created tenderly soft and absorbent for this express purpose.

SMACK ON briskly a second coating of Pond's Cold Cream. Again wipe off with gentle Pond's Tissues. This second creamy spanking enhances both the cleansing and softening actions of Pond's. Note how the pores seem finer, lines less apparent in your glowing, softened skin.

SPLASH ON now the cool, wet fragrance of Pond's Skin Freshener.

Then MASK this spic-and-span face of yours with a smooth layer of a very different type of cream—Pond's Vanishing Cream—light as a cloud, innocent of greasiness. This cream's specific duty is to help disperse remaining particles, little chappings caused by exposure. Wait one full minute before you wipe it off. Then see how it leaves a perceptible mat finish on your skin—a petal-softness that receives and holds your powder smooth and captive for hours.

Perform this brief Pond's ritual in full always before retiring or during the day. A shorter ritual whenever your skin or make-up need freshening.



THESE TWO FOR THE PRICE OF CREAM

ANOTHER THRIFTY GIVE-AWAY—For a limited period you can buy Pond's Cold Cream in the medium-large (6.1 oz.) size that gives you so much more for your money, and get absolutely free a 20c box of Pond's Face Powder. At your favorite beauty counter.

MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR . . . MRS. ROBERT W. ARMSTRONG . . . SEÑORITA ANA ROSA MARTINEZ GUERRERO
SEÑORA PILA SUBERCASEAUX . . . SENHORA AIMÉE LOPES DE SOTTO MAIOR . . . names that hold the magic and dual
connotation of great wealth and great beauty in five great American countries. Each one observes the Pond's Ritual



Twenty-year-old Esther Fernandez, left, may be a new-comer to Hollywood, but she has played in Mexican movies since she was thirteen. Esther even produced one called "Los de Abajo" ("The Underdog") and when she attended the Hollywood opening of the picture, a Paramount talent scout signed her for a part in "Reap the Wild Wind," Cecil DeMille's film.

that you have been wasting his money."

When I left I had the feeling that I had robbed them of something, something very precious. Not Merle's prized Gauguin, not the Regency music box she picked up in a Paris antique shop, not the beautiful diamond necklace that Mr. Korda gave her on their first anniversary, but something far more valuable to them—Their Sunday. I couldn't have felt meaner if I had suddenly snatched a candy bar from a hungry kid.

"We look forward to Sundays," Merle told me, with even more eagerness than children look forward to Christmas. With both of us working (Merle is starring in Ernst Lubitsch's "That Uncertain Feeling" and Mr. Korda is directing Vivien Leigh and Larry Olivier in "That Hamilton Woman") it is the only day during the week that we can be together. So Sundays are very extra special with us. They aren't what you'd call exciting, we don't go dashing around madly from one place to another. We stay at home. But we have so much fun that hardly is one Sunday over before we start planning the next. Mrs. Roosevelt has My Day, but Alex and I have Our Day—and it's Sunday."

What do two people, two very much in love people, do on their day off? "We always sleep late on Sunday morning," Merle continued. "It's such a luxury, after having to get up at six every morning. And then around noon we have a breakfast-luncheon that is simply out of this world—and would probably put you right out of this world if you ate it. Alex never eats lunch and I rarely eat breakfast but on Sundays we have a breakfast luncheon of everything we like best. I always have kedgeree (an English dish that is made with rice and eggs and either salmon or haddock), lots of corn on cob, pancakes and syrup, and several different kinds of salads. Alex likes sausages, any kind of sausages, so he always has sausages with pancakes and syrup, roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, and all kinds of fruits. It's all disgustingly un-glamorous, isn't it? But good. And we eat for hours. And as you can well imagine we don't eat again for the rest of the day." How does she keep that figure!

In the afternoons they take long walks and when those English gals walk, *they walk*, as I once discovered to my horror in the beautiful Bel-Air hills. They hold hands as they walk, and in an effort to

escape for a few hours from a war-weary world they take turns reciting their favorite poems. Merle is especially partial to Shelley. Home again, Merle has a cup of tea in the English manner, and Mr. Korda experiments with a new rum cocktail. Next to his mint juleps he is proud of his rum concoctions, and the way to win favor with him immediately is to go into ecstasies over his blends. He is particularly proud of a little number which he called Tropical Passion, and which he hit upon one day quite by accident. It is made of pomegranite juice, passion fruit juice, lemon, and six different kinds of rum. It was the Tropical Passion that caused the only serious quarrel the Kordas have had. Merle doesn't drink cocktails. But Mr. Korda was so pleased with his Tropical Passion that he could hardly wait until she came down one Sunday morning to make her one. "You know I don't drink cocktails," said Merle, reaching for the orange juice. "You'll like this," said Mr. Korda, "it's pomegranite juice." "Um-mm," said Merle, "it is good. Do you think we could plant some pomegranite trees?" In less than five minutes she was in a deep sleep and didn't wake up until evening.

"I was furious," said Merle. "I missed my kedgeree and my corn on the cob and my perfectly beautiful Sunday that I had been looking forward to all week. Alex is such a tease. But he promised he wouldn't do that any more so I had to forgive him."

Sweet-tempered, easy-going, fun-loving Mr. Korda simply can't resist teasing his wife occasionally, and Merle ought to be used to it by now. Sweet-tempered, easy-going, and fun-loving herself Merle rarely gets upset and simply takes the Korda teasing with a smile—except when pomegranate juice is involved. It started on the set of "The Private Life of Henry VIII," the picture in which Merle played the ill-fated Anne Boleyn, and under Mr. Korda's superb direction became a star overnight, so one day Mr. Korda told her to take her place on the set and start crying. He had all the lights turned on. For fifteen minutes or more Merle gave out with her very best histrionics. She began to notice that the stage was unusually quiet, but immediately assumed that it was because everyone was so impressed with her acting. But gradually she got suspicious,

and peering out from behind the lights she discovered that everyone, including Director Korda, had gone to lunch. Today Mr. Korda teases her about her new home. (Merle is very proud of her new home, and has every reason to be.) "Don't bother to sit down," Mr. Korda will say to each guest as she arrives, "Mrs. Korda's personally conducted Cook's Tour starts immediately. Be sure and admire everything."

And of course the first day Mr. Korda's brother Zoltan Korda dropped by for tea Merle really let herself in for something. Zoltan had been to the barber for a scalp treatment and the barber had rubbed vaseline into his hair. As soon as he had kissed his pretty sister-in-law he stretched himself out comfortably on the new couch on the sun porch. Merle immediately bristled and became the practical housewife, "Kindly take your head off that couch," she said. She won't be allowed to forget that any time soon.

"And my beautiful antique chairs," Merle says, "Alex just adores teasing me about them. They are copies of chairs in the Palais de Compegnie. I saw them one day in France before we were married, and immediately fell in love with them. But they were five hundred pounds a piece. I thought he might like to give them to me, but he didn't. 'Five hundred pounds for a chair!' he said, 'and you want six of them? I think it would be just as well to get six kitchen chairs and put a five hundred pound note on each of them. It would be much more impressive—and comfortable.'"

Merle bought the chairs herself. She loves beautiful old furniture and in her new home you will find many museum pieces. Secretly, Mr. Korda is very proud of her rare and beautiful pieces, but he wouldn't admit it because then it wouldn't be any fun teasing her.

But to return to the Kordas' Sunday. After tea and cocktails, the house divided, they settle down to a snappy game of gin-rummy, a game they are both fairly mad about. They play it very seriously, both eager to win. Merle always keeps the score and Mr. Korda claims that's the reason she wins so often. But Merle denies it strenuously. "Alex is only trying to alibi himself," she says, "because I have been winning lately."

The table is always set for a game of gin-rummy in their favorite spot on the sun porch. This end of the sun porch has a door to the left leading into the garden, one to the right leading into the living room, and the door shown in the picture leads into a small study. The books are sets of Voltaire, Kipling, Wells, Shelly and Thackeray. Both Merle and Korda collect first editions. The card table chairs are Philippine rattan, finished in gray tone lacquer.

Before they became such gin-rummy fiends Mr. Korda went in for "word" games. And take my advice and don't ever get involved in a "word" game with Mr. Korda—that man knows words that you never dreamed existed.

After the ten o'clock news broadcast it is time to think about that horrible six o'clock call in the morning. "I think," Mr. Korda will say, "that I shall be a gardener. I like pottering around with flowers, and then I wouldn't have to go to a studio so early every morning."

"And I think," Merle will say, "that I'll just be a lazy wife and stay in bed every day until noon." And of course both of them know darned well that they'll be directing pictures, and appearing in pictures, for years and years to come.

"It probably sounds like a dreadfully dull Sunday to you," Merle said as I departed. "But it isn't dull to the Kordas. We love it."

HERE SHE IS! Lovely BARBARA STANWYCK with a charm hint for YOU



STAR OF
PARAMOUNT'S
"THE LADY EVE"

LUX SOAP MAKES A
WONDERFUL BEAUTY
BATH! ITS **ACTIVE**
LATHER MAKES YOU
SURE OF DAININESS

THIS GENTLE, WHITE
SOAP HAS SUCH
A DELIGHTFUL
FRAGRANCE — LEAVES
SKIN **SWEET!**

**Clever girls take
Hollywood's tip—win
out with skin that's sweet!**

"Men love to be near the girl who's sweet," this famous beauty says. And tells you how screen stars protect the daintiness important to charm. Lux Soap's **ACTIVE** lather carries away perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt —leaves skin *really* fresh.



**9 out of 10
Screen Stars use it—**



You

will find screen stars are right! A daily luxurious Lux Toilet Soap bath makes you sure of daintiness, of skin that's sweet, appealing.

Yours for Loveliness

How to look like April while the calendar still says late Winter, plus two thoughts on perfume

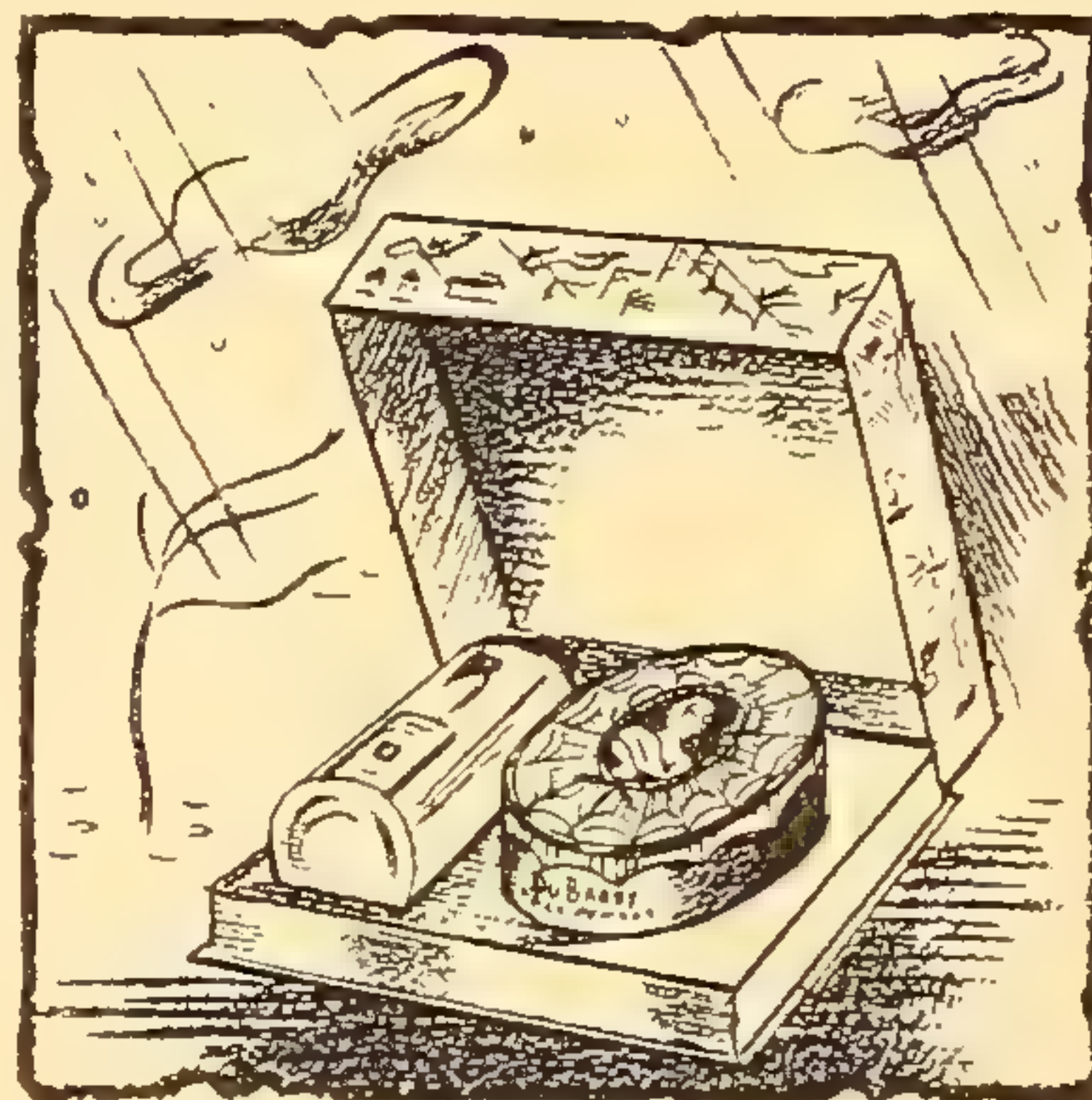


Fascinating Eyes

EYES and mouth are the strong points of interest in every face. And what lipstick does for your mouth, the correct use of mascara can do for your eyes—shape them, accent the color and size and expression. For darker and longer curling lashes form a frame against which color and mood have stronger play. The name Maybelline has long been associated with artistic eye make-up, and a bouquet goes to Maybelline mascara, both the cake and the cream in a tube. These mascaras are harmless, darken and curl lashes, are tear-proof and will not smart. They work magic with lashes. A touch of mascara for the grey or white-haired woman is charming, also.

Stormy Weather

HERE is a scoop! For a time, Richard Hudnut's DuBarry Winter Complexion Duo, consisting of DuBarry Foundation Lotion and DuBarry Face Powder, charmingly boxed as shown, may be had for the usual price of the powder alone. If ever your face needs protection against stormy weather, it is at this season. The splendid lotion will keep skin dewy moist in dry indoor heat and outdoor cold, and the powder needs no praise from me. It is the quintessence of all you could wish in a face powder. The two offer true complexion insurance against the elements and make your skin look lovely at the same time. The box makes a good casual gift or prize and the generous sizes last a long time.



Unforgotten Girl

A DROP of precious perfume does a neat job in immortalizing you in His memory. It's love's oldest lure. And there are two little gems that come to the rescue when the budget is low. They are Blue Waltz and Irresistible, in small containers, yes, but how lovely and how entrancing are the spells they will weave. If love charms do come in brews and bottles, here are two answers. For Valentine's Day, they come in cunningly contrived special packaging, but June or January, the lovely scents, delicate, provocative, mysterious, work their unfailing wonders with the man of your heart. They cost but a song in fives-and-tens.

Sugar and Spice

IF YOU'RE mad about those Early American concoctions of intimate scents by Shulton, then the newest, Early American Old Spice Post Box, is for you. Quaintly boxed, you find toilet water, soap, talcum and a motto sachet, with which gently and persuasively to perfume your missives to your soldier friends in camp. It's a good, old ruse, known to our grandmothers. Keep the sachet with your note paper; use the other contents on you, and see if life doesn't hold some sweet surprises. An assortment of small treasures makes you feel affluent and important, and you get precious ones in this unique post box. It's inexpensive; makes an unusual remembrance.

What Goes On, Should Come Off

IT SHOULD come off your face, at least, and to simplify the coming-off process, try Miner's new Make-Up Removing Cream. It does a whizz of a job. It's smooth, light and fluffy as whipped cream. It takes off a stubborn make-up without rubbing and pulling. It goes for that hard-to-remove eye make-up, that indelible lipstick. It won't smart if it accidentally gets in your eyes, and it leaves your skin so soft and smooth. By these signs, you can guess how very clean it leaves you, too. Pick up a nice, generous jar when next shopping. At ten-cent counters. Business girls, keep a jar in your desk.



They Still Prefer Blondes

MEN are that way. A recent check-up in Hollywood, it is reported, proves there are still more blondes than any other one shade. Appeal and photographic effect! So for girls born to be blonde but whom time has darkened, and for dark beauties who prefer to be blonde, try Nestle Lite, which will lighten hair to the degree you want. It is a safe and simple preparation for home use. It is to be applied to the head after a shampoo, and by testing a strand of your hair in advance, you can be sure of the desired results. The preparation contains oil, is gentle on the hair and altogether seems the answer for home use. Results are truly gratifying. C. M.

Red, White and Blue— and New

Continued from page 58

probably wear plenty of navy. It is a part of Spring and goes well through the warm months ahead. White and more white. Prelude to the popularity, the dash, and the general becomingness of white began in the Winter with the startling white hats worn with dark furs or wool. And red is popping up everywhere, in accents, in complete garments, and on the loveliest faces. The Spring reds are vibrant reds, some with a slightly yellowish cast, echoes of the Pan-American theme, many with just a faint bluish cast that you can match so divinely in a lipstick.

The moral of this is that you must get yourself a new Spring lipstick. And you must get it to match your outfit. Lipsticks are versatile in their new and lovely colors. Perhaps you can find just the one that goes with everything you will be wearing. Lucky girl! But do be careful when you wear red, yellow, beige or the new tanish colors, popularly known as saddle. This group of colors, if the beige is of the warmer rather than the greyish group, will take the warm red lipsticks or perhaps some of the dark, exotic tones with definite brown in them. I refer you to the salesgirl where you go for your purchase. Salesgirls are well trained in make-up harmony, and you can learn much by asking their advice. You may be introduced to a new color, to a combination for yourself that you have never thought of before, and a little inquiry here is often productive of important face facts.

And speaking of color, the first page of this story shows a face, Linda Darnell, that is a wonderful foil for color. With her clear skin, brown hair and definitely brown and beautiful eyes, Linda should actually look lovely in any color, with consideration for her lipstick. For day wear, Linda likes red, blue, rose and yellow. For evening, she prefers black, white, pastel blue and pink.

So far, we have not had much consideration for the pastels, and I believe you will see much blue and pink. These are as perennially Spring as the robin and the crocus. To keep your make-up in harmony with these, there are lovely, muted rose tones, perfect complements. Do not use vivid red with these colors, with the exception of a very light, greenish blue, where the deliberate red is beautiful, either on your lips, your fingers or in a costume accent.

Shown with this story, is also Brenda Marshall, because Brenda is a kind of navy girl. You sense that in the outfit she is wearing and, what is more, even that streamliner perfume she is holding has a red, white and blue container, a sophisticated poker chip affair. Yes, patriotism is not only in our blood but in our beauty. A thousand and one gadgets for your lapel, the tiny cording on your new white gloves, on compacts, on lipsticks, all seeming to sing, "I am an American."

This combination of colors is spirited, and so are many others, of course. It seems to me that for this Spring, you might forsake black as much as possible, though the one good black crêpe is an enduring classic and should be there. But now and then it occurs to me that many of us do not use color as much as we should. We do a good job on our faces, but we get into a rut on other colors. And so your friends grow able to anticipate

KEEP YOUR ACCENT ON YOUTH!

“Win New Loveliness . . . New Youthfulness in your

NEW-BORN-SKIN!” *says Lady Esther*



The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is *constantly* wearing out—drying—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—*always* crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!



Yes! It's really true . . . You are getting a beautiful New-Born Skin. Yes, under your present skin a Brand New Skin is coming to life. Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help your New-Born Skin to keep its promise of appealing freshness and youth.

IT SEEMS a miracle too wonderful to believe, but at this very moment, under your present skin . . . a New-Born Skin is flowering . . . growing, gradually replacing your worn-out surface skin which flakes away in tiny little particles.

Will your New-Born Skin really flatter you? Will it help you look younger? The answer is “Yes!”, says Lady Esther. “Yes . . . if you will care for it properly with my 4-Purpose Face Cream.”

Don't let the dry flakes of your old surface skin imprison the beauty of your New-Born Skin. My 4-Purpose Face Cream gently permeates those drab flakes . . . the surface impurities and dirt. It helps you whisk them away . . . so your New-Born Skin may appear at its clearest and at its best. And to do this . . . all you need is *one* cream. Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream.

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Does he suggest that you feed your skin from the outside? Will he recommend astringents, or skin foods, or tissue creams? Lady Esther believes he will not . . . for it stands to reason that any cream that can fill the pores can be harmful to the skin. But ask him if my cream doesn't help your skin because it loosens the dry little flakes and surface impurities . . . really cleanses your skin. Ask your doctor if every last word that Lady Esther says isn't *true!*

So try my 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. Use no other cream for a full month. Let my cream give you complete beauty care. Let your New-Born Skin come to light in all its glory. Use my cream particularly before you powder, for, after wiping away Lady Esther cream, your skin is in perfect condition to receive powder. Use just enough powder to protect your skin from dust—and see if your skin doesn't appear lovelier and more opalescent—smoother, more radiant—with a look that really spells beauty!

SAMPLE TUBE AT MY EXPENSE

LADY ESTHER,
7162 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (65)
Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

USE "Sub-Deb"

avoid
Lipstick
Parching



There's nothing smart or attractive about lips rough and chapped from "Lipstick Parching."

That's why every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick contains an added ingredient to help keep your lips adorably smooth as satin. Coty "Sub-Deb" gives you not only exciting color... but also valuable protection against parching. Try Coty "Sub-Deb," and soon you'll be telling others of its blessed magic. \$1.00 or 50¢.

New Shades

4 OF THE 9 EXCITING SHADES

Gitane smart and dashing "gipsy" shade
"Magnet Red" a dramatic red red
Dahlia a flower-soft red...very young
Tamale new "Latin-American" shade

COTY

just about what you will have this Spring even better than you, before you get it. Surprise them. Give them a pleasant jolt. It is good for them, better for you. It keeps you from being typed. Experimenting will expand your personality, funny as that may seem. Wear something you've never worn before, and see if you don't feel rather new and interesting to yourself. When you do that, never worry about your impression on others. It will more than make the grade.

As to the colors you do choose, skin tone above all should be your guide. Regardless of hair and eye color, if your skin is clear and fresh, you can truly wear almost any color if you will harmonize your trace of rouge and your much lipstick to the costume. For example, don't try a brown frock with a pink lipstick, and don't wear a soft rosy lipstick with a flamboyantly red frock. But back to skin again. For Spring, you can certainly wear a more radiant shade of powder and perhaps a slightly lighter shade than you have worn in Winter. You need this new look of freshness, and it is surprising what even the faintest difference in powder tone can work on your face. I have always leaned toward the powders with a faint touch of "alive" color, usually of a pinkish or peachy cast. They will add more life and vivaciousness than the dead tones, make you look younger, if you need this, make you look healthier and far more alive.

Anna Neagle, now to be seen in "No, No, Nanette," says, "Variety is the first

principle of American design, the reason why American clothes always look young, colorful, gay." So follow this "variety" thought in all your personal adornment and toss old inhibitions overboard. Miss Neagle further elaborates on the girls with a passion for some particular style, but still urges imagination and variety in whatever this happens to be. She, for instance, feels a particular love for boleros, and so she gets three in "No, No, Nanette," as you will see.

I think we might carry the "variety" theme also to our hair, as well as hats. Everyone is still talking pompadours, but you could fill a room full of pompadours and have everyone different. Just see that your own has one different twist or curl somewhere to distinguish it from the herd. This is exactly what makes style—the small points that are different with the whole adhering to the big outline of fashion, like skirt lengths and shoulder widths, and so on.

So this Spring, wake up and find yourself in a new color. Decide upon a theme for your outfit, the red, white and blue the Pan-American way, a sophisticated Paris in the Spring effect, or whatever seems to be in good fashion, but don't be nondescript. You should, in this case, hang together. Give your whole person careful consideration, your face, your clothes, your nail lacquer and your perfume. Coordinate them as best you can. It really takes more thought than money, but it can be done—and done in style and spirit!



Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, those daffy comedians who are starring in "Buck Privates," first screen comedy about the army draft conscriptees, do a little harmonizing for Dorothy Darrell, the cute little number who appears in the film with them.



Table for one

Neglected wives are often guilty of
"ONE NEGLECT"
 that may destroy romance . . .
"LYSOL" helps prevent this risk!

IT WAS to have been a very special occasion. She wore her prettiest frock—chose his favorite dishes—and then came his familiar phone call, "detained at the office". And so she dined *alone*—and unhappy—as she does so often these days.

Once he was the most gallant and attentive of husbands. Can it be that he simply doesn't care for her any more? Friends applaud her beauty, grace and charm. Her home and children testify to her success as a housewife and mother. What's wrong?

When a husband's love cools, the cause, say some doctors and psychiatrists, is often the wife's carelessness about feminine hygiene. The intelligent, modern woman uses "Lysol" for this important habit of personal cleanliness.

You ought to use "Lysol" in your routine

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low surface tension; virtually *search out germs*. **4. Economy** . . . Small bottle of "Lysol" makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. **5. Odor** . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use. **6. Stability** . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, or how often it might be left uncorked.



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Laurence Olivier and his wife, Vivien Leigh, pictured on board the ship which took them back to England, where they hope to be of service to their country.

Date with Destiny

Continued from page 57

and snug as a bug in a rug. "On a day like this," said Vivien, "we certainly need a little sherry." As Leonard opened the butler's pantry door, in answer to Vivien's ring, I got a heavenly whiff of chocolate. I don't think Vivien will ever get enough chocolate.

It was the Christmas tree that got me down. When I saw the Star of Bethlehem I suddenly wanted to cry. How could these two young people so terribly much in love, and right at the peak of their careers, bear to leave the safety and comfort of this fireside for a future that could hold so much danger and despair! But if I thought I could sob over Vivien Leigh I could just help myself to another thought. You don't sob over Vivien and Larry. They aren't that kind. They do not dramatize their souls.

Before I could let the floodgates down Vivien hastily showed me an exquisite friendship ring that George Cukor and Garson Kanin had given her. And a little china nest of mice that Katharine Hepburn had sent her. I believe of all the people Vivien has met in Hollywood she likes George and Gar and Katharine best.

"We are going back to England because we want to go back to England," Vivien said. There was quite a bit of confusion while Jupiter, a frisky sheepdog that simply worships Larry, joined the fireside group, to Tom's disgust. "It's as simple as that. We've been wanting to go for a long time."

I did not have to ask why, if they wanted to go, they had not gone before. I knew. Vivien and Larry are not wealthy. Vivien has never been in what is called "big money." Practically everyone connected with "Gone With the Wind" made more out of it than she did. Since his sensational success as the dour *Heathcliff* in "Wuthering Heights" Larry has been able to command a big salary, but big or little, it is all the same to Mr. Olivier when the thea-

ter is concerned. He's just slap-happy when it comes to the theater. Twice in England he put every shilling he could get his hands on into the production of "The Ringmaster" and "Golden Arrow," two worthy, intelligent plays, but flops. So when he decided to produce, direct, and act in "Romeo and Juliet" last summer, a goodly bit of the Olivier bank account went into the production. Shakespeare, unfortunately, rarely pays off.

Now, both Larry and Vivien have family responsibilities. Besides, they have assumed the upkeep of several war orphans, little refugees in Canada. And they have sent thousands and thousands of dollars to England. When he decided that it was his duty to return to England to fight for his country Larry was especially concerned over his young son, Simon, who is now with his mother, the first Mrs. Olivier, in New York. "After his lavish production of 'Romeo and Juliet' Larry was pretty well strapped," a close friend of his told me. "He wanted his son to be well provided for, and he knew that once he joined the army there would be no more income. So, although he wanted to go to England early last fall, he and Vivien decided to come back to Hollywood and make another picture. No matter what happens to Larry now, his child will have a start in life."

Larry is a sentimentalist, but only to himself. He would never have told me this, never in a million years.

"We will take either the Clipper, or a boat from some eastern port, depending on what reservations we can get," Vivien continued, as she soothed Tom's ruffled feelings. "When we reach England Larry will join the Royal Air Force, if they will have him. He has been spending all his spare time for months taking flying lessons and he has a hundred and fifty hours in the air—but naturally he is not an experienced pilot and the R.A.F. may not want him. In that case he will join any branch of the service he is permitted to join. I hope to get a part in a play," Vivien continued, "and tour all the towns in England—the way I did before I started in pictures. Of course I shall want to be near Larry whenever possible."

International

Vivien knows her England. She knows that no matter how fast and furiously the Nazis drop their bombs the British, quite unexcited about it all, will continue to see relaxation and entertainment in the theater just as they've always done, ever since there was an England.

"When the war is over," she said softly, "Larry and I hope to found a theater in London. Just imagine, our own theater. Where we can produce plays, and act in them, to our hearts' content. That has been our ambition for a long time."

The object of Jupey's affections, and incidentally of Vivien's, made his entrance then, looking all dampish and pink-cheeked from the rain. (And really, girls, he's much more attractive than Charles Boyer!) The dentist, he said, had been kind. "He said my wife should love me more," said Larry, giving Vivien a big hearty smack right on the lips. With Larry teasing, Jupey yapping, and Tom complaining, we all piled into luncheon. I always wish that people who think that Larry is brooding, turgid, and arrogant (simply because they have seen him as *Heathcliff*, *Max de Winter*, and *Philip Darcy*) could see him when he goes on one of his nutty rampages. He is no more like *Heathcliff* than Vivien is like *Scarlett O'Hara*.

The luncheon proceeded gaily enough with Larry telling, in slightly off-color detail, of his encounter with his doctor the day before, while Vivien just sat and stared at him in ecstatic happiness. The dessert was a chocolate soufflé, just as I had suspected, and the Oliviers, who are not what my old nurse would have called "dainty eaters," had two helpings, covered with cream. "Leonard," said Vivien as she helped herself a second time, "ask the cook if she thinks I can learn to make this before we leave." Larry topped off the dessert with a generous slab of cheese and crackers, and Vivien dove into a box of chocolates. I shall never smell chocolate that I don't think of Vivien—and I'm sure as number one chocolate lover she won't mind at all.

With the rain splashing on them Larry and Vivien came out on the little porch outside the front door to wave goodbye to me. A very undemonstrative goodbye: "I'll write you," Vivien called. And except for that there was no intimation that it might be months, maybe years, before we ever saw each other again.

As my car slipped down the driveway



Above, Vivien Leigh makes her first appearance on the screen as an old lady in rôle of EMMA HAMILTON in "That Hamilton Woman!"

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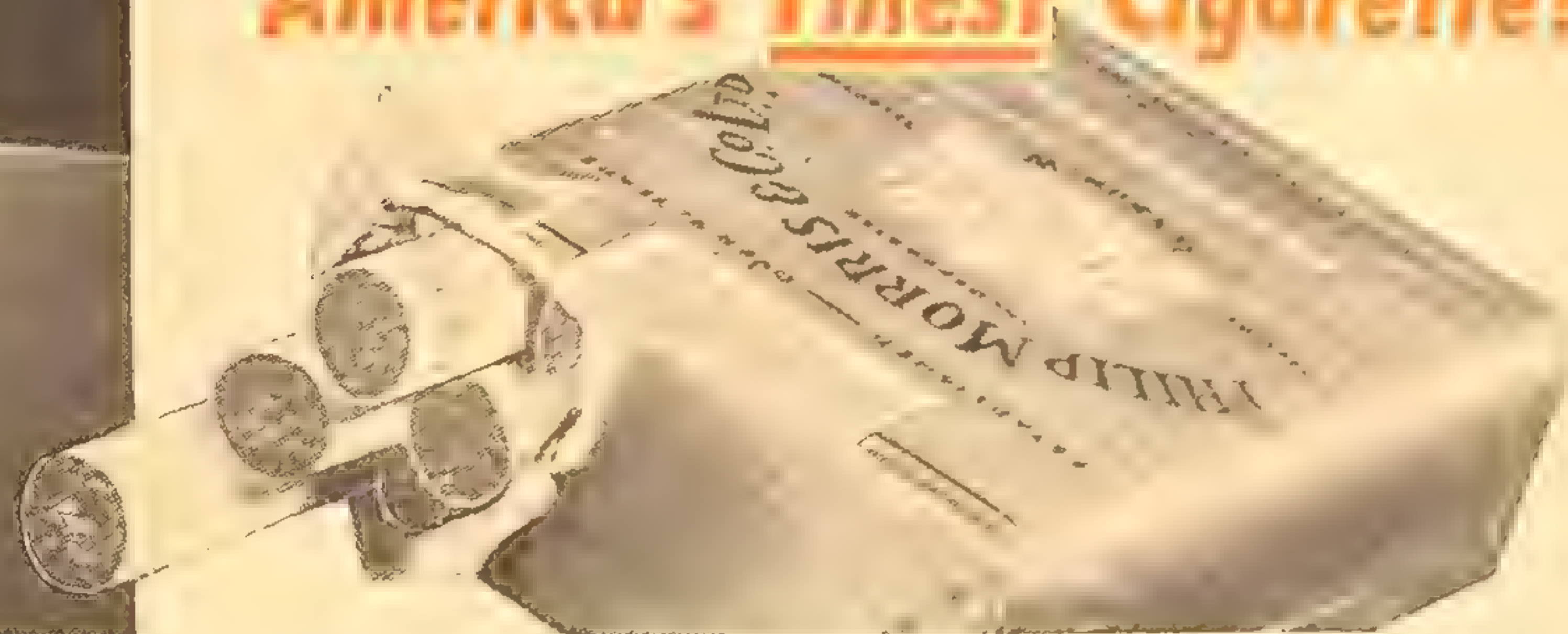
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my eyes became more misty than the wind-shield. Now that I was away from Vivien and Larry I might be permitted just one little sob. What a couple of honest, courageous kids they really are! Now, right at the top of their profession, and with their matrimonial problems settled, they should be the happiest people in captivity. Every producer in Hollywood has been trying to make them sign contracts calling for fabulous sums of money—why, they could stay here and work hard and in a few years become two of the richest people on the West Coast! Already Larry's fan mail has exceeded that of Cary Grant. And since the success of "Waterloo Bridge" Metro would give Leo's eye-teeth to get Vivien back for another picture. It is easy enough to go away from nothing. But the Oliviers are going away from *everything* they have worked hard to obtain. Theirs is a real sacrifice.

And it isn't that Larry had to go. No one is forcing him to go back to England, no one is embarrassing him into going. The late Lord Lothian, the British Ambassador at Washington, is said to have informed the British actors in Hollywood that their money is more to be desired than their persons. But Larry has an idea that a man should fight for the country he loves. He loves England, he was born there, it is his home. He feels that it is his *duty* to fight for England. And when Larry gets an idea about his duty he becomes as hardheaded and stubborn as John Bull himself, and nothing can change him, come hell and high-water. Never once have I heard him criticise other British actors who lie stretched out in the sunshine by the side of their swimming pools listening to the latest war news from Britain. Whether they are right, or wrong, in staying safely in America during their country's travail, but sending money-of-course, is not of the

least concern to Laurence Olivier. His only concern is his own conscience. And his conscience tells him that it is his duty to fight for the land that gave him birth. Trying to talk him out of it is just like trying to blow up the Rock of Gibraltar with a firecracker.

And for that matter no one is forcing Vivien Leigh to return to England, either. She too could stay safely in Hollywood, knit helmets, and, like the other British actresses, send generous checks every month to the British Relief. But Vivien

will go where Larry goes. With her, love is like that.

They aren't afraid of Nazi bombs, those two. When they arrive in London they will not run for shelter when they hear that banshee wail of an air raid siren. Vivien and Larry are fatalists. Just like thousands of English already in London. No, they are not afraid of Hitler himself in a bomber—but what they fear more than anything else in the world is that newspaper writers and fan magazine writers like me will write sob stories about them.



This scene from Alexander Korda's new film, "That Hamilton Woman!" shows how the beautiful LADY HAMILTON (Vivien Leigh) has changed into a pathetic crone of the streets, and Heather Angel as the street harpy who tries to help her.

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PHILADELPHIA • SAN FRANCISCO

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 13

say: 'Please excuse me!' and go for a run in the garden and come back for more.

"She is always thrilled when she's finished a picture now, because that means she can eat again. 'Oh, Mommy,' she'll say; 'WHY don't they like fat people? How I HATE diets! But diet she must before every picture. No sweets—and how she loves them!'

"But I love apples too, Mommy," objected Maureen, "and little as I know about cooking, I *can* make Apple Custard. It's delicious. You core your apples and fill the hole with sugar, then cover the whole apple with thick custard and bake until the apple is yummy. Mommy likes to fix her apples with butter and brown sugar and a clove stuck in each, with a drop of water in the dish to make a syrup."

Mrs. O'Hara laughed, a lilting Irish laugh. "The children—I have six children—had a nurse, Mary, at home in Ireland, and she began every morning with the question: 'What shall I feed those young-uns today?' Then she'd make up something-the-other and give it a fancy name:—gooseberry-de-fool, if she was using gooseberries, or apple-O'Hara, or anything that occurred to her. She was the experimenting type."

"Mommy herself cooks by guess and by golly," put in Maureen, demurely. "She hadn't done much cooking before we came to this country, but no one here seems to know what I mean about home dishes, so when she's particularly pleased with me, she takes a hand at the stove. Her Irish stew is my favorite meal. Tell Betty about that."

Mrs. O'Hara complied: "You take a breast of mutton. At home we call it 'lap of mutton,' and when I asked for it nobody here knew what I could be meaning. So I went back of the counter and showed the butcher and he told me you call it 'breast of mutton' or 'breast of lamb.' Whatever the name is, you cut it up.

"You take an iron kettle and line it with sliced potatoes; then comes a layer of sliced onions; then a layer of mutton, salt and pepper. Then potatoes, onions, and mutton in layers until the kettle is pretty well filled. Add water to about three-quarters full and let it simmer on the stove for a long time; stirring occasionally. When the potatoes go all messy, or pulpy it's about done. It's cold at home and a good hot dish like this is needed, but Maureen's friends here like it as much as we do. That's why she's serving it tonight. We'll be having fruit cocktail first and then this shamrock salad." Maureen insisted on my seeing the table, set for her Irish party with green candlesticks, pink candles, and the shamrock salad.

"You can't make a truly pretty salad unless you get large full green peppers with deep indentations," Maureen informed me. "The peppers are sliced across, making a shamrock of green, after they have been stuffed with cottage cheese, then a pecan is set in the middle of each salad."

"I shan't be able to eat desserts until my picture is finished," she sighed, "and I simply can't bear to hear Mommy talk about her grand rich food. So let me put on the records of my picture 'They Met in Argentina' while you listen to her."

The Irish beauty drifted back to the living room and presently the music came to us, a baritone voice singing:

"I'm never sure of you—"

And that's the lure of you—"

"Another good cold weather dish is Stuffed Hearts," went on Mrs. O'Hara. "Come into the kitchen while I stir up my sponge cake, and I'll tell you about it."

"You buy those tiny lamb hearts and have the butcher squeeze them out. Wash them well and stuff your dressing into the small holes, stitching them up with needle and thread. I make my dressing of potatoes—whatever you have on hand from the



Above, Maureen O'Hara performing one of her favorite chores—fishing out the leaves from the swimming pool. Maureen admits she likes doing this better than cooking.

SCREENLAND



Grace Lenard has been dividing her time between stage and screen, but we've been hoping the movie producers would soon find enough rôles worthy of her beauty and talent to keep her in Hollywood permanently.

day before—bread crumbs, onion, butter, an egg, pepper and salt. You roll the hearts in buttered paper and put them in a pan; bake them for an hour, then take off the paper, raise the oven fire and brown them."

The sponge cake turned out to be as light as down. Here's the recipe.

SPONGE CAKE

½ cup sugar
¼ lb. butter
2 cups Swansdown flour
1 teaspoon Royal baking powder
3 eggs

Cream butter and sugar, then alternately add sifted flour, to which the baking powder has been added, and beaten eggs.

"I'll be serving the cake with the top lifted off, a filling of vanilla ice cream, then the top put back and a covering of chocolate sauce," she explained.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE

Melt in the top of a double boiler 1 cup sugar, 3 squares of Baker's chocolate (grated), 1 tablespoon cornstarch, salt, 1 cup water. Stir and cook until thick and add 1 teaspoon vanilla.

"Americans don't seem to go in for milk puddings, but at home we have them all the time," observed Mrs. O'Hara. "What's more delicious than a rice pudding? I use the large rice in a deep pie dish, cover it with nuts of butter, add my sugar and fill the dish with milk, dashing nutmeg over the top. Then I let it bake.

"All my children are fond of milk puddings, but Custard Bread is their favorite."

CUSTARD BREAD

Take three pie pans. In one place sweet milk mixed with 1 teaspoon of powdered sugar; in the second 4 well-beaten eggs; in the third sifted brown sugar. Cut 12 slices of stale bread, dip first in the milk, then in the beaten eggs, roll in the brown sugar and fry a nice brown in butter. Sprinkle with powdered sugar, serve with orange sauce.

ORANGE SAUCE

Mix 2 teaspoons Kingsford's cornstarch with 1 cup sugar; place in a saucepan, add 2 cups boiling water and stir in the grated rind and juice of 1 orange and 1½ tablespoons butter. Serve hot.

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Courtney Marvin

(Beauty Editor) says—

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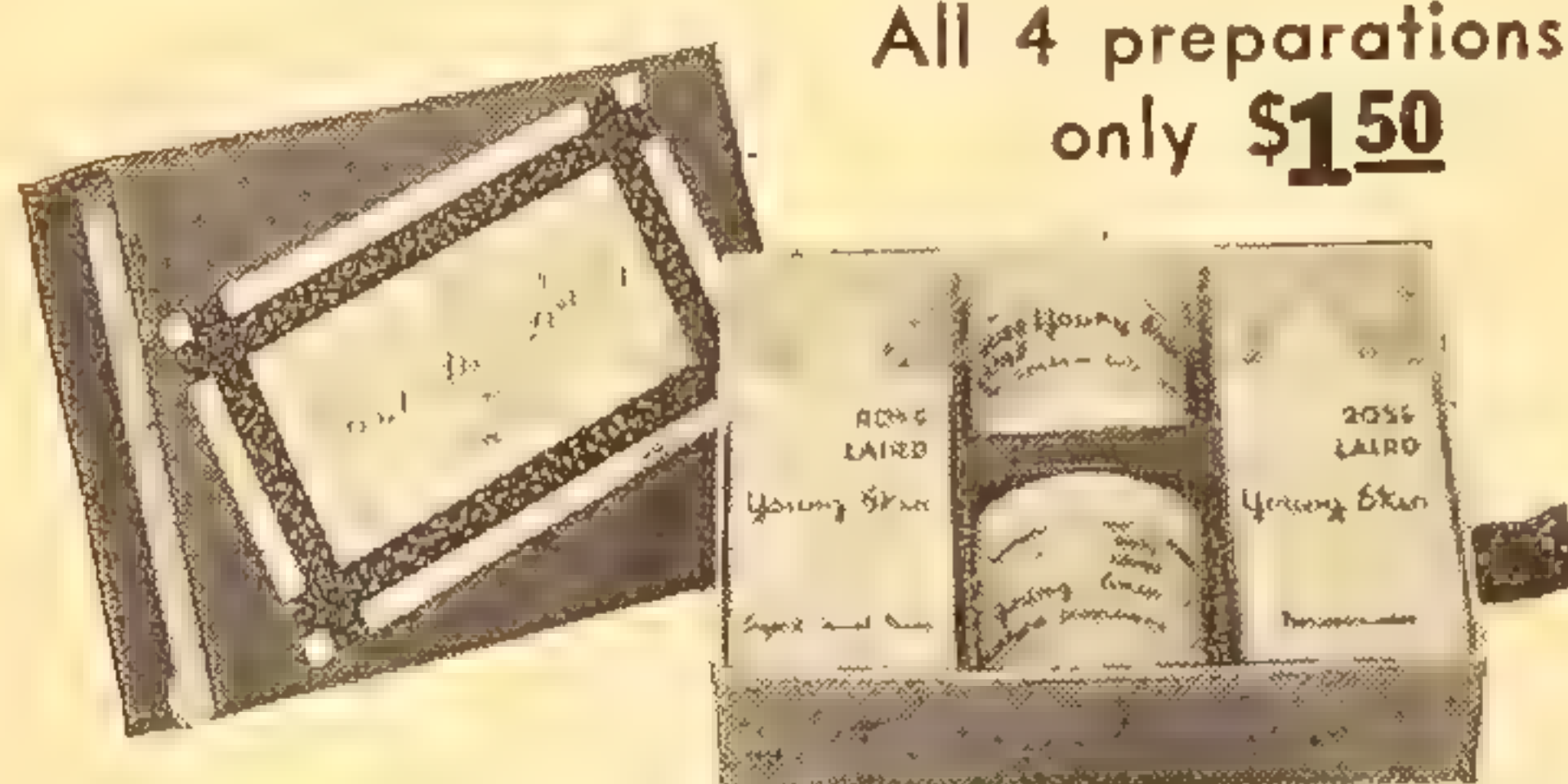
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Your Guide at a Glance to Best Pictures

Continued from pages 52-53

"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR"

the eye with his sly comedy; Miss Martin vocally and visually alluring—but as usual, it's Eddie Anderson as Rochester, world's foremost valet, who ambles away with most of the acting honors. High spot is the clever dusky entertainer's chat with his "conscience," though all his scenes are hilarious. Credit to Benny for his Columbus act in discovering and developing Rochester until he steals Benny's pictures.

"COMRADE X"

CRITICISM: Practically none at all, once you accept the fact that here is an out-and-out belly-laugh show—not to be taken seriously, and who wants to?

ACTING: Surprise is Hedy Lamarr in her first comedy rôle, and she's sensational. Beautiful but no longer dumb, Hedy is entirely captivating as the naïvely idealistic little heroine, and she'll win more fans in one swoop with this film than ever before. Gable is especially good—but it is fine character actor Felix Bressart, as Hedy's wacky father, who will delight you most. Sokoloff, also, is excellent.

"NIGHT TRAIN"

the British film studios. Here are no "stars," here are fine, intelligent players more concerned with characterizations than closeups—thanks either to their own intelligence or their director's, but we suspect a bit of both. From the leads, Miss Lockwood and Mr. Harrison, down to the most obscure extra, they are superb, and if there were space we'd like to list every one of them.

"KITTY FOYLE"

still not permitted to face the hard facts of life though the stage, the radio, and the public libraries have long since learned 'em.

ACTING: Ginger Rogers is wonderful as *Kitty*—when are people going to wake up and give this actress the praise she deserves—say an Oscar or two? Just because she was once a dancing girl doesn't mean she can't be the screen's little Duse today. For our money, she is. Dennis Morgan is excellent as the irresistible *Wyn Trafford*, that weak but totally charming character.

"CHAD HANNA"

Chad without half-trying, but you'll find him sympathetic and appealing, in a part he was born to play. Linda Darnell does her most believable acting job to date in a rôle which does not, for a wonder, encourage her to look her most beautiful in every scene. Sometimes she can't help it, though. Dorothy Lamour plays second fiddle but manages to smolder some. Jane Darwell, Guy Kibbee, good.

"FLIGHT FROM DESTINY"

ACTING: Thomas Mitchell again! Last month or so a lusty sailor; here a kindly professor; what next? Well, he can play anything, and still be the screen's finest all-round actor. Mona Maris as the unscrupulous woman he wipes out is not only alluring but arresting—hers is a very clever performance. Jeffrey Lynn, Geraldine Fitzgerald and James Stephenson are good, but Mitchell and Maris share the show.

"I Hate Your Face!"

Continued from page 34

he went to New Rochelle to pose for Leyendecker. He was not only a collar man, he also posed as Cleopatra and Santa Claus, appropriately upholstered in each case.

For the record, Donlevy can give Errol Flynn a run for his title of Soldier of Fortune. True, Mr. Flynn has sailed the seven seas, as well as marrying Lili Damita, which stacks up romantically, but let us look into the less ballyhooed Irishman

from Paramount. At fourteen he was a stowaway member of General Pershing's punitive expedition into Mexico. At fifteen he enlisted in the famous Lafayette Escadrille, upping his age to get by. At sixteen he was a student flyer in France, but he sneaked in a little combat work on the side. At seventeen he was a sergeant pilot, spending two years doing patrol duty and pursuit work, wounded twice, once in the head, once in the leg. He doesn't like to

talk about his war record; thinks it dates him. Why he should worry, nearing forty, is hard to determine, with Herbert Marshall, Bill Powell and Ronald Colman all in there pitching woo, birthdays or no.

After the war he won an assignment to Annapolis, but when he learned that he would have to devote four years to sea duty before being eligible for the flying branch of the service, he bailed out. He was at the Naval Academy long enough to get interested in theatricals. When he gave up the brass button career he headed for Manhattan to crash the stage. The stage would have none of him, which leads us to the Leyendecker studio in New Rochelle, approximately where we came in.

Mrs. Donlevy was a charming red-headed intermediary at our meeting, moving softly about with, first aid beverages and light banter, answering the phone, warding off persistent guests, and adding details when Brian became forgetful or cautious.

"He really isn't a bad guy," she claims. "He is easy to handle, not at all temperamental except when he's starting a picture with a strange director—that always worries him. He's a quick study, eats anything that's placed before him, sleeps nine hours a day, and likes horses."

As Marjorie Lane (no relation to those sisters) Mrs. Donlevy decorated the M-G-M roster for two years without so much as batting a mascaraed eyelash in a Fitzpatrick travel-talk. No one paid any attention to her; said she looked too much like Bette Davis and Anne Shirley. "But I was in good company while I was ignored," she says. "Deanna Durbin and Fred Astaire were idle at M-G-M with me."

The Donlevys live simply, but not simply like most actors. They really live simply. A single maid serves as cook and general factotum. A station wagon and a Packard constitute their world on wheels. "I drive the Packard," confided Mrs. D.

The road to Hollywood was just as pebbly for Brian as it is for most people. He did a handful of shows on Broadway, usually with prizefight backgrounds—things like "Ringside," "Milky Way," and "Three-Cornered Moon." But when he was waiting for his chance in New York he came as close to starving as he ever expects. "I didn't eat for two days. Doesn't sound bad, but try it. A friend let me have his room in the Village while he was away, and staked me to food. Then Louis Wolheim wangled a bit for me in 'What Price Glory' and I was started."

He scored in his first picture, "Barbary Coast," and went on running saloons indefinitely. The only chance he had to go straight was in a string of B's for Twentieth Century-Fox until "The Great McGinty" gave him his big chance. Now he's a "goody" in "I Wanted Wings."

Donlevy has had his share of bad luck in pictures. Not the B's. He knows you can't make big budget features all the time. His bad luck has taken the form of physical injury. He has been a delight to press agents, being stabbed, battered, blinded and gouged during the progress of four different pictures. In "In Old Chicago" he was hit by a falling swinging lamp in one of the brawl scenes; in a minor airplane melter called "Crackup" Peter Lorre was supposed to throw acid in his eyes, but the property man missed the cue and tossed some high powered makeup in his eyes before he could close them. Result: Donlevy was blind for two days.

His worst casualty occurred during the filming of "Beau Geste," his favorite picture. He was stabbed by an over-enthusiastic extra with the business end of a bayonet.

"As I went down I thought of Marge and the insurance and how sorry I was to leave this world. It was bad. We were out

*Ilona Massey, star of "New Wine", a Korda Production, and Alan Curtis. Want lovely, soft hands? Then use Jergens Lotion!



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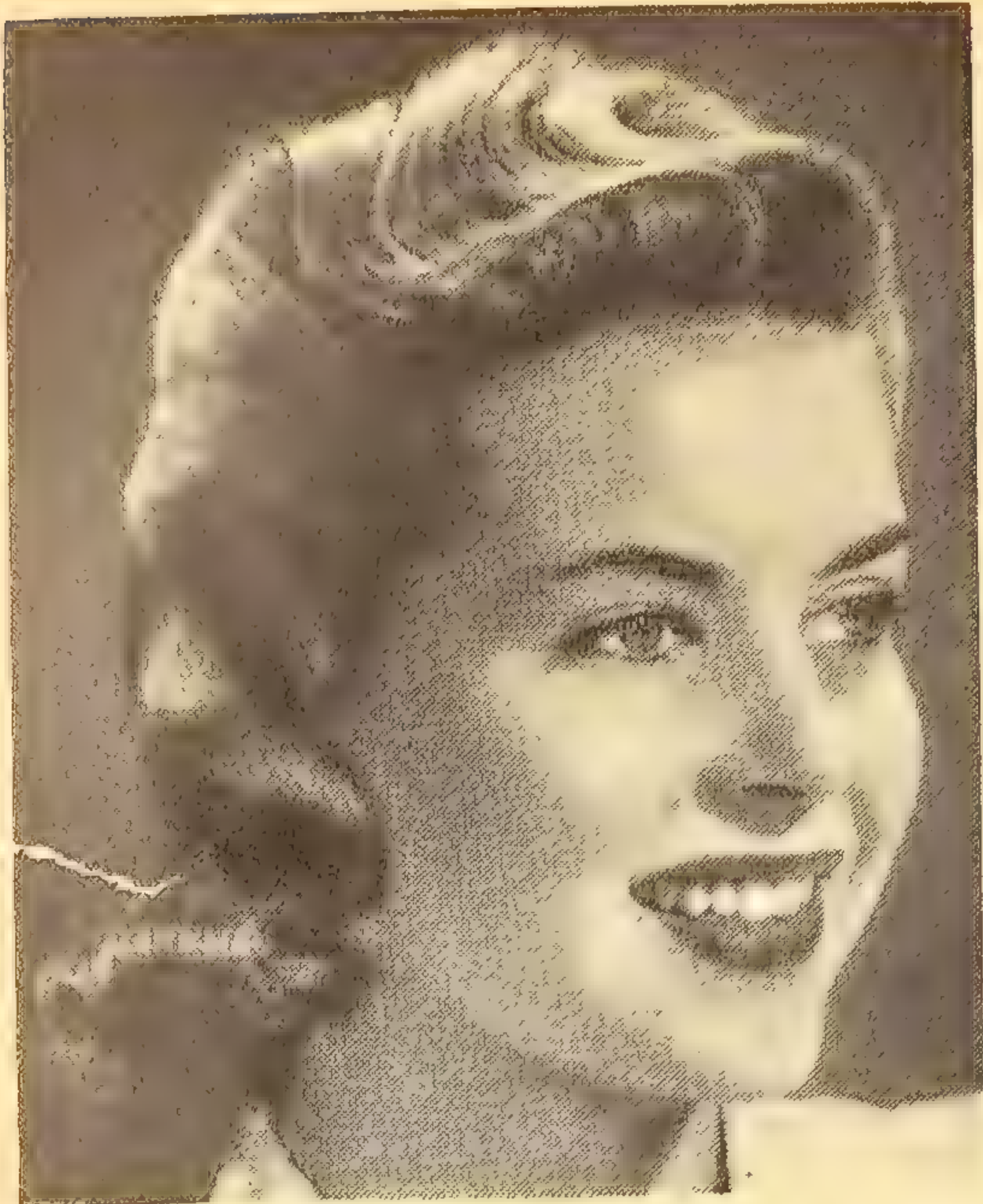
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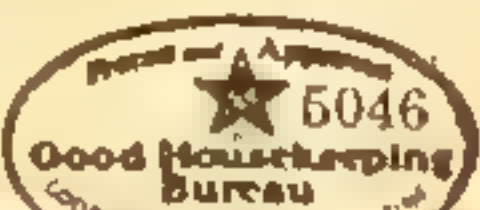
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in the desert, miles from nowhere. I'll always be eternally grateful to Al Dekker; he dashed off a couple of miles across desert to camp, located a bottle of Scotch, and brought me a drink that tasted sweeter than nectar. I think it saved my life!" He grinned, but he meant it.

There is a canny business streak in the Donlevy make-up. He makes periodic trips through the wilderness to see exhibitors, meet their wives, hand lollipops to their children, and otherwise approximate the antics of a presidential candidate on tour. He had only recently concluded a jaunt, by air, that covered eight cities in five states, six days traveling time. From effete Portland, Oregon, he penetrated the fastnesses of Billings, Montana, and Freehold, Nebraska, breezing through Cleveland and Chicago to Washington, Philadelphia, and New York.

In Seattle he enjoyed an interview between flights, in his hotel room. "I didn't have time to go to the radio station," he said, "so this chap came up with mike and recording set, trailing me round the room while I packed. Then he planned to play the waxing on the regular interview hour. I'm sorry I couldn't hear it."

In addition to life insurance, Donlevy has interests in a couple of gold mines, which eases his mind. "It's a nice clean way of getting money without hurting the other fellow," he thinks. "You dig it out of the ground, sell it, and add to the world's wealth. I like that. Nobody's heart being cut out to make you a little dough."

He could be Jim Cagney's big brother. Besides being notably Irish, he has the Cagney diffidence. Gee, he has nothing special to say. Honestly, there's not much he's done. How about a round on the house?

If Brian Donlevy can get out of that gold-rush saloon for good—away from that dance-hall siren with the spangled dress, he may turn into a real two-fisted leading man. For my money he could lick Tyrone Power, Robert Taylor and Don Ameche in the same afternoon.

Canny Kyser

Continued from page 51

Waldorf waiter. Corner him in an unguarded moment and ask him not too bluntly if he is married to Ginny and he will reply in the negative. Pause for an elaboration of his simple declarative and you might hear him add: "But I wouldn't be interested in marrying anyone else."

No one, not even the chief operatives of the gossip columnists, has ever seen Kay the least bit endearing toward the girl. No one has ever flashed the news over the wires to anxious editorial copy desks that Kay and Ginny have been caught holding hands. Yet there is a telltale sign of his affection for her, if you're observant. You will note that his eyes follow her, and the expression in them is not one of a boss checking up on an employee.

Some of the boys who make a good business wrapping gossip up in type insist Kay and Ginny have long been Mr. and Mrs. Others insist it isn't so. To this day the Broadway historians don't know whether to headline their guesses: "That's Right, You're Wrong" or "That's Wrong, You're Right." Buzzing along on the theme of the Professor's cinematic life, the cagier of them play safe by subheading the whole business: "You'll Find Out."

Yes, he's a canny one, is Kay. That's really why he's riding the top wave of popularity in this new year of our Franklin. Talk plenty, talk differently, if possible, but keep mum on the special things the public is panting to know.

Kay has a disarming way of talking about his own romantic predilections or purposes, if any. You know what he says—without a trace of self-pity? Self-pity? He undoubtedly has his tongue placed squarely in his cheek. Anyway, you know what he says? Listen: "No one wants to see a guy like me making love to anybody. I haven't



This scene from the screen version of George Bernard Shaw's "Major Barbara" shows Wendy Hiller, who plays a Salvation Army lass, and Rex Harrison, who plays the whimsical philosophic professor who adopts the Salvation Army creed in order to be near her.



Lovely Lynn Bari's next picture is "Charter Pilot," romantic adventure thriller in which she shares leading honors with Lloyd Nolan.

the face or figure for it. I'd be a sorry spectacle!"

Such a remark has the stamp of self-depreciation. But don't let it fool you. There are plenty of men in Hollywood who, possessing neither face nor figure, are doing all right. With his five-feet nine, his 130 pounds, his spectacles, his ash-blond hair (he doesn't mention his nice bandleader teeth, his friendliness of manner, his energy) it is Kay's happy boast that no one ever mistakes him for a glamor boy. It is true that when he alights at La Guardia Field with the beautiful Ginny people look right beyond him—to her. At the same time, however, they are not forgetful that the fellow with Ginny continues to be the most prosperous academician of hey-hey.

While Kay dishes up the rhythmic lessons, Ginny ladles out the feminine appeal. She was the feminine appeal with the band in its two pictures, though she has not the rapt enthusiasm for the screen that is Kyser's. She is content, it would seem, to sing simple sentimental songs in a low, soothing voice, dressed in striking costumes, embellished with ornaments from grandmother's treasure box. The girl, my dear Schiaparelli, has a fine flair for arresting dress.

It was the old Professor who shortened Miss Simms' name from Virginia to Ginny after he had engaged her for the band. Southerners often contract Virginia to Ginny. But it was more a sense of showmanship than an old Southern custom that caused Kay to shorten her name—the same sense of showmanship that urged him to drop his full name of James K. Kyser and become first K. and then Kay Kyser. "Ginny," like "Kay," has a box-office click. "Virginia Simms" would sound fussy, crinolinish. But "Ginny"—that's a name that suggests glamor *a la* Dixie.

Kay, despite his present rank as the golden boy of jazzola, is consistent in his spurning of a romantic halo. Is it really because he has achieved a reputation as a comedian? Probably. He says he prefers to amuse people rather than make them sigh. Again his caniness. He has seen every picture, he says, in which a band has appeared and he's convinced that the romantic appeal of Gable or Olivier is not endangered by any man who brandishes a baton for a living. It depends who is doing the brandishing. Now take Leopold Stokowski! He—well, that's another story.

To Kay Kyser, oomph is something that comes out of the large end of a horn in an Elks parade. Its biological, or Hollywood, aspect is something about which he professes to know a great deal of nothing.

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Not for all the tobacco in North Carolina would he change his story. He's as sure he's right as a man can be. His conviction is based upon the cold, merciless revelation of the camera. He has looked, he says, and found it wanting Great Lovers among band-leaders.

"They may be romantic. They may even look romantic when the lights are dimmed and they're turning the heat up a bit on Grieg and Rimsky-Korsakoff, and the disillusioning waiter with the check is a good two hours away. But they can't *act* romantic. They're merely the instruments, the gods out of the machine through which their listeners act romantic.

"If a bandleader could act romantic he wouldn't be a bandleader. He'd be an actor. He can't act romantic because he is too familiar with the tricks, the agents that create a magic spell. He can turn on a magic spell merely by coaxing the *Moonlight Sonata* through the clarinets. He can turn it off just as quickly by a serving of boogie-woogie. How can a man act romantic who turns a music rack from *Moonlight Sonata* to *Beat Me, Daddy, Eight to the Bar?*"

The bandleader who is still known to his mother as James, though the whole wide world calls him Kay, is in pictures up to his eye-glasses in spite of the lack, for him, of romantic opportunity. He's in them for the fun and the money. He can also be himself, even though he's surrounded by Karloffs and Lugosis and Lorres on the one hand and eye-filling honeys on the other. Being himself, he is sticking to his big horns to get his oomph.

The Professor has some decided notions upon his particular niche in movieland. For one thing, there will never be a rags-to-riches theme for him and the boys. They will not start out in a broken-down flivver and by some lucky stroke (it almost came out "strike") suddenly become famous over night.

"There's nothing worse," says Kay, "than putting a band into a picture unless there's some logical reason for doing it. I consented to go to Hollywood only upon the condition that there would be a legitimate excuse for the band's appearance and that the cast be a good one. I was not disappointed. A good excuse was provided for the band, and I was honored to know that my scared-rabbit manner needed the contrast of not one screen horror man, but three."

He was never so close before to personi-

fied menace, but he looks back upon the experience with considerable relish. He found the Messrs. Karloff, Lugosi and Lorre amiable, cultured, mild-mannered men—off the set. Men who raise not hell but petunias, who romp not with wolves but with children, who drink not rum and vodka but bovril and tea. On the set he found them uniquely helpful.

It is difficult to believe, but Kay Kyser learned much about the art of timing from the gooseflesh-trio. For years he has practiced the art. He had come to believe he was a master of it, whether he was pointing for a laugh or a song or the tense accents of a radio announcer. Yet it took Karloff, Lugosi and Lorre (and by the way, why isn't there a song called *Karloff, Lugosi and Lorre?*) to show him how deftly men can manage fractions of seconds. Kyser was more impressed by the uncanny sense of timing of the horror men than by anything else save the homey, carpet-slipped scene he invariably met up with at night.

Wherever he went he always found people sitting around in carpet slippers discussing current affairs. He couldn't have gone to the right places. Or maybe the people he saw wanted to make him feel at home. Hollywood, you know, can be so hospitable, so adaptable.

There's a homespun friendliness about Kyser that has persisted with him ever since his Rocky Mount, N. C., days, despite his sojourns in the sophisticated centers of the land. Kay found Hollywood not unlike Rocky Mount—folksy rather than fervid. Gone was any indication that the hour was eternally sex o'clock. More important to the unromantic maestro was the absence of the old brush-off.

The attitude was a change from what he observed when he first hit Hollywood. When he and his crew made their first picture the movie colony looked down its nose and said: "Oh, well, just another bandleader!" But then, Hollywood had seen plenty of orchestra leaders come in swing time and go out in a dirge. He made his picture. There was the inevitable preview. Some persons liked the film and some didn't. It went out to the theaters and set up quite a noise on the cash registers. The echo was heard in Hollywood, and so when Kay arrived for his second picture he found, if not the red velvet laid for him, at least cordiality.

"I know I can't rest on any past laurels. So I just proceeded to put the band



Len Weissman

Always together and still romancing, Lana Turner and Tony Martin, above, dining in the Beverly Hills Hotel Palm Room. They're together on the screen, too, in "Ziegfeld Girl."

through their paces and act properly scared. In fact, I just played myself! I didn't have to make love. No gasping, no panting, none of the old heave-ho. I'd be ridiculous if I tried it. Just as Tyrone Power would be silly if he came up to the bandstand and led the boys as if he'd been leading a band all his life. I want to keep on winning as long as I can. I'm sure I can't do so if I become a phony in the movies. In the movies I'm still Kay Kyser, the old Professor of Musical Knowledge."

He has capitalized on the college professor business, of course, in a big way. His radio hour is rated No. 1 in popularity in dance orchestra programs. His chores in the entertainment world place him definitely in the multiple-threat class. In "You'll Find Out" he's the star, director of the band and musical sequences, a singer of sorts, collaborator on the script, arranger and gag-man. In addition, he dictates his entire radio show weekly, acts as master of ceremonies, plays engagements in various hotels, restaurants and theaters throughout the country, and makes more than 1,000 phonograph recordings annually.

Gradually he has developed a name as a comedian. At the start he was pretty much of a bust as a funny man. When he stood before the microphone, a hesitant, youthful Caspar Milquetoast in his early twenties, leading a skimpy, corny jazz band—unfeeling cynics of the prohibition era laughed at him unmercifully. But now, successors of those early crowds laugh with and for him. Yet for the life of him he can't tell you how he bridged the gap to arrive at his present glory-be.

"As for music, it's hardly a part of my act, but rather a background for the capers. Outside of the growth of the band from six to fourteen musicians, and from strident jazz to modern swing, my musical motif has remained the same. Naturally, the



Len Weissman

Whenever and wherever Eddie Cantor and Ben Bernie meet, even if it happens to be in a night club, as above, they always talk shop and about old times in this here show business.

popularizing of songs is a part of any successful screen and radio appearance. This is the popular song era of all history. But I have an idea it's the down-to-earth horse-play in my act which keeps my followers following."

He kept to his dance band routine on the screen. Now back to the podium again, he finds he is holding himself within the narrow confines dictated by the camera.

"I keep watching for camera angles. I hope it isn't long before I'm watching for them again in reality. Maybe, next summer. I'm a confirmed screen actor, even though the women will never swoon over me."

He seems determined that romance isn't his line. Well, maybe it isn't. But—there's Ginny. Despite all his protestations, Kay, we have an idea, dreams of Ginny with the light brown hair.

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Who's Yehudi? Bob Hope Tells!

Continued from page 27

with the Little Things In Life which, the motto writers tell us, are the Important Things—like dieting, for example. I've seen more pussies go sour over the diet thing than enough. Women, men, too, read their calories lists like they were chanting a dirge. Women look like they're digging their graves with their teeth when they pass up a French pastry for a jigger of old celery juice!

"Now, then, it's a pleasing sight to see Bob Hope on the Paramount lot these days, attired in tight tights, riding back and forth between the commissary and the set of 'Road To Zanzibar' (advt!) riding from his home to the studio and back again, on his bicycle built for one. And for why does Hope bike it? *Takes the pot down.* For I was getting a pot, my pretties, but I could have some fun depotting myself, couldn't I? I could, and did. I rode a bike instead of lolling in a car. I ate only with people who were also slightly potty. Hence, I didn't see what I was missing, thus didn't miss it. . . ." (Bob, by the way, and come to think of it, rather forcibly suggested that I try a mixed green salad with old-fashioned French dressing; he was slimming on clear chicken broth and a fresh fruit compote).

"Then, at home," he said, "I have a pool-table in my living room. In fact, our living room is a combination living room, pool room and game room. When I'm disgusted with things, I get up and shoot a game of pool. Play more games, is what I mean. But, more importantly, *don't keep your games segregated.* I mean, don't have the things you do for fun put into a concentration camp so that you have to get up and go off into some special room, or even away from home, in order to play. Have your fun right where you live, have it in your living room or in your bedroom, if you like. So if you're having an argument with your wife you can get right up from where you're sitting, can get up right in the middle of a sentence and shoot some pool.

"Then, take business. I may, often do, go and talk over my business deals on the

golf course. And this is a true note I'm giving you, this is a concrete piece of advice to the Funlorn if I ever mixed concrete: DO mix business with pleasure! If you haven't a golf course handy, go to an amusement park, discuss your deal in a Fun House, on a roller-coaster, go down to the beach, get out on a tennis court, do some flagpole sitting, go anywhere you like—but take it away from those four walls, a dictaphone, and a frustrated secretary.

"Me, I built my house, English farmhouse style for those who care how their humble entertainers are housed, right next door to the Lakeview Golf Course. To those of the Funlorn who possibly can, I do strongly recommend building a home adjoining a golf course. The minute I get out of a broadcasting studio or off a set, I tear home and hop over the back fence and streak across that golf course. I relax there more than anywhere in the world. Just to get that sun and air is almost enough, without Crosby and the game.

"*Have lots of people around all the time,* is another peerless panacea for the peeved. You can't be crabby in a crowd. Well, anyway, nowhere near so crabby as you can feel alone. I love to have a mob of people around me. And always do. On the set, in the commissary, in my dressing room, at home. Comes of being one of six brothers, no doubt. You get it thrown at you all the time when you're one of a sextette. Anyway, wife Dolores and I have an informal, congenial crowd around the house ALL the time. No formality, you know. No stiff shirts. No set hours for meals. Formality is *rigor mortis* on the body of fun. The kind of folks we have around, the Crosbys, the Fred MacMurrays and dozens of others, are the kind that don't care, don't even notice if I run in, grab something to eat, run right out again. And no explanations necessary. And no harm done.

"Why, I can remember only one night in the whole seven years we've been married, when we sat at home alone, Dolores and I, read the papers, listened to the radio and went to bed. We couldn't sleep.



Hurry, hurry, hurry, folks—step this way and see FEARLESS Bob Hope dressed for one of the road show scenes in "Road to Zanzibar." Bob is supposed to be shot out of a cannon and the wings are to help him soar through the air with ease—he hopes. We never thought we'd see the day when Bob would wear tights.

"*Play with kids,* that's another pink pill for the Funlorn. Play with kids, your own, if you have any, your neighbors' if you haven't. I have a lot of fun playing with our sixteen-months-old daughter, Linda. Thing is, when you play with kids you have to be kind of silly, you have to fall apart. Nothing better for you than to fall apart, in a nice way. I read fairy stories to Linda now, too. Sometimes I act them out for her. Only part I *won't* play is that of the Bad Fairy. I want to be a *good* fairy or nothing!

"The kid angle is really for me—we've got something there—so I'm not running out of ideas when I repeat myself and say that if you haven't any of your own, by all means go out and adopt a couple, if you can afford it and if you can't afford it, borrow a few from the neighbors for an hour or two every day. I'll admit that it was Dolores' idea for us to adopt a baby. I'll admit that, at first, I was against it. It didn't interest me, didn't appeal to me. 'That's not for me,' I said. I went to the Cradle with Dolores, under duress vile, so to speak. I'd look at the characters, I said, but I'd stay on the nether side of the plate glass and I'd come out as empty-handed as I went in.

"Well," said Bob, with a smile that twisted a little in the middle, "well, all I can say is that *I went out and got the second baby myself.* Dolores didn't even go with me, didn't even know I was going. The first kid they showed me, I took one look at him, barely born he was, and he was all nose, nostrils sticking out like he was about to take off—the kid absolutely looks like me. 'This is for me!' I said. The matron said, 'But how do you know Mrs. Hope will like this baby?' I said 'I'll okay



Bing Crosby and Bob Hope are at it again (remember them in "Road to Singapore"?). Now they're making "Road to Zanzibar," but no matter what the picture may be called, when this mirth-producing pair get together all roads lead to another laugh riot.

it. That's how we got Tony. He's five months old now. And more like his old man every day. Dolores says if you stuck a bottle in my mouth and put a rattle in my hand, no one could tell us apart!

"Speaking of Dolores leads me, by natural stages, to speak of Love. Now, there's a thing the Funlorn need some pep talks about! You know, as well as I do, the Thing most people make of love. The way they carry on is a pity. You'd think they were keeping a death watch, half the time, instead of a date. The way they act like mourning doves! (Myself, I give the lark to love. A bright bird, beautiful, sure, but winged and brilliant.) The way they can't eat, can't sleep, can't make sense when they talk! Poets go all pale about it. Clowns break their hearts and novelists rake in their royalties. Like another man of great sense and sensibility once said, 'Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love'—that's for me! Graver things happen, too, you know—you read about people who commit suicide and go into declines and such.

"Now, my advice to the Funlorn is: *Don't be lovelorn!* That's more than I could bear. Don't be lovelorn, even if you get the gate, even if your path of true love is about as smooth as a nutmeg grater. Remember the Hope signature, 'but gee, it was fun while it lasted'—*fun while it lasted*, commit that to memory, take that to heart, not all the philosophies of all the pedants can top that one—for it doesn't have to be fun ALL the time, not the same kind of fun, anyway, to make it good. It's because people expect the good things in life to be 'in perpetuity' that most of the grief comes.

"I practise what I preach, too. I met Dolores, having fun. I was playing in 'Roberta' in New York, at the time, with



Dorothy Lamour, who was in the "Singapore" film with Hope, above, and Crosby, is with them again in "Road to Zanzibar." In this one the boys kid darkest Africa while Dotty does her jungle-strutting clad becomingly in three leaves from a handy tree—not a sarong.

George Murphy. We were at the Lambs Club one night, chewing the fat with time on our hands. George suggested we go over to the Vogue Club and get a load of the girl who was singing there. We went over

and I got a load of wife for myself. I hooked slowly, a slow fight. And a laugh a minute was our signature, and has been ever since, a lot of laughs, a lot of fun and a lot of songs—a lovely thing.



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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads



Carol Ann paid a visit to her father, Wallace Beery, on the set of "Bad Man," in which Lionel Barrymore has a featured rôle. There's no need to tell you who plays the bad man.

"Which brings me to another droll dose for the Funlorn, by the by: *singing*. Sing all the time, whether you *can* sing or not. I sing all the time around the house. Sure, in the shower, at the table. *All* the time. Dolores sings all the time, too. Linda gurgles. Tony gargles. The servants whistle while they work. Ever try to sing and beef at one and the same time? Can't be done!

"I'm not speaking whereof I know not, you know. I'd have fun if I was broke. I know because I **DID** have fun when I was broke. I've always kidded. That's what got me into this business. I had to have a job where I could kid because kidding is my natural element and a man has to be in his natural element or he gasps and makes fish-mouths—like when I had been working for two days for the Chandler Motor Company (I was in the Parts Service Department) I formed a quartette. We sang into a dictaphone. Next day the boss plugged in to play back a letter he'd written and got the stale song—I went out, but it was fun while it lasted!

"Now, I don't say you can manufacture this attitude overnight. If fun doesn't come natural to you, it doesn't to everybody, more's the pity, you may have to think up some angles to have fun. Buy the Fun Encyclopedia. Buy books on Parlor Games, if necessary (but *only* if necessary!). Just to get into the way of it. After a while, you won't need cribs.

"Too much talk is bad stuff. There's a lot more action than talk in the Hope family, let me tell you. Talk has a way of running into those deep, serious channels. Stay away from it! Don't read too much, either, if you're the unfunny type. Be like me. I read the papers, that's all. I digest the papers. And the Readers' Digest, I love that.

"No plot-or-plan is another prescription I offer. I have no plot or plan in *my* life, I'm not telling you to do anything I don't do. I'm getting a lot of happiness out of my present routine and I'm not making graphs and charts about the next steps till I come to them. I just worry lightly about the Future, if at all. I am That-actor-that-wants-to-be-a-director you've met so often. I'd like to make three pictures a year, then play golf the rest of the time. Think I can arrange that, too, one of these days.

"Don't knock your brains out worrying about money is the salt of mirth—yah, yah, I hear you jeering, it would take more than Yehudi to root out that worry-devil—well,

go ahead and worry, then, you've got me stopped, I guess. Only thing I'd like to say is this: all right, suppose you do get the dough and you get bad health. Or you get the dough and the things the dough can buy and find you don't want them. Then, and only then if you're pretty bright, does it dawn on you that it's the *getting* that's the fun, not the 'got.' Who wants to play another game of solitaire once they've got all the aces out?

"I'm not foolish about my money, don't get me wrong. I know what it feels like to have a belly like the flap of a thin tissue envelope. I'm not foolish, I say, but in that department we really live, at our house. We have a budget. Once in a while, we budget-break and spread out a little. Say every six months or so. I won't say that I'm ever recklessly extravagant with money but it gets around quite a bit, in spurts. I sort of bet a little on games, just to diversify my thoughts and reactions. Then, there's always someone around giving you a light tap and you have to respond—a little lighter. But after one of these orgies, we have a Small Talk, Dolores and I, and then we're right back in the bosom of the budget. It's cozy that way. It keeps you reminded that you can't have everything you want, just when you happen to want it.

"Good advisers are good bets, too. I really have advisers. And Mrs. Hope's Bob is that rare specimen, a man who really listens to advice *and* takes it. By good advisers, I don't mean a Business Manager. No, I still sign my own checks, check my own bills and dole myself out my own pocket money. But I do go to people who know better than I where to invest, how to invest, where to shop, what make of car is tops, and so on. Just as I have five or six writers who supply my material for the air for me—" (but they tell me, Bob sees the stuff, brightens it up, edits it, as no other performer does, or can do)—"I turn over to specialists the jobs in which they, not I, specialize.

"Fear is, I'd say, the greatest single contributing factor to being Funlorn. To be afraid of anything would de-fun Falstaff. Only thing in this world I'm afraid of is—*losing my health*. Give me my health and I'll start over again, anywhere, any time. My health is the only thing I watch. And that's one thing I **DO** watch. I watch my food, keep my stomach in very good condition, smoke very moderately, drink very

little (can't remember when I was blind), breathe from the waist up and get a lot of sleep. You *can't* have fun if you need to be alkalized with—you-know-what!—they're not MY sponsors, I should plug!

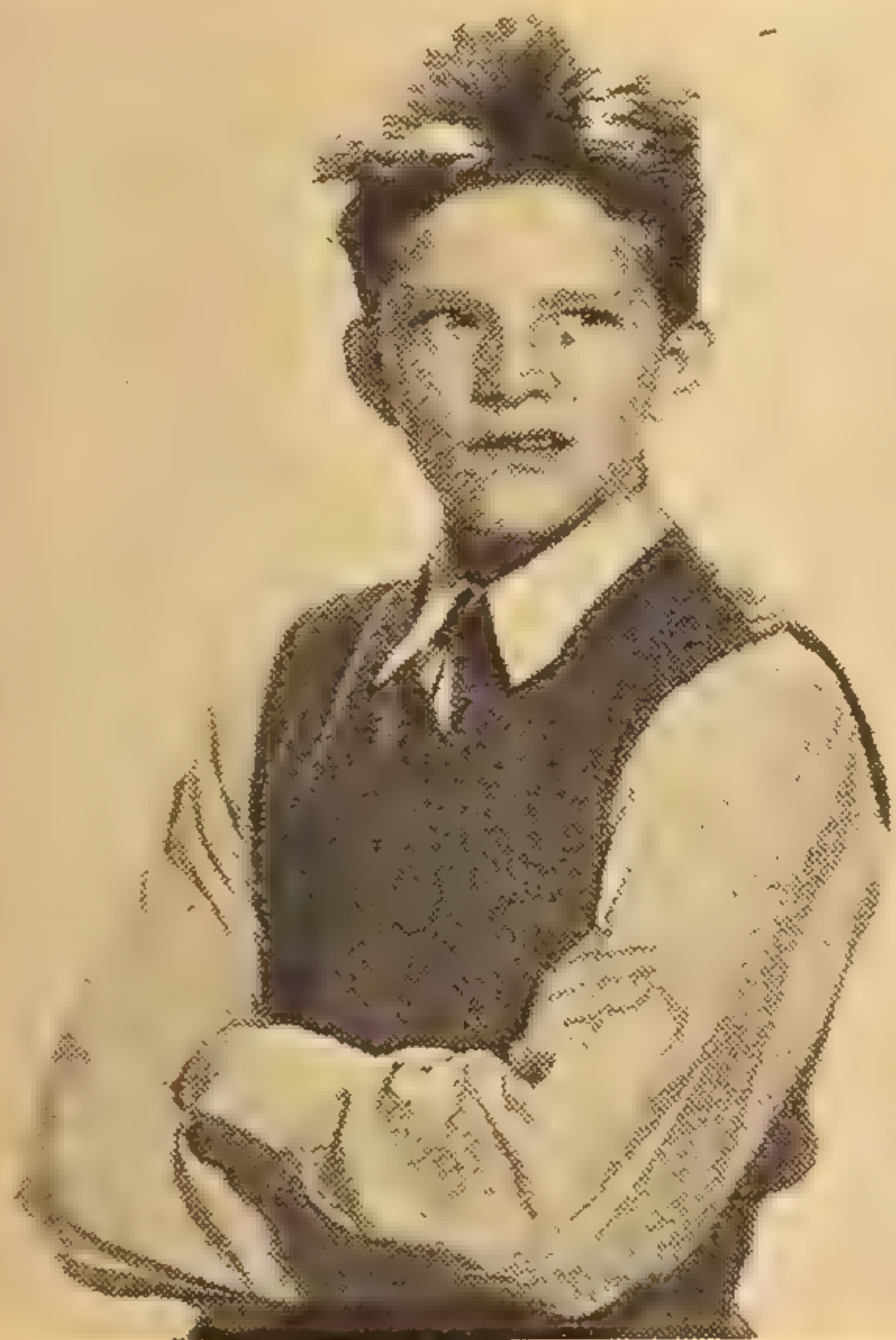
"Have a lot of things to do, that's one of the very best ways I know to keep that kick-out-of-life a chronic condition. Show me the man, woman, or child with a dozen or more vital interests, and you show me a character who doesn't need advice from any man. Not even a doctor.

"Here, too, I practise what I preach. Pictures and radio, I major in them, of course. But if they were the only interests I had, my nose would be pointing like a bird dog's instead of going off in several directions. I'm rabidly interested in golf, you know. I'm crazy about football. I'm nuts about going to the movies, especially the newsreels. I'm keen about photography. I kind of like to take care of the garden. I collect wood carvings, knick-knacks. I have my dogs, a Great Dane and a Cocker. I like to go hiking with those characters. I never have time enough for the things I want to do. Why, we have movie films at home, films we made, Dolores and I, when we were in England a year ago. And we haven't even looked at them. Haven't had time. And can't wait. We have records we want to play and haven't played. We're always planning an evening by ourselves, a date, *tête-a-tête*. But it's all to the good—because, look, if you have a dozen things you *want* to do, you haven't got time to sit down and gloom about the things you *don't* want to do. Adds up, doesn't it?

"I'd say the fewer hates you have, the happier you are—hates breathe out carbon monoxide gas or something, they suffocate you—I have a few of them but I can shrug them off: like I hate people who call down waiters and waitresses in public; I can't stand women who talk baby talk; I can't stand fat women in slacks. (Look like two pigs trying to fight their way out of a sack!) I hate these posy-patches women wear on their heads in the good, old name of *hats*. I hate people who can't, or won't, use their hands.

"Well, that's about it! I hope I've struck a few true notes. I mean every word I've said. To sum up: go through life behaving like you're in the loony-bin and you'll have fun. And what is, I think, more important, you'll hand out a few laughs, too. And no hand-out, I *like* to think, is more filling.

"And thank you, so much!"



Meet Stanley "Stash" Clements, 12-year-old newcomer who makes his screen debut in "Tall, Dark and Handsome." They say the angelic-faced Stanley's "dese, dem and dose" accent makes the "Dead End" kids' patter sound like a Sunday School recitation.

Store Directory

Fashions featured on Pages 59, 60, and 61 will be found in the following stores and in others in principal cities throughout the country.

Frocks, page 60, by Peerless Dress Company, 1375 Broadway, New York

Hutzler Bros. Co., Baltimore, Md.
Chandler & Co., Boston, Mass.
Mandel Bros., Chicago, Ill.
Higbee Co. Dept. Store, Cleveland, O.
Lord & Taylor, New York
Gimbel Bros., Philadelphia, Pa.
Kaufmann's Dept. Store, Inc., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Sibley, Lindsay & Curr, Inc., Rochester, N. Y.
D. J. Stewart & Co. Rockford, Ill.
Woodward & Lothrop, Inc., Washington, D. C.

Fashions, page 61, by Kerry Cricket, 1111 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Wm. Filenes Sons Co., Boston, Mass.
Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mandel Bros., Chicago, Ill.
John Shillito Co., Cincinnati, O.
F. & R. Lazarus & Co., Columbus, O.
Dayton Company, Minneapolis, Minn.
Gimbel Bros., Philadelphia, Pa.
Kline's, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.

Pat Perkins Frock by Sunnyvale, Inc., 1350 Broadway, New York

The Fair, Inc., Chicago, Ill.
Levy Bros. D. G. Co. Houston, Tex.
Burdine's, Inc., Miami, Fla.
D. H. Holmes & Co., New Orleans, La.
Capwell Sullivan & Furth, Ltd., Oakland, Cal.
Meyer Bros., Paterson, N. J.

Knitted Frock by Lampl Knitwear Co., Cleveland, O.

H. & S. Pogue Co., Cincinnati, O.
Higbee Co. Dept. Store, Cleveland, O.
J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit, Mich.
Byck Bros. Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.
Saks 34th Street, New York
Rosenbaum Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Gloves by Bacmo-Postman Co., 1 Park Avenue, New York

Hutzler Bros. Co., Baltimore, Md.
Jordan Marsh Co., Boston, Mass.
Carson, Pirie, Scott, Chicago, Ill.
Higbee Co. Dept. Store, Cleveland, O.
Himelhoch Bros., Detroit, Mich.
Wm. H. Block Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
John Wanamaker, Philadelphia, Pa.
Gimbel Bros., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Famous & Barr Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Frank R. Jelleff, Inc., Washington, D. C.



Jack swapped his mother's cow for some beans and a stick of Dentyne—(that delicious extra chewy gum). His mother, quite mad, threw the beans out the window. Next morning Jack found sky-high bean stalks, climbed and found the giant's castle. Hidden, he saw the giant count his treasures. But the giant sniffed hungrily in Jack's direction.

"Ho," said Jack, stepping out bravely, "Why eat me?"

"It's my teeth," said the giant, "They need exercise."

"Right-O," smiled Jack. "Just try Dentyne. It has a superior cinnamon flavor and an extra firm consistency that gives teeth and jaw muscles just the exercise your dentist would recommend."

The giant tasted and cried, "Jack, you're a killer-diller! Take my treasures—but leave me your Dentyne." So Jack went happily home.

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smile through

Dreaded days"



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Olive Tablets being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY. 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

What Deanna's Boss Thinks of Her Big Romance

Continued from page 29

good time Deanna and Vaughn announce their engagement. They have an engagement party. The marriage is set for six months ahead. They'll be married in church—flowers, veils, Lohengrin—everything a young girl dreams when she dreams about love. Deanna will have all the sweetness of such a romance just the same as if she didn't know what a studio looks like.

We drew him back to "Mad About Music." Gently. "It started so gently—" he took a pinch of air between his fingers—"it was almost nothing. Anyway, as near to nothing as you can come and still have something. If you remember, we used in that picture a bunch of beautiful kids—twenty-four little girls of fifteen or sixteen—just about the age when their little hearts start to beat for the boys. And here comes Vaughn Paul, second assistant director, the handsomest boy on the set, including the leading men. And I notice they start to giggle, these twenty-four, and they whisper and get quiet and look at him sideways and push their heads together and giggle again. Pretty soon he received every morning a poem from these kids, and little notes. Then they run competitions—you know?—they vote. Mr. Taurog is the nicest, Mr. Pasternak is the busiest, Mr. Paul is the handsomest, and again they look sideways—not at me or Taurog, only at Mr. Paul. Of course the poor boy is embarrassed. Everybody ribs him. He's twenty, and they're fifteen. To him they're a bunch of babies.

"And Deanna? Deanna stays back. Deanna doesn't write notes and poems. Deanna doesn't giggle and Deanna doesn't whisper. Maybe she votes, but she won't show it around. When the rest jitterbug between takes and would like Vaughn to jitterbug with them, only he's busy, Deanna

sits and knits and smiles like a mother whose children are having fun. Still, I happen to know she's just as interested in boys and just as anxious to have fun as anybody else. Mrs. Durbin told me a couple of times that she likes boys. But she's mature for fifteen, and boys the same age that she meets are too young for her. So after a while I begin to wonder why she looks so hard *away* from Mr. Paul. If she didn't like him, why should she bother where she looks? And once when he handed her something, she seemed confused. With somebody else you wouldn't notice. But this is the first time I see Deanna confused. Aha, I thought, her little heart starts to beat too—as one thinks it of a child. Later I wondered if she didn't make up her mind right then, without really knowing it, 'This is the man.'

"Then came 'That Certain Age.' What happened outside is their business. But knowing Deanna as I do—or think I do, because who knows women?—I saw that *something* happened. It was almost like when you have a daughter yourself and you realize she comes home at ten instead of nine, and in her eye there's a certain sparkle. She was always fussy about dresses, but now she was anxious for high heels and manicures and all those things that start to make her look like a young lady.

"Also a word drops here and there about her and Vaughn. But only when we made 'Three Smart Girls Grow Up'—only then did I know for sure that she was going through the beginning of a romance. And *even* then, I tell you truthfully, I didn't know it was already so strongly developed as it was. A couple of times she asked me: 'Do you think we'll work late on Thursday four weeks from now?' Four weeks from



In "Nice Girl," Deanna Durbin has her most important rôle to date as well as an imposing supporting cast, including Robert Benchley, above, who's gotten the idea he can sing too.



Everybody's singing! Paulette Goddard, Larry Cotton and Edward Jones, of Horace Heidt's band, make up this songbird trio in "Pot o' Gold," James Roosevelt's first film.

now!" His hands went out in a comical gesture. I said, "Well, I'm not sure." I never wanted to tell her in so many words, 'I'll see that you're free.' It would make me feel like an elephant stepping on flowers. But I managed so that the date would be open.

"Then . . . No, let me tell you first something about the boy. I took a liking to him even before Deanna. He has charm—outside and inside. But most of all, I liked his backbone. There is seldom a boy, with looks and personality like his, so devoted to his work. We thought, Koster and I, to make an actor of him. We said, 'Will you do a test?' He said, 'If you like.' But he didn't push it. He wasn't sold on it. He would do it because we asked him, but he liked his own work better. Well, by the time we were ready to make this test, the romance had begun, so we dropped it. Why? For two reasons. Our idea had been he should play with her in 'First Love.' We would have been severely criticized—and rightfully—for capitalizing on their feelings. But entirely apart from this, we felt they were entitled to keep their first love to themselves.

"Anyway, as much of it as they could. After 'Three Smart Girls Grow Up,' the newspapers began to break it. And two days after the first stories appeared, there came to my office a long distance call from Boston. I wasn't in. This man, whose name I didn't know, called three times. It was very important, he said. So I called him back. He said: 'We have here an office where they break up romances.' 'You do what?' 'We break up romances. You're Deanna Durbin's producer. You don't want her to get married. For a certain sum of money we'll break it up.' I laughed. I couldn't help it. It was nasty, but it was also funny. I said, 'Thank you very much, I'm not interested,' and I hung up.

"I told this story to Deanna. I noticed how happy she was with my answer to that man. There was something in her face, don't ask me what, some kind of light—and that was the moment when I became convinced—when I knew this thing was serious and would end with marriage.

"I was happy about it. Contrary to all

rumors that the studio is disappointed, we're all happy about it. Deanna's talents are sold to us, not her private emotions. About those she's her own boss. We never voiced an opinion. We weren't asked. But we were in silent agreement with her. First, you don't interfere with a girl like Deanna who knows her own mind. Second, no matter what all the cynics might say, she's still more important to me as a human being than as a property. If the boy wasn't as nice as he is, I might have looked for some way to make her understand. Yet even to say so much is foolish. Because Deanna, with her right instincts, wouldn't like another kind of boy. Her choice is a wise choice and a good one. I think she's lucky. I think he's lucky too. I don't know which is luckier and, anyway, who cares?

"After the papers broke it, I teased her a little. Not much. Only so much as is permitted an uncle. She knew I liked Vaughn. I gave him his first job as assistant director on 'The Underpup.' When I talked about him, a little smile came on her lips. That's all. They never made a show of their feelings. Every day, if they could manage it, they had lunch together but not on the lot. They got in his car and went out to eat at some drive-in.

"I remember one Sunday afternoon we had to work on 'The Underpup'—to lay out plans for Monday. It was the kind of day when the youngsters all go to the beach. I came to the studio at one and passed a small car. It was the boy's car. Inside was Deanna Durbin, reading the funnies. She could have waited for him at the beach or, anyway, some place that would be more comfortable than the inside of a little car. She could have come on the set, but that would be pushing herself where she thought she didn't belong. So till 4:30 she waited without a squawk. I bet she knew the funnies backward and inside out. I was curious, I admit it, to see what happened. Will she be cross? Will she pout, as girls do, for the fun of making up again? No. She folds up the funnies, she smiles, he gets in the car, they kiss and they're off. I must say I admired Deanna's patience and manner.

GIRLS! LOOK AT YOUR CHAPPED HANDS

under a magnifying glass



Notice the irritation
and tiny cracks and cuts
you never knew were there.



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Learn how you can prolong the carefree, glorious happiness of your honeymoon—
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Mary Martin has made her marriage to Dick Halliday a joyously unending honeymoon. She tells, in the March Silver Screen, how you, too, can keep the honeymoon atmosphere alive after your own wedding.

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Alice Faye?" and,
"Why the Lane Sisters Broke Up!"**

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"It wasn't so easy when they started going out to restaurants and dances. Deanna was used to publicity, Vaughn wasn't, and they both didn't like it. But they knew it was either take it or sit home. One night I gave them a dinner. Every time they got up to dance, here were the cameras. They sat down, they got up, they sat down, till it came to be like a comedy gag. Then Deanna smiled at him—a little mischief, a little tender, a little defiance—I wish I could get such a smile in a picture—as if to say, 'what do we care if they know we love each other?' And she gave him her hand and they went on the floor together and the cameras went *blink! blink! blink!* the whole time they were dancing. And when it was over, they came back and said it was a swell dance. That's all.

"Just before she announced her engagement, we had a little talk about marriage and career. How it started I don't remember. She sat there on the set with Bill Seiter and me. I really shouldn't say *we* had a talk. I talked, she listened. I was the man of experience, she was the kid. I said: 'If two people are honest in all their intentions and understand each other. I don't see why they can't make a go of anything they undertake. When they're professional and their marriage goes on the rocks, it's mostly because they're jealous of each other. That's a hard word to say, but I think it's true. It begins to come in like termites, this jealousy, and before you know it, your house falls on top of your head.'

"She looked at me, this kid, with such wise eyes. I knew what she was thinking. 'Maybe these termites happen to other people, poor things—never to Vaughn and me.' And with all my experience, I said to myself, 'You're right.'

"We had an idea the engagement would

break soon, but we didn't know when. There was almost too much excitement on the 'Nice Girl' set. First, it was her sister's baby. We told her, if it was a girl, she'd be Auntie Durbin—if a boy, Uncle Durbin. So now she's Uncle Durbin. I thought the girl would go crazy. She walked the hospital floor like a young father. The only thing she didn't do was hand out cigars. Then came her birthday and packages every five minutes, and what did Vaughn give her, and a beautiful camera from the crew, and shrieks and hugs and kisses, and if we were smart, we'd have called it a third Thanksgiving and saved money on the lights.

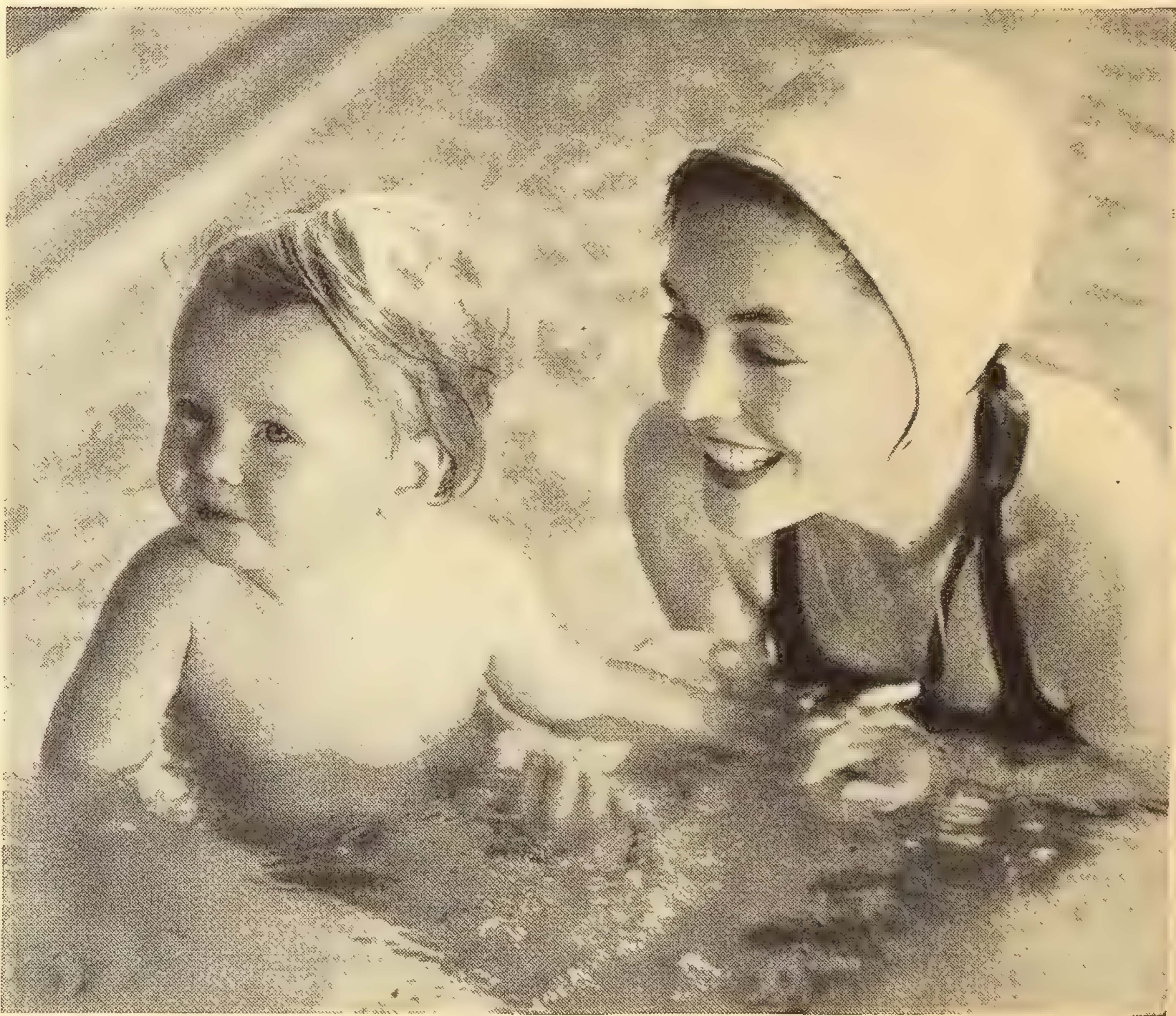
"Next day Eleanor, my secretary, came to me with a funny look. 'Congratulations,' she said. 'Your child is engaged.' I did one of those double-takes. Because still there's a difference between expecting a thing and having it happen. From now on, the child Deanna would be gone. I went out on the lot to cool my head, and I saw a girl rushing toward me like a wild Indian. It was Uncle Durbin. She stuck something under my nose. Her engagement ring. 'Isn't it beautiful!' I remember I was as happy as that when I got my boat tickets to come to America.

"What could I say? I said, 'Deanna, I wish you everything you wish for yourself. She put her arms around me, she gave me a kiss, I had a lump in my throat, I walked away.'

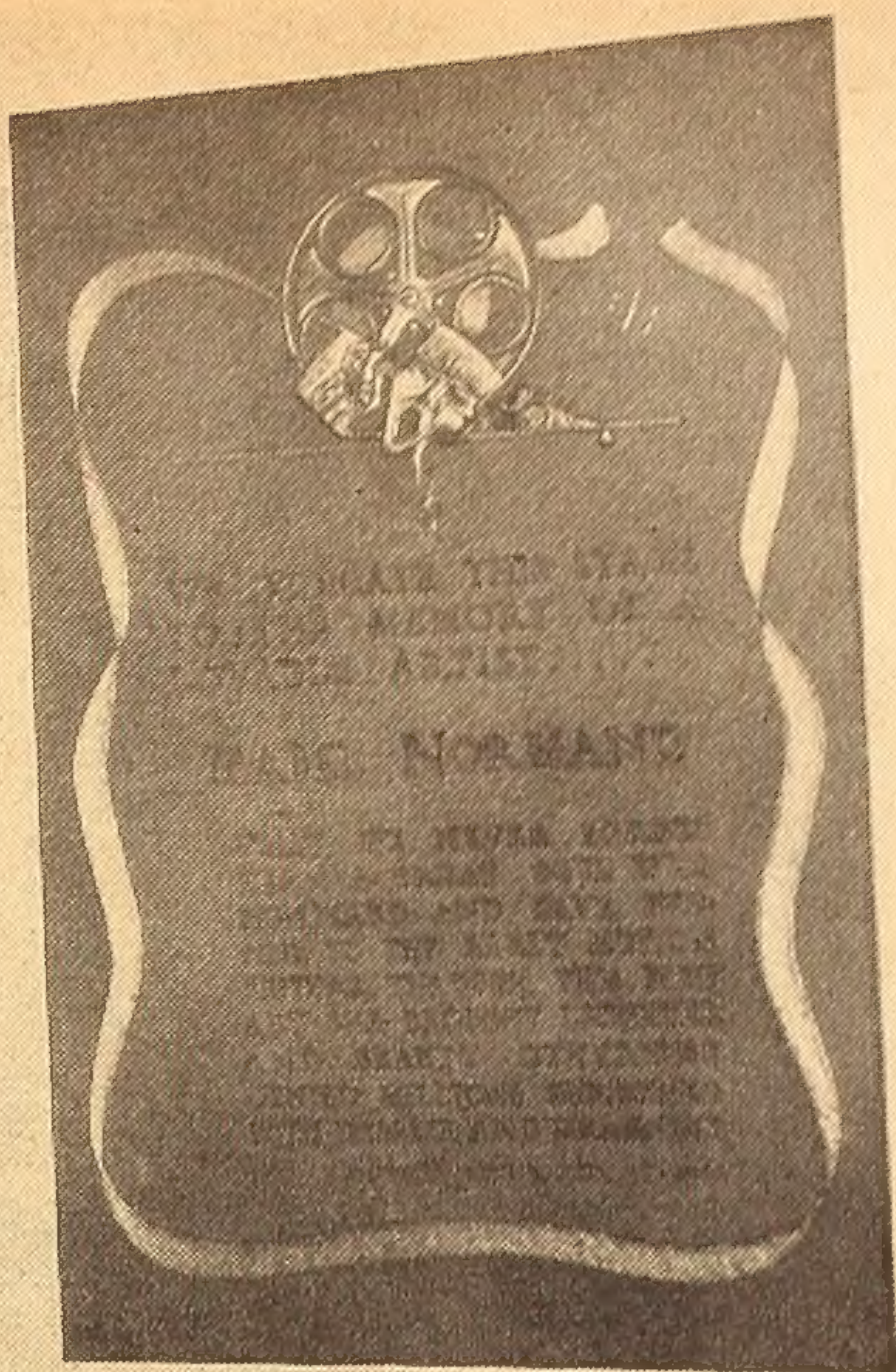
He was walking away now, his hands jingling the coins in his pockets. When he turned, his face was clear of whatever emotion he thought he'd been hiding.

"They'll be married June 7th. If we can keep the date open," he chuckled.

Deanna's lucky in her husband-to-be, says Pasternak. She's also lucky, may we add, in her uncle-that-was.



Maureen O'Sullivan, having finished "Maisie Was a Lady," has temporarily deserted the screen and gone to Canada with her baby, to be near her husband, John Farrow, stationed in Ottawa doing war service for England. She will not appear in "Billy, the Kid," as she said she might do in her "Letter from Canada" published in last month's SCREENLAND. Before leaving Hollywood, Maureen took advantage of the fine California weather and spent as much time as possible outdoors with her darling two-year-old son, Michael Damien.



Len Weissman

Republic Studio paid homage to the memory of Mabel Normand, beloved star of silent days, by dedicating its new sound stage to her memory with this plaque. Above, William Farnum, Mack Sennett and Judy Canova reading the inscription on the plaque.

You Kids! Don't Leave Home to be Cowboys

Continued from page 55

ing on. Maybe cowboys have felt pretty disgusted sometimes at what they saw in the movies. Anyhow, they're critical, especially them thoroughly experienced ones who have lived the life. They spot anything that's wrong the minute they set their eyes on it. But no cowboy has ever criticized anything I wrote or drew, and that's been a heap of satisfaction to me. One old cowman in Arizona once put it this way: 'There's somethin' wrong with Bill's books—I can't find anything wrong with 'em.' Of course, there are more or less changes with the times. Older cowboys didn't know anything about towns, only going to one about once a year. They're still like that. But some of the younger ones hit out to see the sights oftener, and the closer they get the more they're spoiled by 'em. What does it is tailor-made cigarettes, painted ladies, and stuff like that."

Not that Will James was moralizing. "Hell, no! And there's really nothing to worry about. Main trouble is there's been too much hell-raising in the movies. Cowboys are quiet, not whooping it up every time they cut loose, although they still wear guns in some parts. And if most of 'em get the chance to drink once a year they're lucky. There's damn' little of that goes on. As for mixin' with painted ladies in dance-halls overmuch, cowboys as a rule are too shy to be good hands at it. They're alone so much they just don't know what to say to a girl. They may feel sentimental about girls, fact is they do feel plenty that way. I'm putting love interest in the story I'm doing for the movies, because the cowboy is strong on it—and how! But somehow he just can't get conversational. Sing?" A slow smile loped across his face. "Well, I never knew a singing cowboy. That's a movie invention. Take, for example, singing cows to sleep. Why, if a cowboy ever tried anything like that on the range he'd probably spook up the cattle so bad that he'd start a stampede. In all the outfits I've rode for none of us could sing a peep. And we had no mandolin, no guitar. All the boys ever had was a mouth-organ and a jew's-harp, and I wasn't so hot on either

of 'em. I couldn't carry a tune in a gunny-sack. No, there's nothing to that musical-cowboy thing. That's one of the things us cowboys never got to do or learn."

His innate modesty was characteristic of Will James. It made him likable, as well as believable. And here was a writer who knew what he was writing, knew it so thoroughly and so actually as to establish him as an authority on his subject. But I had to press him a bit to get him to tell how his story would differ from others of the West shown on the screen. Planting his elbows on his knees, he pondered a moment, then: "It will differ very much. It's about something never brought up before. What it really means is the upbringing of a race. For that's what the American cowboy really represents. It is his race that has made the great cow country what it is today. He has fought for it against rivers, against floods, against cold, against blizzards, against Indians, against sheepmen, and he's still fighting for it. At no time has the cowman got any protection from the government. Instead of being helped along, he has been crowded back. Out of the fine thing he has done, and is doing, has sprung a fine race. That's my story. The people of that race are going to live for ever—and I'm one of them."

In his strong words, the strength of Will James himself came vigorously to life. There was no mistaking the mettle of the man behind those words. Something more seemed implicit in their earnestness, something of the youth of today in his relation to the cowboy of the present and the cowboy of the future. At this suggestion, the cowboy of all cowboys fell into a thoughtful silence, only to raise his head with: "You don't make a cowboy in one day. If a young fellow's got the guts, it shouldn't take over five years. But even then he wouldn't have the understanding or the spirit of the former cowboy. That's a matter of upbringing, something that's in the blood. Now, mind you, there's a lot of true blood to be found both in the West and in the East. And if a fellow with that strain in him has also got the guts he can ride

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In the story on Broderick Crawford which we ran last month we told you about his bride, Kay Griffith, but this picture of the two taken on their wedding day did not arrive in time to illustrate the story, so we're running it now to show you how pretty she is.

from Little Big Horn to Green River, hit the Grand Canyon and swing on down to Sonora without ever hitting a fence. Boys of that kind take hold and make something out of it. But most boys think that being a cowboy is a picnic, which it ain't. Big outfits that hired them would have to have four cowboys to watch 'em, otherwise they'd get lost or twist the herd all up. A boy of that kind would only be a damned nuisance, not knowing how to take care of himself or his horse. Aside from that, there are all the other chances he'd be taking. A cowboy's life is not at all easy, and it sure isn't a safe one. Now, kids have been very fine to me, and I want to be honest with them. So my advice to them would be: *Don't leave home to be a cowboy!*"

That was getting it straight from a straight-shooter. To glorify himself, Will James wasn't going to glorify a life full of hardship and peril. He was just being his honest self. "I became a cowboy," he was frank to say, "not because I wanted to, but because I *had* to. It was all I knew—it's all I know yet. I was born a cowboy, like my father before me and his father before him. That's what's the matter with me," he added with a twisted smile. "I was born on the sod. By this I mean I was born where my father made camp at Judith Gap, Montana. With my mother, Dad was on his way to Canada with a bunch of cattle, but he never got there because he had to stop and wait for me to come into the world. I'm always getting in the way of people, anyhow."

"My mother died when I was a year old. Then, when I was four, Dad was killed in the corral—a longhorn went through him." His right hand brushed his side to sketch a cow country tragedy. "A French-Canadian trapper, who adopted me, gave me all the schooling I ever had. The only time I was ever in a little red schoolhouse was when I went there to a shindig. To me words have been photographic from the time I first got them out of old newspapers and year-back-number magazines one win-

ter in the trapper's cabin up in the Canadian Northwest. They was good company for me, and so was my drawing, when old Bopy would be away for days at a time along his trap line. I was no good at figgers—not even female figgers!" Again the ingratiating grin.

"As early as I can remember, I made my first drawing on the rough boards of the ranch-porch with a piece of brand-fire charcoal. I'm telling you these things only so that boys will understand the difference between their life and mine. I don't want them to get any false notions from me. Suppose a poor kid of sixteen found himself stuck out in the Utah Desert and said to himself, 'Well, Bill James said it would be all right.' No, sir, I don't want any boy saying anything like that!"

He shook his head so violently that the black mane tumbled over his eyes. "I had to know where to be at the right time and how to do the right thing. Not that I didn't get busted up now and then. But it might easily go worse with a kid who didn't know anything about the game. And most of them probably picture the West as nice fenced-in ranches. But the truth is there's a big scope of country, about two thousand miles of it, that isn't fenced. You really have to know that country. There's a lot of it that's mighty lonely, if you're used to the city. You ride for days without seeing anything move, without hearing a sound, even the flapping of a buzzard or the rattle of a snake. Now a boy who's used to things around him is going to miss them there. And he might get so hungry that he'd be eating the nails out of his shoes—if he had any shoes on. I've gone two or three days without anything but the snow I scooped up in my hand. That was all right with me, because I was used to it. In a case of that kind, there's no riding back for grub. Anyhow, that isn't all of it, not by a long shot."

"A good many of the cowboys freeze to death, with cattle and horses froze in their tracks. This means that it's part of our

teachin'. Our religion is this: 'Never quit the herd,' regardless. Whether it's a norther or a blizzard, you follow the herd and stay with it till you can turn it and bring it back to the main herd. If you can't, that's just your hard luck, and you're no cowboy."

His hand turned like the flip of a card. "That's one of the things I want to tell you about in the story I'm doing so that the screen can show it. I want to tell, too, about the women of the cow country. They're a brave lot, and they're sure appreciated. You can take anything from a cowman who has sheep—that's not stealing—but you never can take anything from a widow, though you might take the widow herself! But this saying has another meaning. What it really means is that nothing should ever be taken from the helpless, from anyone who can't handle his stuff. If you do, you don't live long, that's all. So far as age goes, people in New York City, even if they are short on air and light, live longer than folks in the cow country. If you see a cowman who is seventy, you see an old one. He's a real curiosity, a sort of museum piece, and I don't mean dime museum. The only one I know that's as old as that is Juniper Jim. Old Juniper is such a surprise to everybody that boys from other ranches ride over and feel his joints just to see how he's holding out. He's still hunkydory, and all he ever says on the subject of health is, 'How be you?' But if a cowboy is riding broncs and quits at thirty, he's through. It's like prize-fighting, only worse. There's nothing padded about a horse's hoof. I know, because a bronc once split my head open." He pushed back the hair and showed the scar. "After that for awhile I was blind. And when I quit hard riding I nearly died from sudden stop of action. Went from 160 to 140 pounds, and that's where I am now. All I do at my place on the Yellowstone in Montana is write and draw. How many books have I written? Let's see . . . since 1926 I've done twenty-two books. And I haven't started yet."

Which reminded me it was time to get going. That amazing cowboy with words photographed in his mind and pictures leaping out of his fingers kindly swung down the steps with me. "So long," said Will James. "And, say," he finished, "if you run acrost that ice-cream outfit down the pass I sure wish you'd ride herd on it!"



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